

"See how beautiful these peas are growing, my son. We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the peas in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in the fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road to look at Mr. Parker's peas. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said:

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's peas?"

"O, father, I never saw such poor looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves."

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds nor helped the stalks to grow right."

"Yes, that's just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds, and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden beds, and they must be tended even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you were never to go to school, nor have good seed of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think it right for me to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"O, no, father; your garden is a good one, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars."

"Or, my son, you think it would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated to become overrun with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply, but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.—The Little Christian.

Something Better than "Good Form."

It is a desirable thing to be in "good form"—that is to say, to live and act that we shall not violate the laws of society conceived for the good of each of us. But the advocates of "good form" have, of late, been going to such extremes that those who heed their mandates are in danger of stifling their impulses and thereby thwarting every natural process of good health. Laughing say these apostles of "good form" is not in good taste; the loud, hearty laugh is boisterous, and therefore vulgar—hence we should smile. In other words, what is one of the greatest of physical pleasures must be made a purely intellectual one. The same in the more homely indulgence of "sneezing." It should be taboed; it is not refined, and in order that we may not sneeze in public we are told that we must learn to control the sneeze in private. The "yawn" and "stretch" are other things we are called upon to control. It is not, of course, supposed that a gentleman or gentlewoman bred would do either one of these highly-involving things in public. But we must not even do them in private. "The well-bred man or woman," says a "good form" authority, "is as careful of these things in private as he is in public." Even tears we must check. The same with regard to talking. We should control our talk, "its length as well as its character." It would almost seem as though we should control every impulse we possess.

But now comes along one of the greatest physicians in England, and causes perfect consternation in the ranks of the "good form" contingent. Beginning with recommending talking as one of the greatest modes of exercise possible to the human body, he goes right on and strongly advocates crying, sighing, yawning and shouting and singing as absolutely essential to the best health. Talking says the eminent authority, is stimulating to the body and rouses every one of our senses from lethargy. So excellent is talking that a good talker needs not half the bodily exercise as does a quiet person, statistics showing that in England lawyers and orators feel that they can dispense largely with exercise as ordinarily understood. From shouting, too, the very best results are obtained; the development of the lungs and increased circulation of the blood. Especially does this eminent doctor recommend shouting as healthful for children. Singing, likewise, is commended, and most strongly, for its healthful influence on the emotions, and especially useful in defective chest development and in chronic heart disease. Of laughter this man of health can scarcely say too much in commendation. Every part of the body feels the stimulating effect of a hearty laugh.

Tears are put forth as the most precious elements in good health, women and children especially deriving benefit from them. The nerve tension is relieved with tears, the blood pressure within the head is lessened, the circulation and movement of the abdomen are benefited, and the entire muscular system feels the healthful effect of a good cry. Harm results from suppression of tears in many cases, particularly with women, says Dr. Campbell, since, as he well says, strong emotions should receive expression—which is only another way of saying, "Give sorrow words." Sighing promotes the blood's aeration and quickens the pulmonary circulation.

Stifling the impulses is simply to turn our backs on Nature, and she knew what she was about when she gave us the laugh, the yawn, the stretch, the cry and other outlets for toning up the body. They are Nature's safety-valves and we should be careful how we close them. Good form is good, but good health is better.—Ladies' Home Journal.

EDITORS,

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. G. R. White, Fairville, St. John.

B. Y. P. U. Prayer Meeting Topic—June 5.

A Glimpse of Glory, Rev. 21: 22-27. The writer is describing the New Jerusalem as the future home of the redeemed. We must not lose sight of the fact that the language is figurative, and yet the figure will fall short when the picture becomes a blessed reality. The Bible makes a free use of earthly things as types and symbols of things spiritual, heavenly and eternal. The size of the city has been given. The foundations and walls and the great street described. The glory of the old city was the magnificent temple, the pride of the Jews, a wonder to the heathen, but here in this New Jerusalem John saw no temple therein, a marvellous omission. Here on the earth we need temples, places of worship and special seasons for worship. In the ultimate home of the redeemed the just made perfect will need no temple; they will need no Sabbath, as one day out of seven for worship. Present with the Lord and made like unto Him. All the time, however spent in service and worship, will be a continuous Sabbath. This Sabbath will have no end, and the immediate presence of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb will furnish all the temple needful.

The city will not need either sun or moon to shine upon it. Will these present lights be worn out and cast away? We do not know. This is revealed, heavenly conditions will not be the same as earthly conditions. John Baptist spoke of Jesus as the light of the world, the light of men. Jesus used the same figure respecting himself. And so John the beloved beholds Jesus, the Lamb, as the all-sufficient light of heaven. The nations, that is all nations, Gentiles as well as Jews, will walk in this light. The kings of the earth do bring their glory into it. All there is of royal power, wealth and beauty will be there.

The gates will not be shut at eventide for there is no night there. The gates of the old city were closed at night for protection, to keep out enemies. Here there will be no enemies to menace peace and safety. Night may be used as a symbol of darkness, the time when thieves and assassins specially prowl, seeking prey. No night there, no darkness, nothing to threaten. Whether there will be any arrangement to mark off the passage of time we cannot say. The gates are represented as wide open to admit a perpetual flow of the treasures, the glory and the honor of the nations into the City of God. Read as a commentary upon the whole lesson the 60th chapter of Isaiah. It is possible that the lesson may depict the beginning of a long Millennial period with Jesus reigning as King with His saints upon the earth. The lesson closes with the statement that nothing unclean, nothing that maketh or doeth an abomination or a lie shall enter therein. Wide open gates but sin and everything that is annoying shut out. A law of divine attraction drawing all that is good and pure and holy, the same law repelling all that is of an opposite nature. The great roll of the redeemed.

"Is my name written there?
On the page white and fair,
In the Book of His Kingdom,
Is my name written there?"

J. T. BURTON.

Adjective and Noun.

A falsehood or a slander has its power even over those who deny the truth of it. A story derogatory to another person is pretty sure to damage that other person even in the minds of those who doubt or disbelieve the story. It is next to impossible to shake the noun entirely free from the adjective which has been attached to it. A temperate and quiet March, such as has been much of the month just gone by, will not rid the month of its reputation for being blustery and tempestuous. The adjective has been welded to the noun, and it will take a long time for the noun to get rid of it; whether the adjective was ever really correctly applied or not. We should be careful what we say against others, lest that ill reputation which we give them should continue to abide long after they have ceased to deserve it.—Sunday School Times.

The soul in its highest sense is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, a chamber with elastic and contractile walls which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably; but which, without God, shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the divine is gone, and God's impression is left without God's spirit. Nature has her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Misuse with her is as mortal a sin as abuse.—Henry Drummond.

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

The Young People

Our Juniors.

Lullaby.

Droop, little coverlids, over the blue,
Little white coverlids fringed with gold;
Mother arms swinging you,
Mother voice singing you,
Mother love clasping you fold on fold.

Rest, little golden head, on mother's breast;
She will watch over you while you sleep.
Dream of her loving eyes,
Dream of the starry skies;
Mother is guarding you while you sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby, little one, sleep;
Sunlight and daylight fade in the west.
Mother is holding you,
Mother is folding you,
Safe in the heart of her while you rest.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

A Boy's Diary.

A mother describes in the Interior how she came to look upon the rubbish in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day:

"My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish. You had better clear it out."

Yes, that would be his great delight. So we began.

"This horseshoe is of no use."

"Oh, yes, it is. I found it under grandpa's corncrib, and he let me have it."

"These clamshells you'd better break up for the hens."

"Why, mamma, I got them on the beach, you know last summer!"

"And this faded ribbon. Burn it up."

"Oh, no! That was our class badge for the last day of school, and I want to keep it."

"Here is that old tin flute yet! Why do you heap up such trash?"

"That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?"

"Well, this bottle is good for nothing."

"Oh, yes, it is. That is the bottle I used for a bobber when we went fishing at Green's lake. A black bass pulled that bottle away under water!"

Then the mother thought that to destroy these historical relics would be to obliterate pleasant memories.—Harper's Round Table.

Not to be Pumped.

A small Scotch boy had been summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of disorderly conduct in the streets. The bailie began to wheedle him:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, an' let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square."

"Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up into High Street, and keep on up High Street, till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with a look of infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."—Baptist Union.

Charlottetown leads. It will raise a club of thirty; have choice of books offered May 18, and send a representative to the International Convention. The man who reports this successful work closes his card: "Yours for Buffalo." He deserves the trip and we congratulate him upon earning it. There should be many others. A return ticket to Buffalo for a club of thirty new subscribers.