

## Her Two Boys.

It was on a Michigan Central train the other day. A tall fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By and by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said: "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat and brought out a little worn, black basket and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery-faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded, after a few moments.

"They have gone into the dining-car. Emma isn't strong you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper and you come with me and get a hot dinner."

As they left they met the other couple.

"Hello, John!" Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.—Chicago Tribune.

## Seeing the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead for some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start in business:

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.  
"Once in a while."  
"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.  
"Now and then."  
"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.  
"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.  
"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

## Ruskin on Women and War.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a lecture on war, made the following remarks to the ladies present: "Only by your command, or by your permission, can any war take place among us. And the real final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle through Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. Let every Christian woman who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn for His killed creatures. Let every lady in the happy climes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, and I tell you again no war would last a week."

## The Young People

EDITOR,

J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

## Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Drifting, Ephesians 4:14; James 1:1-8.

## Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, August 7.—Mark 8:10-30, (31-9:13). What things to mind, (vs. 33). Compare Col. 3:2.

Tuesday, August 8.—Mark 9:14-50, (10:1-12). An unlimited promise, (vs. 23). Compare Matt. 17:19, 20.

Wednesday, August 9.—Mark 10:(13-31), 32-52. Simplicity of members of the kingdom, (vs. 14, 15). Compare Matt. 18:3, 4.

Thursday, August 10.—Mark 11:(1-11), 12; 12:12; (12:13-44). The rejected stone exalted, (12:10). Compare Ps. 118:22, 23.

Friday, August 11.—Mark (13:1-37); (14:1-72); 15:1-47. Delivered to be crucified, (15:15). Compare John 19:16.

Saturday, August 12.—Mark 16:1-20. Exalted at the right hand of God, (vs. 19). Compare Heb. 1:1-3.

## Prayer Meeting Topic, August 6

"Drifting," Ephesians 4:14; James 1:1-8.

One of the most insidious and, so, cruel tendencies of the soul is to drift. How often is the Christian like those magnificent ocean steamers, the Castilian wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, and the American liner, City of Paris, hung up upon the "manshies," (significant name), drifting with treacherous currents of false thought, lured by subtle, magnetic currents of temptation and pleasures of the world, driven by winds of trial from the safe course marked out in the Divine chart, the Bible.

With this as a sort of step-ladder to reach our Subject, we will divide our theme under three heads with an added rider:

1. Heart drifting. Of prime importance is the reflection that drifting commences with the heart. If its beginning were in the outer act, it would be detected and arrested before great harm to the soul could be done; but, alas, all imperceptibly, it begins with the cooling of love to God, the waning of faith, the abatement of zeal. Significant is the word of holy writ: "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways" (Prov. 14:14). It is important for us to test our selves and see whether we love most the Lord, his people and his work, or self, riches, pleasures and earthly friendships. "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God" (Heb. 3:12). Let not the word be true of us: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. 3:16). "Keep thy heart with all diligence" (Prov. 4:23).

2. Head drifting. Many will agree as to the importance of a right state of heart, but demur when insistence is made upon sound belief, considering not that right belief is at the very foundation of a good life, and contrariwise, false belief to be the fruitful source of every form of evil of heart and conduct. Men confidently affirm that it matters not what may be the form of your belief, if only you are sincere. The words of a modern preacher are quoted with approval: "I hate botany, but I love flowers; I hate theology, but I love religion." No doubt men have erred in formulating creeds and binding them upon men's consciences; still every man has his own creed, and creed determines character, good or bad. "As he thinketh in his heart so is he" (Prov. 23:7). Therefore Paul said: "Hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. 1:13).

3. Life drifting. How dreadful is this stage of the soul's undoing. Still the hapless ones floating upon treacherous currents are scarcely aware of their perilous condition. The heart has been gradually hardened, conscience seared, and the eyes of the understanding darkened. Poor souls! They are like vessels without rudder, compass or anchor, driven by every wind, with "rent cordage, shattered deck, and torn sails." Wilfully cutting their anchor chains of faith and love, they are adrift without a pilot; having cast away the fear of God, they are adrift without sun and stars and have no propitious wind of heaven; but, "He that is steadfast in righteousness shall attain unto life" (Prov. 11:17-R. V.).

4. Some anchors. God's word is a strong anchor. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee" (Psa. 119:11).

Prayer grips the immovable God and gives consistency to life's purposes.

Profession of one's faith cuts the bridge behind and impels forward to the good.

Good company gives cheer to the Christian sailor. Good habits confirm one unto the end.

Keep firm hold by faith in God and Christ, hope of eternal glory, and love to all mankind.

Scripture References: Rom. 4:20; Heb. 6:17-20; H.b. 2:1-3; 1 Thess. 5:21; Heb. 3:6, 14; 10:23; Rev. 2:25; 3:11.

## Among the Societies

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

I understand it is one of the duties of the Cor.-Sec'y to write an occasional letter and tell of the progress of their society. It is four years since our Union organized and we should find we have great reason to praise God for all the way he has led us. I am convinced that for future good and financial aid no church can afford to be without a B. Y. P. U. In March we had an oyster supper and made fourteen dollars. In May we gave a Non-dike social and realized forty dollars. On the third

Sunday in May we held a public meeting in the church consisting of an address from our President, Miss Soley; a report from our Recording Sec'y., Miss Lavers, addresses of ten minutes from Rev. Mr. Fraser, president of Christian Endeavor Society in town, Mr. Cameron from the Divinity College, New Haven, Conn., and from our Pastor Rev. Mr. Lavers, interspersed with special music. At one of our weekly meetings recently the chairman of the devotional and temperance committees prepared a fine programme on temperance which was very interesting. We engage in some Home Mission work, every other Sunday afternoon a number from the Union hold service at the poor-farm at the close of the papers and flowers are distributed among the inmates who seem to enjoy the meetings and look forward to our coming, this work is under the direction of the missionary committee. Our treasurer has paid to the treasurer of the church fifty dollars so far this year for church purposes. Our meetings are well attended and the question is how can we win the many uninterested ones? I would urge all unions the necessity of keeping up the interest of the meetings and the importance of this work and that a part of the responsibility rests upon each and every member.

Yours in B. Y. P. U. work,

KATR M. MARSH, Rec., Sec'y.

St. George, N. B.

NEW HARBOR, N. S.

It is some months since our Union has corresponded with the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. We have not had any increase in our number since we last wrote. But our meetings are largely attended and are very encouraging. We have been without a pastor for some months, but we now have a young minister with us, a very earnest worker in the Lord's Vineyard. And we pray and believe through our united efforts, we may be the means in God's hand of winning souls for his Kingdom, and that our Union may be enlarged and our associate members may become active in the service of the Lord. Pray for us brothers and sisters that we may be strengthened with all might according to His glorious power.

CELIA GILLIE, Cor.-Sec'y.

Richmond '99.

It was the intention of the editor of this department to furnish our readers last week with a brief account of the trip to Richmond and of the meetings of the great Convention. The crowded days of good things in Richmond and the rapid movements of the homeward journey, freely interlarded with sight-seeing, to which were added the duties of transportation leader, left little time for the preparation of even a fragmentary report. In view of the fact that reports, both long and short, must have reached the majority of our people through various channels, an extended account of the great gathering from our pen would be unwise. Notice of a few facts of special interest will therefore suffice for these columns.

The Maritime delegation consisted of only seven persons all of whom were from Nova Scotia and five of whom were from the writer's own native Province. Keirstead, D. D., Wolfville; Charles E. Morse, P. A., Paradise; James Gates, Kingston; Mrs. Geo. W. Eaton, Miss Ethel Eaton, Miss Cora Bishop and Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford. The leader had expected a much larger party up to the very hour of departure, but the possible heat of the Southland frightened a large number. As it is Dr. Keirstead's intention to give the MESSENGER AND VISITOR readers a sketch of the trip to and from Richmond we need not linger on its many delights longer than to express our appreciation of the fine service of the D. A. Railway, Fall River Line and B. and O. Railway and the uniform thoughtfulness and courtesy of their employees. Travel over such lines is truly "a thing of beauty" and might be "a joy forever" if the journey did not end.

As for the Convention itself every thing is said when it is declared fully up to the high standard of its predecessors. The registration was less than half of that of last year, but the meetings were swelled to average size by the large local Baptist constituency. At times the immense auditorium was taxed to its utmost capacity by the thousands who thronged it and the enthusiasm more than once touched high water mark. The clipping from the N. Y. Examiner which appeared in these columns last week made mention of some of the most interesting sessions. The fellowship meeting was exceptionally good and the little band from down by the sea were accorded a most generous reception. Miss Ethel M. Eaton carried our banner and Rev. J. B. Morgan spoke the words of greeting, after which ten thousand voices made the building ring with "God save the Queen." Rev. C. A. Eaton's address was one of the marked features of the Friday evening session. Last on the program, with consummate tact he called back a dispersing audience and held them spell-bound for half an hour longer. But "blue-nose" pride reached its climax when Dr. Keirstead on Saturday morning handled in a most masterly and scholarly manner his theme, "Literature as an aid to the Disciple." The audience hung breathless on his words which sparkled with some of the richest genius culled with an artist's hand from the wide field of English literature, and when he finished broke into thunderous applause which only subsided after he had returned to the platform and bowed his acknowledgement of their appreciation. Those who have heard the Doctor at his best will not be surprised to learn that he was the only man on the entire programme who was accorded such an ovation.

Space will not permit us to speak of the many other interesting features of the convention, including Sunday services and the inspiring consecration services with which the great gathering passed into history. We would be most ungrateful, however, if in concluding these notes we did not make mention of the gracious cordiality with which the Southern people greeted us at every point. Never before were we accorded such generous and courteous hospitality. Certainly Virginians are the most courteous people in America.

JOHN BURT MORGAN.