

my sight was really coming back. In the course of time there was a noticeable improvement.

"I am no longer a blind man. I need no one now to lead me about. I can see the faces of my friends and can read large print like this. (He held up a thick Bible, which my wife had given him.)

"I used to ask the doctor what I could do to show my gratitude; for he persistently refused a fee.

"Believe on my Saviour," was his answer. "You can not do better than follow him. If it were not for my Saviour, I would never have been here to cure you."

"To tell the truth, I didn't know who the doctor's Saviour was; for I had paid no attention to the preaching. But from this out, I began to listen carefully, and ask questions, and now I know.

"I want to tell you that with all my heart I trust and follow Jesus Christ.

"I know what people are saying. They sneer at me, and hint that these men have given me a magic pill which has robbed me of all self-control, so that I must follow them wherever they may lead me.

"But I want to tell you—and tell you ever so earnestly—that it is not the Saviour of the British people that I follow, but the Saviour of the world.

"I want to tell you—and tell you ever so earnestly—that just as truly as there is only one sun in that sky above, so truly is there only one Saviour in the universe; and that is Jesus, whom I know to be the Light of the World. He that follows Jesus will not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Look at the erect old man, as he stands in his flowing robes, almost in front of the inn door, and again sitting with his beloved Bible in his hand, and tell me if he is not well able to meet the cavils of his fellow countrymen with the old-time saying: "One thing I know; that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

The best of it is he sees Jesus, and endures as seeing him who is invisible.—The King's Own.

\*For Cataract

### The Story of Eleven Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was an humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log-cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all his education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log-cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school—Rocky Mountain Advocate.

### It Will Hold More.

"That measure's full up!" said Rob, holding the wooden measure even, and noticing the rounded top as his father poured the stream of yellow grain from the meal-bag.

"Not quite," said the farmer. "It will hold a little more if you shake it down well."

"Doesn't it?" answered Rob, thoughtfully, as a gentle shaking left a half inch of the sides of the measure visible. "Now it's full, though."

"It will hold a little more," repeated his father, steadily. "Set it down hard, once—there! A pint more can go in easily. Things look full long before they really are so. Some folks round up their time that way. Day's packed full. No time to do an errand. Dreadfully busy. Worst of all is, they think so, and 'tisn't all hypocritical and excuses. What they need is a good shaking up and setting down hard. Never was a day so full it couldn't hold a little more. Hold that a minute, will ye, while I go and lead old Billy out?"

"I believe father heard me telling mother I was so busy I hadn't a minute to go to the shop for her!" mused Rob, standing stock still, holding the measure. "And I thought I was. I'm pretty close on time with that physics 'exam' coming tomorrow. But I might have done the errand. I could have studied all the way over and back if I'd wanted to. I believe I'll shake up my days a little. They'll hold a little more, if they do look full."—Our Boys and Girls.

## The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Confessing Christ. Matthew 10:32-39.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, December 17.—Psalm 67. The Governor of all the nations, (vs. 4.) Compare Job 12:23.

Tuesday, December 18.—Psalm 68:1-18. The power of his presence, (vs. 7, 8.) Compare Ex. 19:18.

Wednesday, December 19.—Psalm 68:19-35. To whom belong the issues of death? (vs. 20.) Compare Rev. 1:18.

Thursday, December 20.—Psalm 69:1-16. "My sins are not hid from thee," (vs. 5.) Compare Ps. 90:8.

Friday, December 21.—Psalm 69:17-36. "Hide not thy face from me," (vs. 17.) Compare Ps. 102:2.

Saturday, December 22.—Psalm 70:1-7:5. "Let me never be ashamed," (71:1.) Compare Heb. 11:16.

Is it not about time that a B. Y. P. U. rally was held somewhere? We trust that the temperature will not reach the zero mark in any of our Unions this winter. One good way to keep the temperature up is to have a well-planned rally occasionally. There enthusiasm will reach apathy; and without detriment to enthusiasm, apathy will cease to be, and its place will be taken by a wholesome life. Let us have some rallies.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—December 16.

Confessing Christ.—Matthew 10:32-39.

Jesus Christ always claimed the full-hearted service. For himself and the great truths he uttered he asked the surrender of life in the noblest sense. All authority and power were vested in him. "Son give me thy heart" was the general requirement. No half-hearted service could fulfil his demands. He never allures a soul into his fellowship with false promises as the enemy does. At the entrance into the kingdom of God through his work, and by his call, every soul passes the great test of life. The way of the pilgrim has many difficulties; but also many joys. Plenty of clouds and sunshine.

Confession costs. It has cost the lives of many faithful ones. Literally houses, homes and loved ones have all been placed on this altar of confession. The truest confession of Christ takes our life. It is all the forces and powers in our possession devoted to exalting the name of Jesus Christ. It is a life that Jesus gives and a life's greatest power he requires. Self-denial takes up the cross that is in the way and bear it manfully. The present day shows the two extremes of Christian character, many are toiling, sacrificing and dying for the honor of Christ, while many are living in luxurious indolence and selfishness, yet bear the name of Christians. Which side are we on?

Jesus does not make an arbitrary demand upon his followers: it is a divine necessity and out of it shall grow endless blessings. "Him will I confess before my Father in heaven," simply indicates the beginning of the great reward of confessing Christ. What has the world already inherited from such service rendered? Who cannot trace individual blessing to the same fertile source? Who in this present life has not in some measure received the result of personal testimony for him who hath loved us? No Christian should put away the admonition "Ye are my witnesses."

### Temperance in Our Unions.

DEAR EDITOR.—As the Liquor Traffic is the huge curse which causes over three-fourth of the evils which afflict Christian lands, and one of the chief hindrances to the spread of the gospel at home and abroad, it becomes the imperative duty of our young people to unite their powers and influence—in and out of the Unions—to turn back this death-tide which is carrying on to ruin and eternal death thousands of our young people. Even some church members, we fear, are turned from the "narrow way" by the insidious invader and destroyer. Let our young people be firm in their stand against this deadly foe. It is evident that neither the present nor the late Government of Canada dare grapple with the admitted evil to stamp it out by legal Prohibition, as was shown by the "Royal Commission" and the Dominion Plebiscite.

It therefore lies with the young people of our growing Dominion—especially those in our Y. P. church and Temperance Societies—to unite their forces and go forth in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and let their influence be felt not alone at the "ballot box," but years before the next general election, and form a combination irrespective of party as now established, and nominate and elect independent members to Parliament whose first duty shall be to pass a prohibitory law, and thus help to

bring in peace and increased prosperity such as would result from such a movement.

Yours truly,

W. J. GATES.

Halifax, December 3.

### A Contrast.

We have spoken in churches, recently, in two different towns, of near the same population and in the same section of the State, each having about the same business and manufacturing conditions. One had saloons, the other had not. In the town where there were no saloons we found in the churches where we spoke that there were young men in the choir and in many of the pews, while young men acted as ushers. In the other town, where there were saloons, we found just one young man at the morning service and three at the evening service. The saloon prejudices the young men against the church, against the Bible, against the pulpit, until it is almost impossible for the ministry to touch the young men at the present day. We have the best educated ministry and as consecrated a class of men as the church has ever known. The young men are not out of the church by any lack of the ministry, but because we have allowed an institution to grow up that so saturates them with infidelity, profanity, vulgarity and licentiousness that it is impossible for the ministry to reach them.—Keystone Citizen.

### A Clean Heart.

One summer day, a few years ago, strolling for rest and pleasure near the mouth of the Columbia River, where there is a large rise and fall of the tide, I came, at low tide, upon a splendid spring of pure, fresh water, water, clear as a crystal, gushing up from between the rocks that two hours before had formed a part of the river's bed. Twice a day the soiled tide rises above that beautiful fountain and covers it over; but there it is, down deep under the salt tide, and when the tide has spent its force and gone back again to the ocean's depths, it sends out its pure waters fresh and clear as before. So if the human heart be really a fountain to Christ, it will send out its streams of fresh, sweet waters, even into the midst of the salt tides of politics or business. And the man who carries such a fountain into the day's worry and struggle will come again at night, when the world's tide has spent its force, with clean hands, sweet spirit, and conscience void of offence toward God and man.—Central Square Beacon.

### What a Book Can Do.

In a retired valley of Joshua, in India, there is a little hamlet of charcoal burners. A few years ago their little manner of life was the rudest possible. There seemed no glimmer of hope for better things.

A missionary passing through the village spoke to the people. Two men became interested and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men—it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sunday work was suspended, and these men and their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land about them, to plant wheat and garden stuff, and recently one of them has become forehanded enough to build a neat farm house in place of his old hut. His employers say he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says he owes his new vigor to his weekly day of rest, and that without it and his Testament he could not do his work.—Selected.

### Power of a Tract.

The force of conscience, even in the heathen, as also the value of Christian tracts, is well illustrated in the following incident: A young Hindoo of some education fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole three dollars from his aunt. Passing on his way he found in his path the "Heart Book," a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested and his conscience aroused. He went home, confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart-workings in the little book. His conscience, so seared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village who had a larger book, which they called "God's Word." He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the "Heart Book." He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptized. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites; but he lives, an earnest, happy Christian.—Missionary Review.

A pessimist is one who is happy only when he is miserable.—Independent.