

### "Glory-Roses."

"Only a penny, sir!"  
A child held to my view  
A bunch of "glory-roses," red  
As blood, and wet with dew.

"O earnest little face,  
With living light in eye,  
Your roses are too fair for earth,  
And you seem of the sky!"

"My beauties, sir!" he said,  
"Only a penny, too!"—  
His face shone in their ruddy glow  
A Rafael cherub true.

"Yestreen their hoods were close  
About their faces tight,  
But ere the sun was up, I saw  
That God had come last night.

"O, sir, to see them then!  
The bush was all aflame!  
O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,  
That is their holy name.

Only a penny, sir!"—  
Heaven seemed across the way!  
I took the red, red beauties home—  
Roses to me for aye!

For aye, that radiant voice  
As if from heaven it came—  
"O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,  
That is their holy name!"

—THEODORE H. RAND.

### Mary's Afternoon.

"Oh, dear! I do wish I could sometimes do what I like best after school!" said Mary, with a frown.

"Why, what would you like best to do, Pussy?" Surely, you are happy playing with the brothers and little sister?" said mamma, looking up from her mending.

"Oh, yes, mamma, of course I am. But the other girls have their afternoons all to themselves and I do wish I could play with them. The other day they were all over at the Wrights'; and Mabel darkened the drawing-room, and they sat there and told ghost stories and ate candy and peanuts till after supper time. They do have such lovely times!"

"Do they?" said mamma, with a smile. "Well, we must see what we can do, little girl. You see the afternoon is the only time mamma has for all the errands. But I think I can arrange to stay with the little ones to-day all right. So put on your things, Pussy, and trot along."

It was a bright, clear afternoon. There were four or five of her schoolmates at Mabel Wright's, and Mary thought what fun they would have playing in the snow. Mabel took them all upstairs to see her new dancing-school dress, however, and they were soon in raptures over it.

Mary thought regretfully of the bright sunshine outside. She had left the snow fort at home half-done; and now they were all working at it—Harold and Katrina and little Phil.

"How adorable your room is, Mabel!" said Kitty Bangs. And, sure enough, it was filled to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knickknacks. Mary had always despised her own big, plain, airy room, where she and Katrina slept in the little cots; but she wished that Mabel's was not so hot and did not smell so of perfumery. "Do let us tell the ghost story in here!"

Mary settled herself among the down cushions with an agreeable shiver. But they did not tell the Ghost story. They ate coconut-cakes and caramels; and then, with giggling, they began to "water-wave" their hair with Mabel's curling-tongs. Mary ate two coconut-cakes; but she did not like them much, and she began to long for the lovely outdoor air. How hot the room was! And, at last, when a long hour had passed, and the girls instead of telling stories, were putting different kinds of perfume on their handkerchiefs, she could stand it no longer, but put on her things and fled.

When mamma came out with Phil's dry mittens there were four little figures tumbling and scrambling about the snow instead of three.

"Why, Pussy," she said, as she kissed the rosy face held up to her, "I thought this was the afternoon you were going to do just what you like best!"

"Yes, mammy," whispered Mary. "That's why I came home!"—Church.

### A Literary Cat.

Did you ever hear of a cat who could read writing? Last fall a lady went to the country to spend a few weeks, leaving a favorite cat at home with her mother. Seeing some catnip in the garden she knew it would be a great luxury to her feline friend, and gathering some tender sprigs put them in an envelope directed to Mr. Thomas Malt (the cat's name) with the proper street and number. When the letter came the girl, without reading the direction, laid it on the hat-stand where all the mail was left. Presently Mr. Thomas Malt came in, climbed up on the hat-stand, saw his letter, took it down to the floor, and proceeded to tear it open with his teeth. Just then the lady of the house came in, and in the half-darkness of the hall thought the letter must be for some of the boarders and filled with money, for the green catnip looked like green bills at a first glance. She hurried to take it away from Thomas, but soon found he had only been doing what all the other boarders did—selecting his own mail from the pile of letters.

But could he read? Well, I'm afraid his reading was like a good deal that people do who pretend to read with their eyes shut, it was done some other way. They saw that Mr. Thomas smelled the catnip, and because he wanted that, tore open the envelope that had it in. It happened to be his, but I'm afraid he would have taken it just as quickly if it had been directed to some one else.

## \* The Young People \*

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### B. Y. P. U. Prayer Meeting Topic—May 22.

Rev. 5:6-14.

Very significant and emphatic is the teaching of this lesson in reference to the sufficiency of the vicarious work of Christ.

The import of the context seems to show that the crowned Lamb is such not merely by virtue of the dignity of his person or of his superiority to all creatures, not one of whom can be found worthy to open the "Book," but "He hath prevailed." He hath overcome and triumphed with special reference to the office now assigned to Him. Notice the exaltation so justly accorded:

#### THE ENTHRONED LAMB.

"The title given makes prominent the Lord's self-sacrifice on man's behalf,—the meekness, patience and innocence of his nature:—"As it had been slain." The Lamb bears upon Him his death-wounds. The office which He now fills, as the revealer of hidden things, belongs to Him by virtue of that which He achieved in his humiliation, suffering and death. Bearing the symbols of power, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth." It is the Crowned Lamb raised from humiliation to possess again the glory which He had with the Father before the world was, and thus become Head over all things.

#### THE NEW SONG.

Divine honors are shared by the Lamb. The homage rendered is an act of real worship. The whole sentient universe (verse 13) unites in ascribing "Blessing, honor and power" unto Him that sitteth upon the throne. Each one having a harp, symbolic of the praise, every redeemed one offers to the God of his salvation and to the Lamb slain for him. The golden vials, full of odours, testify to the preciousness and acceptableness of prayer in the name of Jesus. "A new song," or rather the old song, the song of the ages, since it is the song of the redeemed in all ages since the world began. But it is alike the song which, however old it may be, is forever new,—the song of the Redeemed. It is new also, in that it recognizes here a new phase in the office and worth of Him to whom, in the song, praise is given. "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests." His redeemed children, by their union with Him, share in the kingship and priesthood of the Redeemer Himself. "And we shall reign on the earth, as participants in the ever-advancing triumphs and conquests of the Redeemer's kingdom. His people are one with Him; His triumphs theirs and His glorious kingdom theirs also.

#### THE ANGELIC RESPONSE.

Verse 11-14. "And I beheld, etc., I heard the voice of many angels." The picture is a wonderful one. The sweet resounding chorus of the Angelic Host, as they join in a united acclaim of adoration and praise. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." The assenting response of creation, swelling its own triumphant strain in the mingled voice of all creatures. The harmony fills the universe, and as these die away there comes the solemn "Amen" and the silent adoration of the elders, as they lie prostrate before the throne. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

M. C. H.

## Our Juniors.

### A Lesson for the Boys.

Donald and Rob were going a-fishing. "Please let me go with you," said their little brother Jamie.

"No, you can't go," said Donald.

Jamie was very angry. He went down to the boat in which his brothers were placing their fishing tackle. He took out their lunch box and their net for catching bait, and hid them away. But as soon as the boys were gone he felt ashamed and sorry. He ran to the river bank with the box and net; but the boys were out of sight, and Jamie sat down and cried.

Donald and Rob were angry when they found out what Jamie had done, so they did not have a very pleasant time. When they got home, Jamie came to them, saying: "I'm very sorry I took your things; I'll never do so again."

The best thing to do with a wrong is to own it and ask forgiveness.

### The Rainbow.

I am afraid to fall," said little Pearl with a shiver.

"Tut, tut," said Nurse Cloud; "you need not be afraid. It is nice down there I think."

"Were you ever there?" asked Pearl.

"I suppose so, but I do not remember."

"I would much rather stay up here," said Pearl. "I don't see why all my brothers and cousins should be in such a hurry to go down. Will I be able to find you when I get back?"

Just then a heavy peal of thunder drowned Nurse Cloud's answer.

"Oh, dear, that dreadful thunder! It nearly shook me off," said Pearl.

"Now is your turn to go," said nurse. "Good-bye; don't be scared."

Down, down, went poor little Pearl, with hundreds of other little drops chasing after; faster and faster, until beneath her appear the towers of a large castle. Just then a head appears at an open window in the castle, and a pair of blue eyes look up to the sky to see if the storm is nearly over. Down comes Pearl plump into the open eye of the princess, and the little lady laughs as Pearl tumbles out and falls into a sweet tuberoses that grows beneath the open window. This is a very lovely bed for a tired little traveller to rest in; but Pearl is homesick, and wants to go back. The raindrops have ceased falling, the sun shines out, and soon Pearl feels herself becoming lighter and lighter; then she mounts up in the air, and soon finds herself in her old home—the clouds.—Sunshine.

To the Union or church or individual sending the first "thirty club," is offered (in addition to the Buffalo ticket) a choice of the following books, prepaid: Two vols. Edersheim's Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah; Conybeare and Howson, "St. Paul;" Jamieson Fausett and Brown's Commentary.

This is a special inducement to prompt action and cannot continue later than June 26.

THAT THIRTY CLUB.—The Ticket-to-Buffalo offer is wide open. Man or woman, youth or maiden, boy or girl, may have a return ticket to the B. Y. P. U. Convention if he or she will secure a club of thirty new subscribers to the Messenger and Visitor.

Many a Union could send its pastor or other delegate and the work they would do would help them, help the party sent, help the cause which the paper represents.

It is simply a case where a little determination, common-sense planning and steady effort will bring the result before it is expected.

There are fifty or one hundred of our churches in each of which the "thirty club" could easily be raised. We have the statistics of members and numbers of subscribers in each church. They make interesting but not very satisfactory reading. It may be well to give some of them soon.

But, now, take seriously the offer we make and raise a thirty club, and send your delegate.