

writerly man. 'Oh, say that you will forgive me! God has forgiven me,' he went on, 'but you—'

'Yes, God has forgiven you, or you could not have confessed your every thought to me; and I forgive you with all my heart. Earnestly I pray that he who can alone give you strength will bless our meeting to-night. I am not afraid to take you under the shelter of my roof, knowing that henceforth you will, through God's mercy, be a better and a happier man; and I thank him for making me a humble instrument on your behalf. Say not another word. Your secret shall ever remain with me.'

How can we describe the joy, the intense thankfulness of Bill Saunders? This revulsion of feeling was almost greater than he could bear. But one short half-hour previously a miserable outcast, his heart full of sin and wretchedness, and now helped by the very man on whom he had intended to inflict so great a wrong. Oh, with what earnest prayer did he implore God in deep repentance that night to keep him in the right path, to bless his future efforts to bring back happiness to the wife and children he still loved, and to serve his benefactor to the best of his ability!

His prayer was heard.

The very next day saw him on his way to Bramleigh to fetch his family home once more, home to a bright little cottage covered with roses and honeysuckle, next door to the one occupied by the head gardener himself.

During his absence some fairy hand provided a good meal, lighted a fire, and made the kettle sing brightly to welcome them as he led his now happy wife through the open doorway. Before seating themselves to their repast, the parents and their two wondering boys knelt down to offer up grateful thanks for God's mercy shown them, and to pray for blessing on their future lives.

Bill Saunders has still a purpose in view, but it is the purpose of a sober honest man to do his duty; to serve first his God, and, through his help, his benefactor and master, Squire Norcliffe, whom he met within the woodland long ago.—'Light in the Home.'

Mary and 'The Lambs.'

(Rev. W. Bryson Forbush, in 'Endeavor Herald'.)

Our discouraged Missionary Committee—this was the name by which they called themselves, and everybody acknowledged that it was appropriate. We had become so accustomed to hear Lucy Ellis, the convener, answer in decided accents, 'We have done absolutely nothing,' that our business meetings would have seemed incomplete without that terse, honest report. They acknowledged themselves the blot on our society's escutcheon.

It had not always been so. Before Ray Morton, now a missionary in Burmah, went away to college, he used to arrange missionary programmes that were so interesting that little Billy Benton, the bootblack, actually left off chasing the engine to a fire one evening in order to be able to attend and hear about 'de dwarfs dat have such small heads and big mous dat dey swaller derselves,' which was his own preconception of certain natives of Central Africa. It is strange that the example of this warm-hearted enthusiast did not stimulate others to take up the work of providing fresh intelligence from the mission stations after he went away, even if none were stirred to offer themselves to the world-field. But it is always easy to be heroic by proxy, and so most of the missionary interest of the church had now passed into the quarterly meetings of 'The Female

Cent Society'—(do pennies have sex?)—where Ray Morton's spicy letters were read, and where prayers were offered by Seth Sprawl that, so Lucy Ellis said, were long enough and covered ground enough to carpet the Annapolis valley.

It had not always been so, and, thank God, it did not forever remain so. We had in our society a mill boy named Frank Weaver. He was so modest and bashful that he was usually put on as the last member of some committee like the Flower Committee—that last resort for those who can't or won't do any work. But he was hardly to be ranked with the two classes just named for he was extremely regular at both society and committee meetings, and in a quiet way did very faithful work. Indeed, as Lucy Ellis said, if we could have held consultations with him by telephone, where he would not need to blush or stammer so, we should think that both his words and works were excelled by none. It was this same Frank Weaver who aroused our dormant Missionary Committee. Let it be no less to his credit to say that the result was due neither to his interest in missions nor in the Missionary Committee, for even Lucy Ellis has been heard to acknowledge that Frank Weaver was for one time so awakened from his modesty as to say in her hearing that if he had a mess of kittens that were as half dead as that Missionary Committee he would put them all in a bag and drop them over Falls Bridge.

It came about as follows: Frank Weaver lived in two worlds. At the church he was the humblest of all, but down on Front street close to the wharves, where his home was, he was a hero. There was not a small boy on the harbor front that did not adore Frank Weaver. This was so well known that when Frank ushered in a half dozen of these unkempt wharf rats into church one Sunday, some irreverent person was heard to whisper, 'Mary and the lambs.' I regret to say that this remark was repeated, and that Frank soon heard himself called by this familiar cognomen, while the lads retained a title not wholly in harmony with their only partially immaculate appearance and demeanor. I am glad to add that this did not interfere with his actions, but that he reappeared with his ragged boys every Sunday. We soon learned that Frank was, in a quiet way, a wonderful athlete, and that this had made him a natural leader round his home. Being naturally fond of younger companions, he had fostered the friendly feeling, and had become so interested in his dusty charges that he had fitted up a rough gymnasium in a vacant sail loft, where he gave weekly festivals of an athletic character and mustered his flock on Sunday to be washed and combed for church.

Tim's action of Weaver's had a number of results. In the first place, the wealthy Mrs. Prendergast felt forced to surrender her pew in front of the Weavers, on account of the plebeian surroundings, and took a high seat in the synagogue of St. Frigia's. Her pew was promptly filled by Job Miller, his wife, and six children, who had not attended church for ten years; for Job, the rough blacksmith, said that he was glad to find that after all that poor people were welcome in one church. I understand that our pastor said he was glad of it. Another result was upon our Missionary Committee. Lucy Ellis called them together one day, and addressed them somewhat as follows:—

'Girls and boys—boy, I mean' (for Luke Sanders was the only one to whom that title applied)—'have you noticed how regular 'the lambs' are in attendance on the Endeavor meeting, lately?'

'Yes,' said Julia Rodding; 'it seems to be something new, too.'

'Well, they have suggested to me an idea for our committee work.'

'Our work?' said Helen Dane; 'do I understand you to imply that this committee works?'

'No,' but it is going to; that is, if you agree to what I am about to propose.'

'Well, go on.'

'We all know very well that as a committee we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. In the first place, we are not interested in the cause for which we are supposed to work. Now, among these poor people, the parents and brothers and sisters of these "lambs," is a real missionary field. If we could do something for them, would it not help to interest us more in the general subject of missions?'

'And what do you suggest?'

'I suggest that we form a Christian Endeavor society at the Front Street Mission.'

This created quite a sensation. Lucy Ellis went on to say that she had consulted our pastor about the plan, and that he heartily approved, only suggesting that we solicit the aid of delegations from all the Endeavor societies in our city union. This mission was a union enterprise on lower Front street, a long distance from any of the churches. It was truly an uncultivated field and we knew it needed workers.

So after talking the plan over we arranged to have a meeting with the superintendent of the mission the following Friday. On that day we met at his office. I must explain that the mission was conducted entirely by volunteer effort, and that the superintendent, Mr. Healey, was a dry goods merchant. We filed into the office, and Lucy Ellis, in a very attractive way, as I thought, presented our plan. To our surprise, Mr. Healey did not appear very enthusiastic. He certainly favored the idea. He said that he had long regretted that the mission was without a prayer-meeting of any kind, but that he and the teachers, who were mostly business men like himself, were only able to attend and give their time Sundays. He believed in the Endeavor Society, and felt that it was just the thing for the place and need, but— He said 'but' four times. Finally he broke into a smile and added:— 'Friends, I may as well add frankly that I have learned to be distrustful of all who offer themselves as helpers in our work. I don't like to say it, but I have fifty who come and offer to work to five who are willing to hold on. I want you to go ahead and start an Endeavor Society just as quickly as you can, but I want you to guarantee that it will be in running order six months from now, before you begin.'

'What do you mean, Mr. Healey?' asked Lucy Ellis. 'We are not prophets; we can't tell.'

'Yes, you can,' he replied pleasantly. 'If you stick six months the society will be all right, but I am afraid you won't. It is not romantic work. In fact, there is nothing picturesque about it. The people are not even interesting—until you love them. There are many disagreeable incidents and sights and smells. Will you hold on for six months?'

Somewhat sobered and humbled, we agreed that we would. We went to work. At our first meeting we had a full room. Over a hundred dirty faces met us after we fathomed the depths of Front street mud and climbed the stairs to the assembly room. We had what I called a good meeting. Luke led, and opened with remarks on 'Temptation.' Our Endeavor quartette sang. Lucy Ellis spoke, and I spoke, and we sang again and the hour was up. On the whole, as I said, when we reviewed the evening, we thought we had made a good beginning. It