

A Little Joke on Richard.

FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

If Richard cried the least bit after his grandmother kissed him and left him in the big bed in the front room upstairs, it isn't surprising. He had never been away from his mother before, and the wonder is that he cried so softly nobody heard him.

Richard, though, remembered what his mother told him the last minute before she put him on board the train that morning. She said, "Richard, dear, be a little man at grandma's, and don't make her a bit of trouble, if you can help it. You are a big boy now—almost big enough to go to school. Just remember that, and mamma will be proud of you."

Richard buried his face in the pillow, and tried to stop crying. He did wish he had his own little pillow—the one's at grandma's were so big they made his neck ache. It wasn't nice to be away from home at night anyway. Richard was sorry he ever thought of going visiting without his mother. She wasn't to come until two days later—oh, what a long time!

The little boy began wondering if it would ever be morning. That made him think of something else his mother said. She told him to be sure and get up and dress himself the minute grandma called him, so he wouldn't be late to breakfast. That was the last thing Richard had in his mind when he went to sleep. He didn't lie awake but a few minutes, though he thought at several hours—the dear little boy!

Early, early in the morning, Richard awoke suddenly. He sat straight up in bed and listened. "Guess I was dreaming," he said at last, then cuddled down again. The big pillows was on the floor. Scarcely had the child closed his eyes, when he again heard the sound that awakened him:

"Tap, tap, tap!"

A queer way to call a boy! Why didn't grandma speak? Richard crept out of bed, and looked down the long hall. Then he peeped into two rooms near by, and saw his cousins, who were visiting at the farm, lying in their beds, sound asleep.

Richard looked puzzled. If the folks in the house were not up, surely he ought not to get dressed, or make a bit of noise. He thought about it a little while, and then went back to bed.

Again came a loud "Tap, tap, tap!" sounded so near Richard was frightened.

"Yes, grandma; I hear you," he said.

If she had such a queer way of calling folks, why didn't she call his cousins, too?

After a while Richard fell asleep, only to be again awakened by the tapping.

"Sound's if she'd got out of patience," whispered Richard, "so I guess I better hurry." Another minute, and another "Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap!" made Richard dress as quickly as he knew how.

It seemed strange to the child that the house was so quiet. After he was dressed, he went on tip-toe down the hall, wondering if his cousins had dressed themselves and gone to breakfast. Instead they were sleeping peacefully as ever.

Poor Richard returned to his room to stay until his cousins should wake up and be ready to go downstairs. He felt so homesick and lonesome he didn't know what to do. The birds were singing as Richard had never heard them sing before. He sat by the low, broad sill of an open window, to hear the sweet music. There grandma found him, sound asleep, when she came to help him dress two hours later.

"Richard, dear," she said, taking the little fellow in her arms and kissing him, "wake up and see who is looking at you. That's our red-headed woodpecker, and I guess he's as much surprised as grandma is to see you dressed so early. You thought I called you? No! I haven't been up but a little while myself. In this old oak-tree close by the window, Richard, is the woodpecker's nest. Now watch, and you'll see how he gets worms for his family. He makes a hammer of his bill. See him? Hear him?—Tap, tap, tap!" He's after his children's breakfast."

Then Richard knew that the red-headed woodpecker had played a joke on him. He laughed merrily when he told his mother about it after breakfast, and the rest of the folks laughed because Richard's mother had followed him to grandma's on the early morning train.—S. S. Times.

tewart's mother was making sandwiches of devilled ham. The little fellow came along, and seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it, regarded it earnestly awhile, and then said, "Mamma, what is that stuff?" "This? Oh, this is devilled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture and in an awed voice inquired, "Why, mother, have they killed him?"—Congregationalist.

Possible and now, my friend, I enjoyed my dinner, and if it was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms.

Farmer—Fust, a fair sample of a appetite?"

* The Young People *

What a Local President Can Do.

BY REV. JOSEPH WESTON.

Among other things a local president can do the following:

1. Can attend the regular meetings of the society and can thus enrich them by his presence, prayers and testimony. Certainly the captain should be on board the ship and the president of the B. Y. P. U. should be present at the B. Y. P. U. unless he has some reason which he can conscientiously give to his Lord and Master.

2. Can preside at the regular business meetings of the society and so far as possible conduct them according to parliamentary rules. Do the best you can, and see to it that the affairs of the society are not conducted in a loose and slovenly way.

3. Should be absolutely impartial in the management of the society. Unfortunately in some societies there are cliques and clans, "sets" and coteries who are determined that things shall go their way, and, metaphorically speaking, will rather split the society from ridge pole to foundation than yield to others. The president must not be owned by anybody and must be absolutely fair and impartial.

4. Must keep in touch as far as possible not only with all the work of the local society, but in a general way be familiar with the work of the county and state and nation.

5. Whip up the sluggards and encourage the timid. Unless your society is very different from most societies you have some that will bear "quite a little" stirring up. Such people are a great trial to one's patience, but if you can get them a-going they may render valuable assistance. Then there are timid ones that need to be encouraged. Some of them are afraid of their own voices, but the Master hath need of them, and so have you. Stir up, encourage, inspire.

6. Will not ignore the pastor in plans and purposes. The B. Y. P. U. is simply a department of church work. The B. Y. P. U. is not the church, but simply one branch of the church's work, and you are in charge of that branch, subject to the pastor. If the pastor is wise he will not needlessly interfere with you or the society, but it is only fair that you should take him into your confidence. He knows a great many things that you do not know, and if you and your society are wise you will respect his wishes.

7. Should resolve to hold the society steadily to the purpose for which it exists. What a noble object we have! The unification of Baptist young people; increased spirituality; stimulation in Christian service; edification in Scripture knowledge; instruction in Baptist history and doctrine, and enlistment in missionary activity. If you can approximate to this ideal, you will deserve great credit. Try!

Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well
And angles will hasten the story to tell.

"Read, Think, Work."

If I were a young man again, I would strive to read the best literature within my reach; and there is, happily, plenty of it in these days as compared with fifty years ago; and, further, I would try and write some—if not the best, then the best I could.

Read, think, and work is the motto for the young man. Never wait for the help you think is superior to your own power—it is by failures that men attain successes.

Don't spend precious hours over chaff, when the same time spent over corn will probably bring a rich, sure, if it be a late, harvest-time.

While the mind is young and receptive store up the best power possible—that is, accurate knowledge.

HENRY BROADHURST.

The Flower in the Crater.

Isa. 40: 6; Cant. 2: 2.

Humboldt tells of being deeply touched and impressed by finding a beautiful flower on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius. In a little hollow in the lava, ashes and dust had settled, and when rain had fallen there was a cupful of rich soil ready. Then a bird or the wind had borne a seed and dropped it into this bit of garden on the crater's lip and a sweet flower grew there. No wonder the great traveler was so moved by such a glimpse of beauty in such a place.

As we go through the world, we come now and again upon human lives which seem almost utterly dreary and desolate in their condition or in their circumstances. Sorrow or sin has stripped them bare. Yet there is scarcely one such life in which we may not, if we will, cause a flower to bloom. If only we will show thoughtful sympathy, or do some gentle kindness, we will plant a spray of beauty amid the dust and ashes.

EDITOR

A. T. DYKEMAN

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space, all articles must necessarily be short.

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Our Aim

"Culture for Service."
"We study that we may serve."

Junior Baptist Union.

ITS PLEDGE.

I promise to pray every day to abstain from both liquor and tobacco, to keep from using profane language; and to be present, when I can, at every meeting of the Union.

ITS OBJECT.

Its object shall be the early conversion of the boys and girls, their entrance into the church, instruction in the privileges and duties of church membership, enlistment in practical Christian service and encouragement in Bible study and systematic beneficence, and their training for, and graduation into, the Senior Society.

Prayer Meeting Topic—June 26th.

"Whom God Will Gather," Ps. 22: 22-31.

Home Readings.

Monday. From a Far Country. II Ch. onicles 6: 32, 33.
Tuesday. Christ for All. Romans 15: 1-13.
Wednesday. The Field Is the World. Matthew 13: 36-43.
Thursday. The Mixed Multitude. Act 2: 11-14.
Friday. All Nations and Kindreds. Revelation 7: 9, 10.
Saturday. The Final Great Gathering. Revelation 20: 11-15.
Sunday. The Heathen for an Inheritance. Psalm 2.

Three great Psalms are here grouped together, the 22, 23 and 24,—the Psalm of the Cross, the Psalm of the Shepherds Crook, and the Psalm of the Crown. This is the Psalm from which the Lord quoted to sustain his soul on the cross. Here is also found the prophecy "They part my garments among them, and upon my vesture do they cast lots."

(1) With the psalmist we are called upon to declare the name of God to all, and to exalt his name in the public service.

(2) We have grounds for this, and it is God's power and loving care in our afflictions. He has also heard and answered prayer. We are to make our declaration not boastingly but with humility and fidelity, with the result of great satisfaction to our own soul.

(3) This Psalm teaches the universal Kingdom of God, and the perpetual diffusion of the knowledge of the Most High. "For the kingdom is the Lord's, he is the ruler over the nations." God will establish the fact of his authority among men and for this has given the peculiar revelation in Christ, to convince dull man of his government and care. We may come to God apart from this revelation in Christ, but he is to us a forgotten God. The great influence which helps us to remember and to turn to God in the message of the cross and throne of Jesus.

(4) Into the Kingdom of God only the humble shall be admitted. But there all shall be satisfied. The fat and "they that go down to the dust," rich and poor, high and low. Here is encouragement for all with yourself included. It is your privilege to enjoy what God has offered.

(5) This work is to be propagated. The great word of God has to have an embodiment in a great personality. This it has had in Jesus, and this must be repeated again in you. "A seed shall serve him;" that is one generation through obedience and belief shall be a seed of the kingdom unto the next. It shall be told of the Lord unto the third generation. "These shall come and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born," and thus the propagation will go on and maintain itself through a dying series of ages, and shall bequeath to others "what he hath done," making pregnant every human instinct.

(6) What shall we tell? What he hath done. What has the Lord done for your soul? When I fled to his cross for refuge; when I yielded to his crook for guidance; when I look to him who wears the crown for ultimate redemption he will gather me with all the hosts who are to bow and to confess the Christ.

HOWARD H. ROACH.