

"It's a pity," admitted the little girl. "But, then, I've thought of something; that old chair in the shed. If we turn it down, its back would be almost like runners."

"Hurrah! That's the very thing!" interrupted the boys.

The old chair was dragged out and carried down to the river, and away went the merry party.

"What is that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes," said Will, pointing to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a little girl.

I slipped and fell on the ice," she exclaimed, "and have broken my leg."

The poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon and hear his verdict: "Young bones do not mind being broken; she will soon be out again, as well as ever."

"Wasn't it good that it was only the old chair we had to-day?" asked little "But Then," as she told the story at home. "Oh, Auntie, I had the nicest time!"

"I believe you had," answered Aunt Barbara, smiling, "for a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, is sure to have a good time. It doesn't need to wait for it to come; it has a faculty for making it."—Ex.

Mosquito Hawkes.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

Last year, one hot night, when my little niece Mary was visiting me, she came running into the house with her hands over her ears and a sacred look on her face.

"Oh!" she cried, "there are so many darning-needles a-flying around in front of the barn that I don't dare to stay out!"

"What is it you think the darning-needles will do to you?" I asked.

"I'm afraid they will fly into my ears!" she said. "People say they will."

I did not laugh at my little niece. I remembered well that when I was a little girl we used to believe that darning-needles would get into our ears, and we would hold our hands over them, tight and close, whenever we saw one, until it had flown off; only we used to call them "spindles."

"If you were a mosquito," I said, "you might be worried; but little girls are safe. But I will go out with you."

I espied a dragon-fly almost at once, poised on the clothes line, as we were crossing the yard—a "darning-needle" is nothing more or less than a dragon-fly. "Let us stop and take a look at this one," I said.

But Mary held back, as if afraid.

I drew her nearer. "See how pretty it is!" I said. It was pretty! It had a noble head and a beautiful dark red body, and delicate transparent lace wings, two pairs with red spots on the front edges.

"He has something in his mouth, eating it," said Mary. "What is it?"

"A gnat perhaps, or a mosquito. Some people call the the darning-needles 'mosquito hawks' because they catch so many small insects. That probably is why you saw so many near the barn; they were after the mosquitos that came flying around the cows."

We walked out toward the barn; and, as we came near, Mary asked if I couldn't hear their wings clatter.

I could hear them "clatter"; those transparent wings of theirs are very stiff and dry, almost like isinglass.

We went on down to the meadow. In the little brook there the water was very still, there was not enough of it to run. Dozens of beautiful darning-needles were hovering and flying over the smooth surface in chase of the countless mosquitos; their flight was very graceful, like a dance.

"Oh," exclaimed Mary suddenly, "did you see that white one?"

I never had seen a white dragon-fly before—it was the purest white, too. Near to the lovely creature darted another, of the brightest, deepest blue.

We followed their graceful winding movements a long time.

"How would you like to keep a mosquito hawk book?" I asked Mary. "How could I?" inquired she.

"Well," I said, "we can come down here to the brook and study them; and everytime we get a near view of a fine one, we'll notice what color it is, and how the wings are marked and the color of its eyes; and then we'll write down a description of it in our mosquito hawk book, I suspect we shall be surprised to find how many kinds there are. They all seem to have different colored bodies and different markings on their wings; in fact, they appear to be a very rain-bow'y crowd. Some of them have eyes that look like jewels—such beautiful eyes! and such varying shapes of bodies and wings!"

"I think a darning needle book would be a very nice kind of a needle-book!" my little niece laughed. "And I don't feel a bit afraid of mosquito hawks now!"—Little Folks.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—Farrar.

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.

The Young People.

It has been stated that a church can "make or break a minister," this much can be said of our Young People's Editor. By heartily responding to the retiring editor's word—you can make the editor happy—or by withholding the frequent word you can break the power of his pen and defeat the purpose of this department.

Maritime Young People we are expecting great things from you. We shall not be disappointed.

A good deal has been said and written of the past of our B. Y. P. U.—some things wise and some otherwise. There is such a thing as useful forgetting. It can be said that a poor memory along certain lines is a rich grace. As Young People we are bound by sacred ties, not to allow the memory of past experiences to influence adversely the activities of the present and future. "Guard against the leakage of spiritual force which takes place when energy is expended in an act of memory which should be used in doing today's duties."

We are bound to say after making a careful survey of the present situation in our Maritime constituency:—"A weak hold upon the past will give us a strong hold upon the future." To speak in plainer English—we must give ourselves without reserve to the fulfilment of the task now before us.

Re "Our Missionary's" Salary.

The following is a list of pledges held by your Sec'y-Treas. Opposite the amount pledged you will find a statement of moneys received by me, on pledges, to date. Some societies did not pledge anything, but have forwarded contributions toward the salary. Some who pledged have forwarded their money direct to the Denominational Treasurer consequently I have no record of it. In order to avoid confusion this year, all who have made pledges are asked to forward cash on same to the undersigned, who will at the end of every quarter, forward same to the Treasurers of Denominational Funds, at the same time acknowledging all moneys, thus received in this column. If this is done all confusion will be avoided. I have during the past year sent a receipt to all who have remitted any money. I shall this year continue the plan so that there will be a two fold acknowledgement of all cash received.

	Pledged.	Paid.
Windsor, N. S.	\$40.00	\$49.59
Main St., (St. John)	25.00	10.00
Woodstock, N. B.	25.00	—
German St., (St. John)	25.00	25.00
Springhill, N. S.	25.00	—
Middleton, N. S.	50.00	26.00
Immanuel, (Truro)	20.00	12.00
Sussex, N. B.	25.00	—
Mira Bay, C. B.	15.00	15.00
Dr. J. W. Manning	25.00	—
St. Stephen	25.00	25.00
Fairville, N. B.	—	5.00
Clarence	25.00	—
Tabernacle, (Halifax)	50.00	—
Liverpool, N. S.	20.00	2.65
Fredericton, N. B.	25.00	—
Milton, (Queens Co. N. S.)	—	6.84
Queens Co. N. S., Quarterly (per W. B. Crowell)	—	25.90

Geo. A. LAWSON, Sec'y.-Treas.

Sept. 2nd, 1904.

Sips From Different Fountains

In the social meeting remember; length of prayer does not constitute the strenght of your prayer.

The young man without God and a hope in Jesus Christ, has nothing—is nothing

Destitution is the inheritance of man—naturally.

God only is capable of supplying every need.

Prayer Meeting Helps—September 18.

Christian Culture Sunday. Psalm 37: 1-13; Eccl. 7: 10.

In this particular portion of the Word to which we come for a lesson we are taught the art of tranquility. The great riddle of the prosperity of the wicked and the affliction of the righteous which has perplexed so many, is here

The Young People

dealt with in the light of the future; and fretfulness and repining are most impressively forbidden. In the Psalm the Lord hushes most sweetly the two common repinings of his people, and calms their minds as to his present dealings with his own chosen flock and the wolves by whom they are surrounded. This is done by pointing out the practical condition of the wicked against whom the Lord's people are often envious, and also the blessed state of the godly—although their apparent condition is such as not likely to incite any to envy.

It is alas! too common for believers in their hours of adversity to think themselves harshly dealt with when they see persons utterly destitute of religion and honesty, rejoicing in abundant prosperity. Much needed is the command, "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers." Nature is very apt to kindle a fire of jealousy when it sees law-breakers riding on horses, and obedient subjects walking in the mire. It is a lesson learned only in the school of grace, when one comes to view the most paradoxical providences with the devout complacency of one who is sure that the Lord is righteous in all his acts. But the wicked "shall be cut down like the grass." The scythe of death is sharpening. The grass cannot resist or escape the mower. The beauty of the herb dries up at once in the heat of the sun, and so all the glory of the wicked shall disappear at the hour of death. Death kills the ungodly man like grass, and wrath withers him like hay.

The peaceful and prosperous lot of the righteous is contrasted with the lot of the wicked. "Trust in the Lord." Faith cures fretting. "And do good." True faith is actively obedient. There is a joy in holy activity that drives away the rust of discontent. The lesson invites us to commit our way unto the Lord, to delight in him—in fact he asks us to abandon ourselves to him, and he will fulfill the desires of our heart. Just in proportion as we give ourselves to him, he will give himself to us. Our faith in asking is the measure of his grace in giving. The treasury of Heaven is placed at our disposal. The lesson is a strong plea for an increase of faith.

H. Cape, Sep. 7.

Bibles For Poor.

A Little girl lay sick, nigh unto death. Beside the bed her father was watching and weeping. "How much do I cost you, papa, every year?" asked the dying child. Again and again she asked the question, until the father named a certain sum. "Why do you ask this?" he said. "Because," said the dear child, "I thought maybe you would lay that amount out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by." With heart swelling with deepest feeling the father kissed the cold brow and replied "I will, my child," and then, after a pause added, "I will do it every year, that you may draw others after you to heaven."

To-Day.

To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are to play it, and now is our time. This we know: it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—David Starr Jordan.

Life and Immortality to light through the Gospel.

There is a wondrous clock in Stassburg, a clock that strikes the hours and marks the days, months, seasons of the year, the church memorials, the years, the centuries; that marks an extra day once year in four, and skips a day one year in each four hundred to balance the time we gain according to our mode of calculating. Suppose the man that made that mechanism had destroyed it all just as its pendulum had swung its seventieth step! What should we say? That he had lost his reason—had gone insane. Yet that is what God does if death ends all! If immortality be but an iridescent dream, the most illustrious lives that earth has ever known may well be represented by broken pillars, unfinished shafts.—Selected.

Brightening Bleak Places.

Isa 35: 1, 2; Matt 22: 39.

There is nothing greater we can do in this world than to put love into a life where love is lacking. A great novelist relates of one of his characters, a nobleman, that when he walked over his estates, he carried acorns in his pocket, and when he came to a spot which seemed bare he would plant one of them, so that the dreary place might be brightened. We are forever coming upon human lives which by reason of sorrow, failure or misfortune are left bare and empty. If we carry always a heart full of love and cheer, we may drop the living seeds into these sad and lonely places thus changing desert spots into bits of lovely gardens.