

That idea, and if you'll believe me, they raised a hundred dollars in gold for a parting gift.

'Of course there was a general invitation to the reception, and we had to hold it in the town hall. Well, after we had all shaken hands with the minister and his wife, Andrew came up front and made the presentation speech.

'I do wish you could have heard him! Of course your uncle is gifted in speech, but I guess he surprised himself that night. Yet he didn't say anything but the truth Mr. Pease had been a faithful minister—one that had visited the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and been helpful in sickness, and stood by us all in trouble, and tried to comfort us when we buried our dead.

'But it was wonderful the way your Uncle Andrew worked all those good things Mr. Pease had done into his speech. It took hold of us more and more as he went along, until by the time he got through, and handed over the hundred dollars in gold to the minister, about everybody in the hall was having a good hard cry.

'As for Mr. Pease, he could hardly speak at first. But when he found his voice I guess what he said made full as much impression as Andrew's talk.

'He said that he had been simply amazed at the feeling that had been manifested, and it led him to think that perhaps he had been hasty in the step he had taken. Perhaps it was his duty, after all, to spend the rest of his days as the pastor of his dear flock. He went on in that way for a while, and finally he asked all those who desired him to withdraw his resignation to rise.

'Well, there were some queer looks went over a good many faces, but in a minute all those that hadn't been standing before got up from their seats.

'There was to have been other exercises after the presentation. Adelaide Tinkham had written a poem appropriate to the occasion as she had expected it to be, but she slipped around to Andrew and told him not to call on her.

'And the choir had been rehearsing a very handsome song for a week, but it was all about parting, and they wouldn't sing it. When they were called on they whispered together for a while, and then announced that they would sing "Blest be the tie that binds," and they requested all present to join.

'Then we partook of our refreshments, and the reception broke up.'

'So you still have the same minister,' said Eleanor, with a smile.

'Why, yes, in one sense we do. But, really, Mr. Pease has seemed like a new man ever since. It's wonderful how that reception seemed to freshen him up. He preaches a new sermon almost every Sunday, and the whole parish seems to be alive again. As for your Uncle Andrew, you'd think to hear him talk there was nobody like Mr. Pease. You see, he's bound to stand by that presentation speech. So in one sense, I suppose, we've got our change, after all.'—F. E. C. R. Robbins, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

Love Blossoming Too Late.

There is a great host of weary men and women, toiling on through life toward the grave, who most sorely need just now the cheering words and helpful ministries which we can give. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins, but why should it not be scattered in the hard paths on which their feet to-day are treading? The kind words are lying in men's hearts unexpressed, trembling on their tongues unvoiced, which will be spoken by and by when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they are needed so much and when their accents would give such cheer and hope? The flowers are growing to strew on their graves, but why not cut them now to brighten lives and dark paths?

Many a good man goes through life plain, plodding, living obscurely yet living a true, Christian life, doing many a quiet kindness to his neighbors and friends, yet seldom hearing a word of commendation or praise. The vases, filled with the incense of affection, are kept sealed. The flowers are not cut from the stems. One day you stand by his coffin and there are enough kind things said to brighten every hour of his life, if only they

had been said at the right time. There are enough flowers piled upon his casket to have kept his chamber filled with fragrance all through his years, if only they had been sent day by day. How his heavy heart would have thanked God if, in the midst of his toils, burdens and struggles, he could have heard a few of the words of affection and approval that are now wasted on ears that hear them not! How much happier he would have been in his weary days if he had known how many generous friends he had! But, poor man! he had to die before the appreciation could express itself. Then the gentle words spoken over his cold form he could not hear. The love blossomed out too late.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Turn Us O Lord.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Into the path that leads from night to day;
Turn Thou our feet to walk, 'mid toil and
pain,
The better way.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Frow earthy things that draw our hearts
from Thee.

That we may learn, e'en through our blinding
tears,
Thy grace to see.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
From sins that lie along our daily path.
That we may do, with willing hands, the
work,
That each day hath.

Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Into the path that each must tread alone.
Until our trembling footsteps pause for rest,
Before Thy Throne.

—Helen Woodward Pratt, in 'Living Church.'

Counting for More Than One

A woman whose home duties were insistent was bewailing her comparative uselessness when it came to church work or indeed any work outside of her own home. 'I go to church—when I can,' said she rather ruefully. 'Even then all I can do is to count for one. I can't do anything.' The wise woman who was listening answered of her wisdom: 'Nobody ever counts for just one; you count for everybody you can influence. One is a force and centre of power in proportion to the number of people he can influence. Count for one, indeed. I happen to know that you counted for six people last Sunday. It was rainy, you know, and we were all in slippers and easy-gowns, John and I and all three of the girls. "There," said I, as you passed the window, "if that woman can manage to get her work out of the way and go this rainy morning, I won't listen to any excuses from the rest of you!"' 'Oh, yes,' put in the other, blushing, 'I remember all about it! I had sixteen minds and a half about going out in the wet, but Benny was at home with his lame knee—you know he got hurt at football—and he said, "Mother, you can go just as well as not. I'll look after the babies." So I went, for I thought there would be a slim household such a rainy day, and I'd count for one anyway.' 'Just so!' nodded her friend, smiling. 'And you counted for six instead! We made just a good seatful. It was funny to see the minister's look of astonishment when we all filed in. I had the greatest mind to get up and say 'twas all your doing.'—Boston 'Congregationalist.'

Just Like God.

Little Mary was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter:

'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, 'Don't you think it is very wonderful?' The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, 'Why, no, mamma. It would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it's just like God.'

For Absent Friends.

'Holy Father, in thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones now far absent
'Neath thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let thy presence
Be their light and guide,
Keep, O, keep them, in their weakness,
At thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let thy teaching
Sanctify their life,
Send thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
'Near to thee.'

—From the English Prayer Book.

Old Age.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-
score years;
And Theophrastus at four-score and ten
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men,'
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales,'
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were
past.

What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come: we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

A Steadfast Mind.

Nay, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good;
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air,
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero.

—George Eliot.

Strike While the Iron is Hot.

Our Maple Leaf Campaign is going rapidly forward. Scholars are delighted with the small Union Jacks and provincial badges that we are giving as extras with the brooches and pins. Now is the time, while enthusiasm runs high, to secure a good school flag. The month's free trial subscription gives a good chance for all to appreciate the worth of our papers, two of them, anyway. The additional samples we will send on application will introduce them to 'World Wide,' and the subscription list needed to get a fine FLAG FREE, can be easily made up. Get to work at once and secure one by Dominion Day, if not sooner.

Nithburg, Ont., April 26.

John Dougall & Son,—Dear Sirs,—I received my pins and brooches in fine order, and am pleased with them. They all think the leaves are beautiful. Thanking you very much for them. Yours truly,

JOHN A. THOMPSON.