

sorrow time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh, mamma! she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and work-houses, trying to reform the men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own boy is in danger."

"Yes; I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough, I am afraid. There does not seem to be anyone to take an interest in me, so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth, and yet I knew that this was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him through the dangerous period.

Oh, mothers! are you blind, that you cannot see the danger of your own, but look for that of others. Make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an interest in their sports, make yourself young for their sakes, and then you can feel that you have done your whole duty.

I think the saddest, most helpless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home." God forgive that mother and open her eyes before it is too late, and help other mothers to heed the warning.

How is it, mothers? Are your boys in danger? Think of this, ponder over it, pray over it.—Children's Visitor.

How Would You Like It Yourself.

There was a great commotion in the backyard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat, with a number of stones in his hands, which he was throwing at it.

"Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called, grieved that her son should so persecute a dumb animal.

"She's all dirty, mamma."

Somebody shut her up in a coal hole," he said.

"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black and horrid. We don't want her 'round."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went into the house. Presently Johnny came in, crying, and ran for help. He had fallen into a puddle, and was dripping with mud, his face, hands and clothes being all besmeared.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, then turned and sat down again.

"Jane she said quietly, to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Nurse looked up, astonished, at being asked such an unusual question, and Johnny stopped his loud noise to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane, wondering whatever they could be required for at this time.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear; but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried, in humble tones. "Poor Kitty; I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and comforted; but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—Sunbeam.

"Better Take a Sheep Too."

A valued friend and able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly-hired man.

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I shall try to have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall if you will do without rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I do without rum?" then asked the elder son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son then said: "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also."

Presently Chandler speaks again: "Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

The farmer shook his head; he hardly thought that he could give up the stimulant, but the appeal came from a source not easily to be disregarded; and the result was, the demon rum was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.—Selected.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

Abiding Influence. Hebrews 11:4; Matthew 26:13.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, January 21.—Psalm 92. The thrift of those properly planted (vs. 13). Compare Ps. 1:3.

Tuesday, January 22.—Psalms 93, 94. The blessedness of God's chastisement (vs. 12). Compare Prov. 3:11, 12.

Wednesday, January 23.—Psalm 95. We are the people of God's pasture (vs. 7). Compare John 10:14, 16.

Thursday, January 24.—Psalm 96. Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth (vs. 10). Compare Isa. 52:7.

Friday, January 25.—Psalm 97. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil" (vs. 10). Compare Rom. 12:9.

Saturday, January 26.—Psalm 98. Nature's joy in God's presence (vs. 7, 8). Compare Isa. 55:12.

Prayer Meeting Topic—January 20.

Topic: "Abiding Influence."—Heb. 11:4; Matt. 26:13.

As one grows older an intense longing creeps into the heart, the longing to do something that will abide forever. Everything about us has a temporal cast; there is nothing stable, nothing that seems to be built to stay; the great object for many is to do things that are "good enough," that "will pass," by which is meant that things are not done as they ought to be done. But, let the years settle down on the life, let the years come faster than they used to do—and you begin to wish for performance, both in the life you are living and the work you are doing. The fact is, everything we do passes down the years, whether it is good or bad; it touches lives for better or for worse; there is an abiding influence for good or ill in every human action. Nothing is forgotten; every life will go into the testing of the fire; even "every idle word that men shall speak" is gathered up, stored somewhere, and they shall give an account thereof in the judgment.

On the other hand, the good that men do shall likewise return after many days; and the glory of it shall shine with increasing brightness. This is the beautiful theme we are considering in this meeting. When the world was young there lived a young man who looked up into the blue sky and saw God; he looked around about him and saw God in everything his eyes rested upon; and he loved him. What he said we do not know, there is not a word recorded; but what he did is written, and his action is spoken of, though he is dead these thousands of years. He reared an altar, put upon it a sacrifice, and offered it to God; it told of a heart that was pure, that loved deeply, that longed for divine fellowship. True, he was stricken for his faithfulness; his own brother slew him. But death could not stay the influence of that altar, which was the expression of his faith in God. "By it he being dead yet speaketh."

Mary creeps up to her Lord and breaks a box of ointment upon him. It is a simple thing—save for what it suggests: a heart of love, that gives its best to the object of its love. She never thought of the effect of that anointing. The fragrance of it filled all the house where they were sitting—yes, but it passed beyond that house and to-day it fills the whole earth wherever this Scripture is read.

THE UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

It was that element in both actions that makes them immortal. If Mary had said: "I will now do a thing that the whole world will one day look upon and applaud," it is quite likely the Master would never have stamped it as he did. Had Abel said: "I will see to it that my altar is reared in such a place, where men may see it, and then it may be the subject of conversation for many years to come," the world would never have known that there was such a man as Abel. This will explain why "great" deeds are forgotten and "little" acts are treasured up and remembered for many generations. God keeps the records, and he knows what to cherish, and what to cast away. The proverb says: "The memory of the wicked shall rot" while "the memory of the just is blessed."

This, then, may be put very plainly before us: Do your duty; be faithful to God; serve him always; and your life will speak after you are gone; and the more unconscious you are of doing great things, the more you are apt to accomplish great things. Moses wist not that his face shone.

ABEL'S INFLUENCE.

It is the abiding influence of works of faith; that is what his altar stood for. We are ever taking counsel of our reason—and we are near-sighted in consequence; we rarely see beyond the line of our own shadow. Is it

not high time that some of us took counsel of our faith? Faith sees beyond the shadow, looks far ahead, believes in a holy destiny, and works for it. No man will ever do a great work who does not believe much; a big faith inspires to great effort.

We are in danger of forgetting the labor of some who have gone before us; they were heroes, not because of their great work but because of their great faith. They laid the foundations for this great country; they prepared the way for their children to pass over into a goodly heritage. The history of every church that has amounted to anything is the history of the sturdy faith of pioneers who went out into an unknown and untried region, and laid foundations upon which their children have built fine edifices; but the buildings stand because the foundations were laid broad and deep—made up of living stones, God's heroes!—W. H. CRISTWRIGHT, in Baptist Union.

Isaac's Harbor.

During the last year the members of the Junior Union have secured for themselves the reputation of delightful entertainers, and in the concert given by them on Christmas evening this enviable title was well sustained. Before the appointed hour a large number had assembled in the Baptist church. The children preceded by Mr. Lawson entered at eight o'clock singing as they marched up the aisles a pretty Xmas anthem. When they had taken their seats a portion of Scriptures was read by Mr. Lawson. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Rutledge immediately followed by a short prayer, melodiously chanted by four kneeling children, Leona and Elsie Giffin, Libbie and Minnie McMillan. As the programme was quite long space would not permit comments upon every selection, though many which will be unmentioned merited special commendation. The writer cannot refrain, however, from alluding to two—the solo rendered by little Mamie McMillan, who, judging from the hearty applause which greeted both her appearance upon and exit from the platform, was the belle of the evening; also the quartette by Messrs. Roy and Lebaron Giffin, Willie Reed and Allan McMillan. Mrs. Lawson was organized. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lawson's earnest labors in training the children tended very materially in rendering the concert a success. As a slight token of appreciation of their services and as an expression of the very high esteem in which the pastor and his wife are held, the members of the Junior Union presented them as a Christmas gift the sum of ten dollars. BESSIE M. McMILLAN.

A Happy New Year to all our Baptist Unioners and may every day of this year be filled with joy in the service of our Lord—whose we are and whom we serve.

We notice attention called from time to time to the Unions who fail to report their work or progress. While there may be a manifest decrease in the Young People's Movement in general, there is no doubt we have societies who are doing as well, if not better than in any time in the past, and their methods and results would not only be suggestive, but would stimulate others also.

A simple report giving the names of officers and the announcement of a temperance meeting, a missionary meeting or a social gathering, is better than silence. It shows an existence and the possibilities lying within that Society, at least. But when an outline of such a meeting is given or a report of the proceedings is it not more helpful? Many of our committees and leaders have not the privilege of attending the annual meetings of the B. Y. P. U. gatherings or of even visiting other Societies to see how their work is conducted. Their experience and judgment must be drawn largely from what they read concerning the doings of others. There never was a time when we required more help from all sources than at the present, to tide over the reaction period, and give over work, character, strength and permanence. The future of our Young People's work largely depends on the efforts of this year. We have great opportunities before us and we have talent and culture, thus making our possibilities momentous. The united efforts and the application of all our forces would insure a unique history for us this first year of the new century, thus giving out blessings in the years to come. The historical sketches of the various phases of our denominational work, which has appeared in this department, are of immense value. The prayer meeting notes are also helpful, instructive, giving a clear insight into God's Word. May we not hope in all our education methods there may be also a truly spiritual element showing we have been with Jesus and have learned of him. A. C. M.

Upper Canard, N. S., Jan. 1.

How to Make a Young People's Society a Success.

There are three steps:—

1. Decide what you mean by success.
2. Find out what will cause that success.
3. Then do it.

Regarding these three steps I believe:

1. That a successful Y. P. Society is one which helps its members to be loyal followers of the Lord Jesus, and leads people to him.
2. That Christians who study the Bible and pray with the same energy and intense interest with which they do other things will be loyal Christians, and will do their utmost to bring others to Christ. Therefore, that the most important work of the Y. P. S. is to teach their members to pray and to study their Bible.
3. That by perseverance and by the help of God, this success can be gained. That the efforts of the Society should be persistently directed to this object.—North West Baptist.