

### How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with a ship at sea,  
But a fate far worse than either  
That stole him away from me.  
'Twas the death in the tempting dram  
That the reason and senses drown;  
He drank the alluring poison,  
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood  
To the depths of disgrace and sin;  
Down to a worthless being,  
From the hope of what might have been.  
For the brand of a beast besotted,  
He bartered his manhood's crown;  
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure  
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story  
That mother's so often tell  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like tones of a funeral bell,  
But I never thought once when I heard it,  
I should learn all the meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
I thought he'd be true to himself;

But, alas, for my hopes, all delusion!  
Alas for his youthful pride!  
Alas, who are safe from danger  
Is open on every side?  
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in its pathway be thrown,  
To save from the terrible maelstrom  
The thousands of boys going down?

*Unidentified.*

### For the Boys.

Boys with hats on the backs of their heads and cigarettes and smutty words in their mouths are cheaper than old worn-out horses. Nobody wants them. Men will not employ them; girls will not marry them. They will not keep themselves. If any boy who happens to read this answers this description, let him take a look at himself and do what his conscience says is best to do. Only a little while ago a business man thought of employing a certain young man in this city. He asked about the fellow. After giving all the points possible in the young man's favor, the gentleman asked, "Doesn't he smoke cigarettes?" When informed that he did some, he continued, "Wouldn't have him at any price."—*Public Opinion.*

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has put into verse four rules for the intellectual and spiritual life, which are well worth committing to memory:

- Four things a man must learn to do,
- If he would make his record true;
- To think without confusion clearly;
- To love his fellow men sincerely;
- To act from honest motives purely;
- To trust in God and heaven securely.

God permits temptation because it does for us what the storms do for the oaks—it roots us; and what the fire does for the painting on porcelain—it makes us permanent. You never know that you have a grip on Christ or that he has got a grip on you so well as when the devil is using all his force to attract you from him; then you feel the pull of Christ's right hand.—F. B. Meyer.

### "Is the Young Man Safe?"

II Samuel, xviii, 29.

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" saith he;  
Let the king have prompt reply;  
"Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ah me!  
'Tis a parent's yearning cry.

Is the young man safe? He has found his way  
From his boyhood's peaceful glen  
To a city life with its subtle sway  
O'er the vassal souls of men.

In the whiff of a dainty cigarette,  
And a cockcomb's posing air,  
There is slender promise of fruit as yet  
For a parent's pious care.

Is the young man safe when the fuming cup  
Is flushing his heart and brain,  
And his laser self is rising up  
In it's strong desire to reign?

Let the tears on a mother's cheek so pale  
The sorrowful answer be;  
Or the tone of a father's stifled wail  
"Would God I had died for thee!"

Can the young be safe, while the snares are rife,  
And the tempter rules with power?  
Shall they stand or fall in the mortal strife?  
'Tis a question of the hour.

God smite the foe of our country's youth,  
Frustrating his dire design;  
And let our sons for the cause of truth  
Be girt with strength divine.

### Repentance

By G. R. Davies.

Repentance means a turning again, a leaving, a forgetting. When God forgives sins he lets them out forever. They are gone from God's remembrance. So the soul which has risen to newness of life, past sins are but as the night mists when the sun has risen in his strength.

"I daily mourn my past waywardness," I heard a penitent sinner say. Oh what doubt of God's great goodness! What useless clinging to the dead past. Do you not know that your sins are forgiven, that their penalty was borne on Calvary, and now they are no more? Can you not see that the sorrow of godly repentance, is but the sorrow of a moment, to vanish forever when the great light of truth shall shine in upon the soul? will you not understand the matchless goodness of his grace which bids you arise from the shadow of a dead past and live evermore in the sunshine of his presence?

May the goodness of God lead each sincere soul to that repentance which, forgetting those things which are behind, presses forward.

Hankinson, No. Dak.

### The Two Ways

None of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round and daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high and holy office which awaits us. We must descend before we can ascend. We must suffer if we would reign. We must take the via crucis (way of the cross) submissively and patiently if we would tread the via lucis (way of light). We must endure the polishing if we would be shined in the quiver of Emmanuel. God's will comes to thee and me in daily circumstances, in little things equally as in great; meet them bravely; be at your best always, though the occasion be one of the very least; dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

### Three Good Letters.

We have much pleasure in giving the following letters a place in our columns. We get such letters every little while. They are refreshing and encouraging. But others come in too, that are dry and cold. Such as those that order the paper stopped after they have been getting it three and six months longer than they have paid for. We give the date to which each paper is paid. No one need be at a loss to know their date, for it is either July or January in every case. We have given all back months to the subscribers after Feb. to July, and all from Sept. to Jan., so as to have subscriptions begin either with the first or middle of the year. If any mistakes are made with dates on any one's paper they will oblige by letting us know. We hope to get many such letters as the first two before the end of this year, as we shall need a hundred dollars to make account for this year show a balance on the right sheet at the close of 1903. There is over a hundred and fifty that ought to be paid by the close of this year. Brothers and sisters please make a grand rally and clean this business up. It will do you good, and be a great help to us. These letters have the ring of intelligent, honest religious feeling that knows how to appreciate a good thing.

P. S.—I have been suffering intensely for the last month with asthma, not able to get out of my home.

J. H. HUGHES.

JACKVILLE, N. B. October 14th, 1903.

Mr. Hughes,

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find one dollar for the HOME MISSION JOURNAL until 1905 at 50 cents per year. I am sorry I found it so inconvenient to send it at the first of the year as should have been done, but hope in the future I may be able to be more punctual, as I enjoy the little paper very very much and want to thank you for kindly sending it right along for I would feel sorry to miss getting one copy for there are always so many helpful messages in it. My mother is with me now and enjoys it too very much and insisted upon me sending in my subscription right away as you were in and people should not worry you about such little matters. I assure you I feel quite annoyed at myself when I think how often I put off these little matters, so often for want of a little forethought. I hope your health is improved and that you may long be spared in your good work.

Mrs. A. A.

UPPER JEMSEG, Aug. 26th, 1903.

Rev. J. H. Hughes,

Dear Sir—Enclosed find 50 cents for the continuance of the HOME JOURNAL, another year. I appreciate your little paper very much and hope that your life may be long spared to edit so valuable and edifying a paper.

Hooping you are enjoying good health,

I remain yours,

Mrs. J. H. D.

MIDDLE SIMONS, Carleton Co., N. B.

Aug. 24th, 1903.

Dear Friend:—

Enclosed please find fifty cents in stamps in payment of my subscription for your paper, the HOME MISSION JOURNAL for the year ending Dec. 31st 1903. I am pleased with your paper and like it much; but am sorry to say I cannot take it another year—or rather this next year as times have changed with me financially since the last year. So I cannot take The M. JOURNAL after Dec. 31st of this year.

I remain yours, very respectfully,

Mrs. WHITFIELD S. EBBETT.