

martyrs of the cross. I stood before them with empty hands, ashamed and silent.

"From somewhere out of the golden mist which hung over a walk of blooming roses and lilies, suddenly my mother appeared. She looked very wistful and remote, as if she were much displeased.

"Ah, Serena!" she said; "is it you? But are you fit to be here. Nay, friends, do not take her yet to our Lord. She does not care to help him find his sheep that are lost."

"And all around me the air grew more and more chilly and the flowers faded and the faces of the saints disappeared. And I heard a voice far away saying: "Other sheep I have. Them also I must bring, that there may be one flock and one shepherd." And then, Jennie, I awoke."

Miss Serena's dream wrought in her a steadfast repentance. She was not one to do anything by halves. It seemed to her that she must make up for lost time, so she began to read and study, she attended the meetings, she ceased to discriminate between God's wanderers in America and in the lands across the sea. In a vision of the night her Saviour had spoken to her, and she was obedient to his commandment.

Jennie, too, had learned a lesson of trust that was not in vain.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

### A Fly Protest.

One rainy day, when Tommy was looking out of the window, he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his little fat fingers went pattering over the glass until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go," said the fly.

"I won't," answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You hurt me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do some wonderful things. I can do something you can't do, anyway."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. "What can you do?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could get off.

The fly flew across the room and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else is it that you can do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly; and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How can you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too; am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air, and if we flies had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mamma would have been sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy, in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal or say bad words or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies. It is bad to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel, and it is bad to hurt them. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," answered Tommy, soberly.

"I won't do it again. I'll never hurt a fly as long as I live, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.—Our Little Ones.

### A Morning Prayer.

Let me to-day do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed  
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,  
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,  
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meagre is my worldly wealth,  
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,  
A word of courage or a thought of health,  
Draped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span  
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say  
Because of some good act to boast or man,  
"The world is better that I live to-day."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## The Young People

EDITOR W. L. ARCHIBALD.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Do I discourage others by cowardice and unbelief? Numbers 13: 25-14: 10.

Tuesday.—Do I discourage others by representing their cries for light? Mark 10: 40-52.

Wednesday.—Do I discourage others by my weakness and inefficiency? Mark 9: 14-29.

Thursday.—Do I discourage others by leaving the true gospel of Christ for some other gospel? Galatians 1: 1-10.

Friday.—Do I discourage others by seeking after the food that perishes rather than that which nourishes the soul? John 6: 30-69.

Saturday.—Do I discourage others by forsaking them in the face of danger? Acts 15: 36-41.

Sunday.—Do I discourage others by unkind criticism? II Corinthians 10: 1-18.

The Comments on the Prayer-meeting Topic for the month of December are furnished by Rev. J. W. Brown of Havelock, N. B. No doubt Dr. Brown enjoys the privilege of again writing a few paragraphs for the Young People's Page, for his interest in this work is of the genuine kind. Two years efficient service as Editor of these columns entitle him to a large measure of our regard.

How shall we make every Devotional Meeting a success? How shall we insure a larger attendance and the best results? Here are a few hints for leaders, which have, doubtless, been heard before, some of which apply with equal force to each member of the Union or Society:

Prepare faithfully—by prayer and Bible study.

Have an object in the service.

Select your hymns and Scriptures beforehand.

Be on time in opening and closing.

Come brimful of your subject.

Be tremendously in earnest.

Have something to say and say it. Don't read it.

Keep out of old ruts.

Adapt yourselves to circumstances.

Don't let the organist give a concert.

Use your own Bible and get others to use theirs.

Urge brevity and brightness.

Make the stranger welcome.

Help the weak and timid ones to take part.

Aim for definite results.

Be wise in giving the invitation to the unsaved.

Don't overrate your position.

Don't underrate your position.

### Prayer Meeting Topic, Dec. 7.

Do I Discourage Others? Mark 10: 46-52; Num. 13: 26-33.

In the passage quoted from Mark, Bartimaeus is represented as being discouraged, by some in the throng, from coming to Jesus. It is likely that these people thought that they were doing a favor to Jesus by charging this man to hold his peace. It is evident that they did not know Jesus, or they would not thus have discouraged him. They knowingly or unknowingly misrepresented Jesus; they were not helping but hindering him. If we are in any way discouraging sinners from coming to Jesus, either by word or deed, we are hindering him in the great work of saving souls.

In the passage from Numbers, the unfaithful spies by their own lack of faith, hindered Israel from going up to possess the "land of promise." I presume that they were telling the truth about the land, but they were not telling the truth about God, they were misrepresenting him to all the people. The cure for this great evil is to seek a better knowledge of God. Live in daily contact with God—learn of him by an exercise of faith, and you will be able rightly to represent him to others.

### SUGGESTED SONGS.

"Come to the Saviour," "Whosoever Hearth," "For you I am praying," "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," "Ring the bells of heaven," "What a friend we have in Jesus"

Havelock, N. B.

J. W. BROWN.

### Side Lights on Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Jesus once uttered a terrible warning against the discouragement of little children. It were better, he said, for a man that a millstone should be tied to his neck, and that he should be cast into the sea, than that he should cause one of Christ's little ones to stumble. The child is naturally hopeful and glad, and it is a wicked thing to shatter its confidence and to darken its sky.

Even if we are despondent people ourselves, we ought to be content to keep our discouragement in our own

dark hearts, and not try to poison the air around, or to spoil the joy and hope of others. Paul's principle, "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God,"—a principle which we must understand with Paul's own limitations as to the private enjoyment of good things, is a sound rule, without such limitations as to evil and discouragement. It is bad enough to feel it without making things worse by communicating it.

The very things which discourage may perhaps have their encouraging side. If we use the lions in the way rightly, their presence makes the journey more pleasant and piquant. As Professor William James said of Guido Reni's picture of St. Michael with his feet on Satan's neck, in the Louvre, "The world is all the richer for having a devil in it, so long as we keep our feet upon his neck." If we keep the devil there, we shall be more encouraged than if we had no battle, and won no victory.

Let us not be of those who discourage others by telling them how bad the way is, or that it is not for them, or that the sacrifice is terrible, or that they can never succeed. Let us go out of our way to cheer others up; and let us make the entrance to the church and the Christian life as easy as we can for the little children, of whom the Saviour thinks a good deal more highly than he can of us.

Do you ever have the "blues"? If so, try the effect of saying nothing about them to anybody, not even to yourself.

Looking out for opportunities of saying cheering things to others. Do it at the end of the meeting. Say something encouraging to the leader.

"Scatter sunshine." We may not like the metaphor, but it stands for a blessed truth. Rejoice and compel others to rejoice too.—S. S. Times.

"Careless I climbed that path, and just behind  
My weaker brother came with halting tread,  
And yet with confidence that where I led  
He would be safe to follow; but I, blind,  
Leading the blind, strayed from the way and fell,  
And bore him with me in my swift descent.  
"O Justice! sometimes kind, thou knowest well  
The fault was mine,—mine be the punishment."  
"Nay," spake her awful voice. "Alone, alone,  
Without thine aid, he shall be called to stand  
Before my bar; but thou, who draggedst him down,  
Upon thy brow, shalt wear a double brand,  
And thy weak soul trembling beneath my frown,  
Shalt answer for his sins, and for thine own!"

The Christian unwilling to be spent for Christ is a candle unwilling to be lighted.

Every living creature has an atmosphere of his own. He can be as chilly and damp and disagreeable as a March wind; he can be as bright, cheerful, and charming as a June morning; he can be as dark and impetuous as a November fog, or as crisp and electric as a day in December. It depends entirely on ourselves whether we are cross, fretful, nagging, sulky, and unbearable; or kind, considerate, cherry, sweet and wholesome.

Am I the keeper of my brother?

Yes, for we live for one another!

I cannot do

A thing untrue

But God will see

And ask of me

"Where is thy brother?"

Men are won, not so much by being blamed, as by being encompassed with love.—S. B. Titterton in Baptist Union.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

### Only A Crack.

Only a crack; only a crack in the wall.

On one side of it was a soldier's eye, on the other side a besieged town.

The town had been holding out against an army to which that curious eye belonged.

That night the soldier, moving along the way, saw suddenly—what was it?

A crack, a rupture in the wall.

He went eagerly to it, and there his searching eye began to investigate.

The white moonlight was falling on the streets—empty. Where was the garrison? Warily, with his hands, the soldier made the opening larger, pulling away here and there, the aperture growing larger, until his body went in. There in the shadow of the buildings he made an investigation unmolested.

He went back to his army, communicated all his knowledge gained that night, and soon an attacking force moved out into the moonlight.

The town was entered and captured!

Only a crack in the wall.

Only a careless thought or an idle tale. Only a wrong deed known only to yourself. A crack in the wall. But the enemy of our souls, the enemy of truth and purity, is already trying to make it larger. Will you let him?—Pluck.