

brown face, and "Open the door and come right in," beneath the welcome. They all stood about in pleasant anticipation.

Tom stepped up at once to Mr. Sunflower and found that his face was a big door, which would open. Then from a little pocket within he took a small folded note for "Misses Madge and Margery Evans."

The delighted twins of course both reached for it, and as they had long ago learned to share things, read it together, while the boys looked over their shoulders. This is what they read:

Dear Madge and Margery,
I am very glad you've come,
I truly have been lonesome.
And perhaps you will not mind
Being obliging and kind
To an old old, fellow like me.
So will you please go to the very housetop
And by the north window for a moment stop?

Up the attic stairs the twins flew, and the boys were not far behind, you may be sure. To the north window they went, and there on the sill stood two little spools of thread with ribbons tied through them and notes attached, which said:

Upon the library mantel look,
And there, of course, you'll find a book.
So down to the library the four pairs of feet went flying,
and upon the mantel were two lovely little needle books and more notes.

"My! my!" danced the twins. "What will it be next?"
The notes said:

Look in mamma's basket of work,
Two friends you'll find that never shirk.

Then all ran for the sewing room, and there in mamma's basket were two cunning little thimbles, with notes again tucked in each, saying:

Whoever the nursery chest top lifts
Will find the rest of our tribe.
May you keep us by your side
And we have jolly times together
All the lovely summer weather
Making pretty Christmas gifts.

And they found in the nursery chest two little work bags just alike, of grey silk, and a little pair of scissors in each.

Well, it was not many minutes till presents were planned for papa and mamma, and the boys, and the housemaids, and uncles and aunts, and cousins, and friends by the score.

Tom and Paul had walked off as these plans began to unfold, when Tom suddenly said:

"Let's see if there are any more notes." And sure enough tucked down in the bottom of Mr. Sunflower's pocket was a note for Master Paul Evans and one for Tom himself, with little rhymes which sent them flying down cellar and off to the park boat-house, and finally brought them to a fruit dealer's stand news stand where they seemed to be expected and packages awaited them. My how good the fruit tasted and the books were a delight! Meantime mamma had found on her dressing table a dainty little volume and a note within from the professor's wife, thanking her for the use of the lovely home during the six weeks—a home so suggestive of happy children that it had greatly cheered a lonely mother's heart whose little one had slipped away to the heavenly country.

And while tears crept into mamma's eyes the frown was gone, and papa came home in the evening, so glad to have them all back, there was not a single grumpy left.

After this the sunflower man became the permanent nursery postman,—Youth's Companion.

How Job Helped a Chinese Boy.

A Christian lady of Oakland, says the "Congregationist," furnishes the following illustrations that have come to me of the grace of God bestowed abundantly on Chinese believers for service in the kitchen:

"Len Yen worked in my family, for nine years, and, though he was always a good servant, there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

"As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry on Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed; and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along Yen?" was my salutation; and the answer came readily and quick: "All right. Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes Job helped me! giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I had big wash; very heavy quilt, too; and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up; then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again. Then I feel so mad, feel like I swear; then I think of Job, how he lose his money his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over. He never swear; he praise God. Then I also praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."—Ex.

* The Young People *

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.

Officers.

President, Rev. A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

"Culture for service" is still the watchword of our young people, hence the necessity of giving the Bible the place of supreme importance in the curriculum of life. Some one has correctly stated "you might as well expect to be a good astronomer, without studying mathematics as to be a good Christian without studying the Bible."

"The possibilities for good in our young person started right—are greater than an army of men who have gone wrong." Hence the importance of pressing the battle to a finish. The unceasing cry of the humiliated and defeated Russian army to-day is the call for better equipment—so may we see, that our need, is the better equipment of culture.

It is devoutly hoped that our young people will see that "it does not require great ability to do great things." The Book, tells the story of a widow with two mites, who gave more than the rich. The countless drops uniting will surely fill the bucket—so may our Sec.-Treas., Rev. A. G. Lawson of Bass River, receive in an unbroken flow the B. Y. P. U. offerings for Missionary Freeman's salary.

The readers of this column are still looking for a line from our local unions, can we not have a brief, concise note from the Local Secretary from all over our constituency? Like the "news from the churches" items of this character will be eagerly read.

Limitation.

Truth is the wide, unbounded air;
The varied mind of man
Is but a bubble, which contains
A breath within its span.
The bubble breaks, its round is lost,
Its colors fade and die,
But truth remains, as infinite
As our eternity.

—Selected.

Sips from a Wayside Spring.

"We shall never reach heaven till heaven reaches us; we shall possess truth till truth possesses us, we shall never move men till the needs of men move us."

"The soldier who enlists in God's army will never know defeat unless he deserts the army."

"The Christian who does not find time to pray will lose much more than he gains."

"Time spent in prayer never interferes with business."

"Kind words cost nothing and they do a heap of good; unkind words cost many a pang and they sometimes turn a soul from truth."

Two.

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit-smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, aglow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble crowned Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently said:
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou thy lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not."

I pondered long. "O life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wiser Death to choose; and yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied!"
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand.
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in underbreath,
"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I am death."

—Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Magazine.

Prayer-Meeting Helps—September 18.

Alternate Topic. The Light at Eventide. Zechariah 14 3-9, 20.

There are two principles in this promise, which do for the most part regulate all the dealings of God.

1. The first part is the principle of surprise. God delights to frustrate expectations. He introduces his power in a manner and at a moment the least anticipated. The day seems just passing, the darkness gathering—everything looks for night—when all in a moment light kindles into

more than meridian lustre. "At evening time it is light." Thus God keeps to himself the sovereignty; man is humbled to dust; reason is all put aside, and God's glory and God's love stand out all alone in the ascendant.

2. The second principle is that of patience. The blessing waits until the evening. It was not in hope's first beaming it was not in the world's full glare; but in the quiet wait-time it comes. When faith has been exercised, and graces have been tried, and the heart has been disciplined, do not doubt but that the morning's gifts, be they what they may, are as nothing to the evening's love. The sun may have been shining on you all the day through; still "at evening time it shall be light."

In the lesson before us the promise with which we have been dealing is coupled with the fact of holiness as treated in verse 20.

What precisely do we mean when we say that one is holy? We imply not simply that he is virtuous, but rather that his virtue has a special and peculiar quality. The virtuous man regulates his conduct by moral principles alone, while the holy man maintains a close and constant fellowship with the living God. The one gives you a lofty idea of his own excellence, the other makes you feel the greatness and purity of God; the life of the one may be maintained without any thought of Jehovah, that of the other is entirely supported by the communion of his soul with God. The scriptures tell us, with the utmost explicitness that holiness is obtained only by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit.

Where is this holiness to be manifested? In the text it is declared that it will be on the bells of the horses, and that it is to be understood only as a specimen of a class. The horse is a common animal employed for ordinary purposes every day; and so the prophet would illustrate the principle, that under the new economy holiness would not be restricted to any person, place, or thing, but would characterize the believer's life in all occupations and under any circumstances.

And so the teaching of the lesson is that holiness may with assurance be depended on to make an evening and pre-eminently the evening light.

J. W. BROWN.

Hopewell Cape, Sep. 14.

A Good Rule.

"Keep to the right!" "Push!" are two signs to be seen in a certain building. They b-long together—especially as life guideboards. For there are many who push, but do not keep to the right; they have enterprise and ability, but it is not thrown in the proper channels. On the other hand, there are others who keep to the right, but do not push. They are good, but not sufficiently effective. They have motive, but not motive power. The best rule is to keep to the right—to be true to the great laws of morality and God; and then to push, to count for every ounce possible, to do things, to be aggressive, to wield an influence.—Selected.

Wm. Whitney's Business Maxims.

Watch the waste.
Civility costs nothing.
Never sell things at a loss.
Sell only what does you credit.
Make your business your hobby.
Don't disappoint your customers.
Add your conscience to your capital.
Fair trading means successful trading.
Keep cool and don't lose your temper.
It is better to be the victim than the culprit.
Difficulty is simply something to be overcome.
Always pay as you go. If you can't pay, don't go!
Supply the best goods at the lowest possible prices.
It is not the largeness of your capital, but the smallness of your wants that will make you rich.

How To Tell.

"Pleasure is not life's business." Certainly not. But man cannot work all the time. He requires recreation. His Creator intended he should have it. With some persons however, a very perplexing question is: What amusement is permissible? Possibly the following statement may help to solve the problem. Any pastime is legitimate, Christian, which makes

- (1) The body more healthy;
- (2) The mind wiser;
- (3) The heart happier;
- (4) The soul purer, more Christ-like.

For well may it be said, that no amusement, pastime, recreation, is harmless, which brings reproach on the holy name of God; which does despite to our higher, better natures; which hinders the kingdom of Jesus from marching on to the conquest of the world—Albert C. Applegarth, Ph. D.