

almost as pretty. Then a young fellow called Seth Brown sang a lovely piece named "Nazareth." While he was singing I was thinking of what Jennie had told me about him—how he used to sing coon songs down in one of the saloons. He wasn't a bad fellow though, only he was a stranger and got in with the wrong set. The Lookout Committee heard of him and agreed to pray for him. Then the Social Committee asked him to sing at one of their parlor meetings; then he was asked to join the church choir. Soon after that the minister started special meetings and asked the choir as a favor to help with the singing. Before the meetings closed Seth was converted along with a good many others, and now—but you mustn't let this go any further—it looks as if I might be his grandma some day.

Well, they went on singing one piece after another, some new and some old till about half-past seven the president and minister came together and sat on the platform, and presently the mayor of the town, a good old Methodist, came in and was taken up there, too.

The president said it was now time to begin, and that the next piece would be a solo and chorus in which the audience was asked to join softly. Then a tiny tot of five or six, all dressed in white, with yellow curls about her face, came to the front and sang in a sweet clear voice, "Who is He in Yonder Stall?" The room was full by this time, but it was so still we could hear every word and when they all joined in "Tis the Lord, O Wondrous Story," the effect was lovely. I think every one must have felt that the Lord was there. Then the minister prayed just a few sentences as if he was talking to some one very close, thanking the Lord for His presence there and asking His blessing on the whole meeting. They sang another hymn, and then the president called on the mayor for a few remarks. He began by saying some very nice things about the League and its influence for good over the young people of the town, and spoke of the happiness that would come into many a home of poverty as a result of this Christmas meeting. Then he told about the temptations of his own early life and said he believed many a young man went wrong just for want of some such society as this. And then he pictured what the world would be like without Christ and the blessedness that may come to it when all men "follow the Star" until it leads them to bow before the Saviour. It was a very nice speech and not too long. The choir next sang a lovely anthem about the shepherds abiding in the fields and the song of the angels. Then the Junior League, who generally meet in another room, and who were sitting together on one side, gave two very nice recitations and a chorus.

By this time it was after eight and the president called on Miss Shirley to lead in the discussion of the topic. It seems that most of the active members take turns in leading the discussion. Miss Shirley was not more than twenty-one or two, I should think, and she seemed pretty nervous at first, but soon got over it.

The minister then asked for a few testimonies from those who claimed Christ as their brother, and a good many spoke, old and young. Then he asked all who belonged to God's family to stand up and more than half the audience rose. Then he asked if there were any in the house who could not claim Christ as a brother, but would like to do so. For a moment the stillness was so deep it seemed as though one ought scarcely to breathe, and then I heard a movement down towards the back and someone said, "Thank God!" and some one else called out, "Praise the Lord," and I felt like shouting, too, in spite of that verse about "keeping silence in the church," for I knew there were wanderers coming home. The minister stood with tears in his eyes and asked those who had stood up and any others who wanted to find Christ to come into the Bible class room for a few minutes and he said he would like as many of the League as could do so to stay, too. Then they sang the old Doxology with a will and dismissed the meeting. I was too tired to stay, so Rob put Jane and me into the cab and we went home. They told us afterwards that six stood up, one an old, old man, and that

four of them found peace that night. They say that they often have people ask to be prayed for in their regular meetings, and I don't wonder, for so far as I could see they were all praying and working for that one thing, and it would be a hardened soul indeed that could hold out against them. There now. I know I've talked till I've made you tired, but really I was so taken up with the young people and their work that I just wanted to tell every one all about it.

He Could Climb.

A MAN working on an elevator was telling his experiences as a workman in one of the large skyscrapers. He said that he could begin working in the shaft at the bottom, and go on up, slowly, climbing as the work progressed, but that he could not go in at the top and begin working. The height was too great to begin there; yet he had no difficulty if he worked his way up in the shaft. It was a striking illustration of a great truth that few young people appreciate. Most of us want to go in at the top somewhere, and begin to work. Not all of us are willing to go in at the bottom and



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work our way up. One of the reasons why some young men have fallen is because they went in at the top where their fathers were working, and tried to work in the same way. Perhaps they sought only the easy places at the top, places which others had reached by hard working and climbing, and they could not stand the height—so they fell to the bottom. It is a good thing to reach the top in anything; but it is not a good thing to be carried there and placed in position without having the experience of climbing, by slow degrees, until the top is reached. Hard work has its advantage in this, that it furnishes a place to stand on in time of promotion; it steadies one when he reaches the top.—Service.