

for all your kindness—more grateful than I can express; but you don't need me; and, if I stayed here it would be as a dependent on your charity, and my father's daughter could never fill that position gracefully.

There was silence for a while, as the two ladies sewed busily, the elder with a steady, restful manner, like one who, having found her place in life, takes placid content therein, the younger, with rapid, impatient fingers and a brow clouded by thought.

At last she folded the garment on which she had been working, laid it on a pile beside her, and carried them all to her aunt. That lady said, 'Thank you,' and looked at the nearly-mended garments with a most gratified air, saying, as she did so:

'Well, my dear, you needn't feel that you are dependent on me while you mend like that, for you are worth your weight in gold. Two or three of those garments—now as good as new, thanks to your skill—would have gone to rags, for positively I cannot find time to do all of such work that needs to be done, but do what I can and let the rest go.'

Laura said she was glad she had helped her, and turned to go with the same preoccupied, thoughtful look. She had taken but a few steps when she paused turned toward her aunt, and exclaimed:

'Does every housekeeper have as much mending as you, aunt?'

'Why, yes,' that lady replied, wonderingly: 'more usually, and ever so much more where there are children.'

'Then that's my business. I'll go from house to house and mend.'

'What are you talking about, child?'

'I'll show you in a week or two.'

In the Daily Record, two days later, there appeared the following:

'Miss Laura Baldwin, No. 8 B Street, will mend and repair neatly, at the houses of those who desire her services, for fifteen cents per hour. Telephone connection.'

The idea took, as the saying goes, and Laura soon had her hands full, while her aunt comically remarked that the telephone bell rang incessantly.

A handsome hand-bag contained an assortment of silks and thread, scissors, thimble, etc., and with this equipment Laura went from place to place, earning a comfortable livelihood.

She made it a rule from the start that no one word of gossip should be told her at any house, and when she went from Mrs. B.—s to Mrs. A.—s, she was as 'dumb as an oyster' in response to all inquiries, were they ever so smoothly worded. People soon found this out, and she was welcome wherever she went, keeping all her old friends and making more. So daily she walked her pleasant, independent way. Her bank account grew, and her purse allowed her luxuries for herself and gifts to others, and she laughingly assured her aunt that her place, once found, was vastly comfortable.—Household.

The Hardships of a Boy.

I like roast beef and lemonade
And ham and gingerbread,
And apple pie and pickles, just
Before I go to bed.

But ma she says it wouldn't do
To eat a single bite;
She says that little boys who eat
Such things would die at night.

I'd hate like anything to die,
Yet eating is such joy;
Between the two it's pretty hard
To be a little boy.

—Selected.

NO MORE INSURANCE.

A German over-insured his house for £700. He was allowed £500, and strenuously objected.

'If you wish,' said the agent, 'we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are sure it can be done for £300, and probably less.'

Some weeks later the German was called upon by the agent of a life insurance company, who wished him to take out a policy for himself and wife.

'If you insure your wife for £500,' said the agent, 'and she should die, you might then have that sum of money to console yourself with.'

'Nein, nein,' exclaimed the German, 'you insurance fellows ish all tiffs. If I insure my wife, and wife dies, and I gets to de office to get my £500, do I gets all de money? Vell, I should say not! You vill say to me. "She is not worth £500; she was worth £300, and no more. If you don't want de £300, we vill get you a bigger and better wife,"'

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, 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.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

Sec. Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Preston St., Halifax.

We are grateful to our Bro. Wilson for his report of the Western N. S. Associational B. Y. P. U.

We shall gladly give place to complete synopsis of Dr. Goodspeed's address. Will the Sec. Treas., Bro. Wilson, see that it reaches me—one full week before it is expected to appear?

After many disappointments and not a few refusals, Dr. J. W. Brown of Hopewell Cape, has graciously consented to become responsible for prayer meeting topics for the next two months.

Let this thought remain with you this week.—

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
"Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
In the sphere you occupy."

Here is a wholesome sentiment for the younger readers of the column:—

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Two little boys dropped in from play
At their grandfather's house, one winter day.
Smiled at the apples that grandmother brought them,
And spoke their thanks, as their mother had taught them.
But little Will glanced at his apple, dear lad,
And saw that 'twas finer than that Dan had.
So, quick as a wink, he turned to his brother,
With, "Take this one, Danny, and I'll take the other."
Ah, laddie, would we were all like you,
Loving and generous through and through;
Not waiting to measure how much we can spare,
When called to add to our brother's share.
Not pleased with ourselves or with our giving,
Nor taking delight in our own good living.
But aglow with the love of our neighbor, find
Our joy in the joy of all mankind.

—Selected.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.
God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather.
Pierced to the heart; Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?
Look at those roses saluting each other,
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only makes war on his brother;
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-mortal down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

NECTAUX.

The annual platform meeting of the Western N. S. Associational B. Y. P. U. was held on Friday evening in the church, with President O. P. Goucher in the chair. The address of the evening was given by Dr. Goodspeed of Paradise. Topic, "The Old Book and the New Century." This was a very interesting and profitable address, proving to us that the old Gospel remains the same. We would like to see this address published in our B. Y. P. U. column of MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

At the business meeting on Saturday morning the following officers were elected:—O. P. Goucher, of Middleton, President; Rev. W. B. Crowell, Liverpool, Vice-President; A. J. Wilson, Clarence, Secretary and Treasurer.

District Committee for coming year:—Rev. H. C. Newcomb, Yarmouth; Rev. S. S. Poole, Shelburne; Rev. A. H. Saunders, Digby; Fred V. Young, Annapolis; Sperry Wolfe, Queens.

Verbal reports were given by Bros. Newcomb, Colpitts and Crowell.

The Young People

Twelve Unions reported to Secretary having a membership of 670. \$225.00 raised for Missionary purposes and \$150.00 for local work. Seven Societies were talking up some particular line of study.

While there is some advance over last year's report, yet we hope that a much greater interest will be taken during the coming year.

A. J. WILSON, Sect'y-Treas. Assoc. B. Y. P. U.

June 16th, 1905.

SUMMER BLOSSOMS.

Speak to others as you would like to be spoken to.—E. B. Pusey.

The first aim for your time and generation shall be to foster a simple and self-denying life.—Thomas Hughes.

The Christian works with God and prays, and the more confidently he expects to realize the promises the more earnestly he prays.

If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?—Benj. Franklin.

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses, has an everyday greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could chose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the divine presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.—George Elliot.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of his light. There is no light so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

VICTORY IN PRAYER.

The greatest victories of our lives are won in prayer. Men see the outward proofs of these victories in some external act, and locate the triumph there. But if we knew the internal history of every noble, unselfish act or high achievement in which self was immolated on the altar of duty, we should know that it was not out yonder before the public eye, but within the privacy of the chamber, alone with God, the battle was fought and the victory won. It was so in the history of Jesus. He won his battle alone in the wilderness, and walked the earth a conqueror of all its forces. He won his great battle in Gethsemane, wrestling with God in prayer, and then stood before Caiaphas and Pilate calm and unterrified, and wore his crown of thorns and endured the shame and agony of the cross, with courage, and even with joy, as the splendid fruitage of his victory in Gethsemane. Prayer, involving complete submission to God's will, must be the prelude to every high achievement and to every victorious life.—Christian Evangelist.

THE PILOT AND THE LIGHT.

An old pilot died not long ago in Boston. He had held the pilot's commission for nearly seventy-five years; and for almost all that time he was a follower of Jesus Christ. As he was passing away, his face brightened, and he started up with this expression:

"I see a light."
His friends thought his mind was wandering, and that he was in imagination on the sea, and they said:

"Is it the Highland light?"

He said: "No."

A moment more, and he repeated the sentence: "I see a light."

They asked him again: "Is it the Boston light?"

And he answered: "No."

For the third time he said: "I see a light."

They said again: "Is it the Minot light?"

"Ah, no," he said, "it is the light of glory! Let the anchor go!"

And they slipped the anchor, and the old pilot stood before Him.—Sel.

A SONG IN THE HEART.

We are not happy enough Christians. There is in us too much discontent, too much complaining, too much fretting and anxiety. We become discouraged too easily. We are overcome too readily and do not live victoriously. The great truth which the Incarnation teaches us, is that God is with us, living with us, dwelling in us. If this be true, whatever the experiences of our lives may be, we should meet them with joy. A song in the heart makes all hard things easier, all heavy burdens lighter, all bitter sorrows less bitter. If we would but sing at our work we should not grow weary.

"For the heart that sings,
Hours fly on swift wings
Of mystical rune and rhythm,
And carry the tunes
Of a year of Junes,
And the heart of the toiler with them."