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TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1905.

CHRIST IN OUR YOUTH.

An evangelist, some ten or fifteen years ago, held special services in two churches in a large town. In one church twenty adults were added to the membership during the series of meetings, and both the pastor and the evangelist were greatly encouraged. In the other church, the result of the meetings was seen only among the boys and girls, of whom twenty-two or three were added to the membership. The eldest of them was but sixteen, and the evangelist felt much disappointed. But to-day the church to which the twenty grown people were added is feeble and weak, while the other has the best membership in the town, hard at work in its development. The best Christians are those who give their fresh, strong youth to be trained for Christ. A boy of fourteen, a girl of twelve, may bring into a church the power and beauty of a long, consistent, noble Christian life, to enrich it year by year.

THE BLIND PARTY.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

T'was an odd name to call it—Ted Holman's birthday gathering; but that's what it really was—a blind party.

When Aunt Rachel made out the list of

the "eligibles," as she playfully called them, one name was objected to—that of Nan Hobart.

"Why, Ted—"

"Don't you see, Aunt Rachel, she's rough—you don't know her—and older'n most of us; and she wears such awful clothes, and uses dreadful grammar, and—"

"But, dear," gently remonstrated his aunt, "suppose—"

"What?" eagerly.

"That we make it a blind party; then she could come and you'd never mind it in the least. You wouldn't notice her clothes and grammar and roughness, and 'twould give her such an enjoyable evening; I'm afraid Nan Hobart hasn't many pleasures."

Ted looked puzzled.

"A blind party, Aunt Rachel! I—I guess I don't understand. Can't we see? Is that it?"

"Partially, dear."

"Do we all have bandages over our eyes, like blindman's buff? The last time we played at school Nan was blinded, and she seemed more awkward than ever. Are our eyes blinded all the time—the whole evening?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Rachel, mysteriously; "but not with anything tied over them. One has to be blind without—especially the host."

"I don't see; guess I'm blind now," laughed Ted. "But if we'll have a better time I want it—the blind party. And Nan—of course she can come!"

"You will have a much better time." And so, when the guests were invited, Nan's name was included among the number.

"And now, Ted," began Aunt Rachel, when the list was carefully revised—and it included five other little people not thought of at first—"let me explain, for we want this party a splendid success."

"About being blind?"

"Yes, dear."

Ted drew his chair up a trifle closer.

"In the first place, there are now, since we added the Parkers and Newcombs, six guests with Nan, who will be poorly dressed; awkward, as you say; and whose grammar and manners will not be the best."

"They'll not be like the rest," said Ted, thoughtfully.

"No; and they must have just as good a time for all that, and this is what I mean by the blind party. Do you see?"

"No—not yet."

"It is this, Ted," continued Aunt Rachel. "You, as their host—and all your friends, Tom, Harold, Clyde and the others, will follow your example—must be blind to all their faults. You must be blind to their dress; blind to

their odd ways of speech; blind to their awkwardness; blind to everything."

"I—I guess I—"

"See? And you must treat them—these six, I mean—as though they were the children of Judge Holmes or Professor Wilcox; better, Ted, if anything. For any slight or unkind remark would hurt; it would spoil their entire evening."

"I think, Aunt Rachel," after a minute's silence, "the blind party will be dandy! And I don't know," seriously, "but I'd feel better to be blind all the time; not really and truly, but blind to things people can't help. I'm going to try it, anyhow!"

He did, and it proved a splendid success.

A PEASANT BOY.

Carlos is a pleasant boy, whose home is in sunny Italy. He is poor, indeed some people would say that he was very poor. But Carlos does not mind that at all, for he has a good home, even though it is a humble one, and he always has something to eat and to wear. He thinks it no hardship to eat simple food and wear plain clothes, and since he has such a cheerful, contented disposition, he is a great comfort to his parents.

Carlos is not the only child in the home, for he has three sisters and four brothers. Some of these are younger, and others are older than himself. There are a good many mouths to feed, and probably the reason why Carlos' parents are so poor is because they have had so many children to care for.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy fields of farmer folk
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then, past the mill with its water-wheel
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
And the church with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country road,

From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.

You can never dream how short it is
From the farm to the frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the schoolhouse just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling
brook

To the toiling, rushing town,
But, best of it all, when you're tired and
sick

Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

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