

## AMONG OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AYLESFORD.—We are preparing to organize a class to pursue the Sacred Literature course again this winter, and hope to secure even a larger class than last year. Our literary committee is also laying plans for a course of lectures under B. Y. P. U. auspices during the winter months. The first lecture will probably be delivered in October, the subject and speaker to be announced at a later date.

BERWICK.—Our numbers have been somewhat depleted during the summer by the exodus of many of our young people to the United States, but we continue to steadily maintain our work and are hoping for fresh additions to our membership to fill the many vacancies.

The special B. Y. P. U. number of the *Messenger and Visitor* issued August 11th, was pronounced by all an eminent success. The articles in it were uniformly instructive and inspiring and are well worth a careful perusal. The illustrations were good, but not as clean-cut and neat as could be desired. Such special numbers in the interests of the different departments of our denominational work are, we believe, the right thing, and must prove effective means of an increase of knowledge and quickening of interest. As one of the Convention months of the year, August has brought together many of our young people in their annual rallies. In addition to our own B. Y. P. U. Convention in St. John, there have been the New Brunswick C. E. Convention in the same city, and the Nova Scotia C. E. Convention in Windsor. Queens Co., N. S., B. Y. P. U. held its annual rally on the 9th, at Brooklyn; Shelburne Co. on the 12th, at Wood's Harbor, and other counties will get together during the coming month.

### The Elders' Prayer-Meeting.

"Who is going to prayer-meeting to-night?"

"Oh, dear! I had forgotten all about it's being Wednesday, or I would not have told that cook to come to see me to-night. However, it will be an elders' meeting, anyhow."

"And I am so tired after my long walk this evening, I hardly think it would be prudent for me to go," said some one else.

And so the ball rolled around the supper-table gathering an excuse from every one except the earnest young Christian who had asked the question. The same

thing happened almost as often as the pastor was absent, and the mid-week meeting had to be left to the elders.

Elizabeth herself felt the same indifference about going, but she rarely had any excuses to give, so generally went as a matter of course.

A little handful of the congregation straggled in during the first half-hour of the service. The elder whose turn it was to preside, took his place with a deprecatory manner, as if he knew everybody was wishing it was somebody else. He read some carefully selected chapters, which somehow sounded strangely uninteresting now, called on one or two of the brethren to pray, and gave out some of the dear old hymns that everybody loves, hoping they would move the hearts of the audience. But there was no response in the listless faces before him, only one here and there sang at all. And when he said, "We will close with two verses of the—th hymn," a general look of relief showed that the service, short as it was, had been too long for the congregation.

"It certainly ought not so to be," said Elizabeth, sighing with the thought; for she had instinctively felt all which the elder had seen.

If only all the Christians there had done what she did,—carried the sigh to the throne of grace,—who can tell what the next meeting might have been?

Wednesday came again, and, alas! it was to be an elders' prayer-meeting again. But Elizabeth, for one, felt very differently over it this time. A more interesting elder perhaps? No; on the contrary, the dulllest, slowest of the whole set. The change was within. She had, unknown to herself, left her indifference where she laid down the sigh,—at Jesus' feet; and what a difference that did make!

How beautiful the long-familiar words of the twenty-third Psalm! Indeed God's own very voice seemed to be in every passage read, and it tuned her heart to sing His praises.

And how could any one ever say dear old Mr. ———'s prayers were prosaic, monotonous, lifeless, when they breathed throughout the odor of a holy life?

A light within must shine; and the light of God's Holy Spirit does not simply shine, but each soul it touches in turn becomes a reflector. Thus it happened that the elder who had undertaken his duty with such unconquerable reluctance, looked down into Elizabeth's softly beaming eyes, and felt his own heart kindling into a sympathetic glow. Perhaps the service had not been in vain, after all; for had not God said, "My word shall not return unto me void?" Others also went home feeling it was good to have been there. As for Elizabeth, she thought, "Surely God was in this place, and I

knew it not."

"Does this read like a fancy sketch, or does it sound as if it might be true?"

—Annie E. Wilson in *Sunday School Times*.

### Puritan Names.

Some of the early names read remarkably like puns. For instance one of a group of ancestresses to whom Mrs. Alice Morse Earle dedicates a recent book on "Colonial Dames and Goodwives" is Mistress "Silence Heard." One wonders whether Goodman and Goodwife Heard noticed the effect of this conjunction when they named their baby, or did they do it on purpose?

Here are a few other names of the same kind, all duly recorded among the births and deaths, wills and land transfers, of a few little New England towns:

"Wait Long," "Temperance Waters," "Righteous Hope," "Lovey Sweet," "Submit Willing," and "Thankful Hart."

"Expect Little" of one village list, offsets "Hope Mutch" of another. "Lively Smart" should certainly have been a forward child, but he died in infancy. One poor little girl, at least, we may be sure was named in ignorance by her parents, who were peaceable and respected people, though it is hard to imagine how they could have failed to perceive the blood-thirsty significance of her Christian name. She was christened "Desire Gore!"

Notwithstanding her forbidding appellation, a young man was bold enough to ask her to change it; and she has to-day numerous descendants whose desires are not gory, but it is quite true that none of them is named for her great-great grandmother.—*Youth's Companion*.

"I can and I will" are winning words. Emboss them on your helmet, and like the apparition of Minerva which made Achilles turn pale, they will whiten the face of your foes.

### RECESSIONAL.

From Rudyard Kipling's Poem on the Queen's Jubilee.

God of our fathers, known of old;  
Lord of our far-flung battle line  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine;  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard;  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Amen.