

tremely good children most always died young, and if they don't, I don't believe they should have their young lives made solemn by any thoughts of religion. Let them have a good time now; plenty of time for religion by and by.'

Now, there was nine-year-old Eugene who sat on the front seat with his father, large for his age, with a mind somewhat in advance of his years. Mary, who had just turned twelve, sat with her mother on the back seat. Both of these had watched with the closest attention the proceedings of the morning's service. They had noted carefully when the pastor had repeated the apostle's creed of the ritual, making explanations upon each step, and within themselves they had said, 'Why, it's easy enough to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then the pastor had spoken so kindly to the boys, explaining what he thought Christian boys ought to do. He had spoken first about honoring their father and their mother by obeying them and loving them. He had urged them to be obedient at school, not to make the teacher any unnecessary trouble, and to be kind, loving and forgiving to their schoolmates. He had read the beatitudes, praising the merciful man and the peacemakers. Then they had repeated the Lord's Prayer together, and afterwards the pastor had explained to them 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Eugene had wished in his heart that the pastor had asked him to join, too, the way seemed so simple now. It had been represented to him as something children could not understand, but now the pastor had made it so plain that he believed he understood.

The pastor had then addressed a portion of his sermon to the parents. He told them that the success of the undertaking rested largely with them. He asked fathers to honor the mother in the presence of the children, that they might be taught to respect her. He told the mothers never to say anything to the children against the father, that they might grow up to think him the best father that ever lived. He told the parents not to expect these boys to be old men because they were Christians; that they were still children subject to the natural weaknesses of childhood. They were never to say anything in the presence of the children against their neighbors, the church or the pastor, that they might grow up without learning to gossip. And now the tender plants were intrusted to their care. Would they give them the Christian training and religious instruction from the Bible? Would they correct them, when necessary, in a loving, Christian manner, not taunting them of their failure, but showing them how much it displeased God to have them naughty?

To all this Mary had listened and wished mother would talk to her about these things. Of course when she was little her mother had taught her to fold her hands, and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., but now she felt too old for that, and nothing had come to take its place. She wondered, too, after such a beautiful talk by the pastor, how her mother could say such mean things about him.

And John Martin had wished all through the service that his children might have been among the number who that day were dedicated to God. The pastor had asked his consent to talk with the children, and

he had gladly given it; and now he wished that he had gone to the house with the pastor and demanded that his wife give her consent also, but he did not, and he could only guess the reply she had made him.

All the way home and all that Sabbath day, for days and even months afterward, he was constantly praying in his heart that God would in some way save his children, that they might be saved in spite of the opposition and bitter sarcasm of the mother in regard to Christian children.

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Years have passed since that Easter morning when kind-hearted Bro. Kirby received that class of boys on probation in the little Methodist church at Kingsville. Other boys, and girls too, came into the church while he was pastor, but we are specially interested in that first class. Five of them are pillars in that little church today. Every one of the five are active and influential and loyal to every branch of the church work. They give dollars to missions now because they gave their nickels and dimes when they were boys. The prayer meetings and class meetings are dear to them as precious seasons of spiritual blessings. Four of the boys have at different times taken letters and gone away to enrich the membership of the large city churches.

And now comes the best part of the story, the part which is dearest to a pastor's heart, for even if a pastor cannot preach very well himself, the dearest object of his life is accomplished if he finds and starts some young man who becomes a powerful preacher. Little Clarence Lane, the one whom Mrs. Martin had said was 'only ten,' had from his earliest childhood talked about being a preacher; and that morning when the pastor had received him on probation he had felt that the first step was taken. There was a long story of a boy struggling against temptation, but this is not strange, for even Christ had to struggle against this. There were one or two falls, but only to rise, and without a moment's hesitation begin the struggle again, but most of the time it was victory, and a stronger character for the struggle.

There is a story of much pinching and sacrifice on the part of parents that he might have the college training and the seminary course which so many pastors have to do without. At a certain time during the hard times of 1893-4, when Clarence was likely to have to leave college for a time and perhaps forever, a certain large-hearted pastor who had always loved children and young people slipped a purse containing two hundred dollars into Clarence's hand and bade him make good use of it. Only God and Bro. Kirby knew that the two hundred dollars had been saved by forty years of the most rigid economy from a pastor's meagre salary, and represented all that stood between him and dependence upon charity when he should be superannuated. But he gladly gave it if it would save Clarence from entering the ministry as poorly equipped as he had been.

The daily paper in one of our large cities said recently that the pastor of the Central M. E. church, the Rev. J. Clarence Lane, D.D., was fast gaining the hearts of his people, and another item of importance which daily papers never mention, but which brings delight to the hearts of

pastor and presiding elder, was the report of the Sunday-school superintendent at the quarterly conference, to the effect that there had been one hundred conversions from the Sunday-school. Surely the pastor must believe that boys and girls can be Christians. And we have also learned that in Clarence's home there is a certain superannuated preacher who has never been dependent upon the Superannuated Preachers' Aid Society, and despite the silvered hair and feeble steps, we think we can recognize our old friend, Bro. Kirby. For who else could so attract children as to have three or four at his side everywhere he goes? We can almost imagine we hear him say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

But what became of Mrs. Martin's children, Mary and Eugene, whose lives she did not want good Pastor Kirby to make 'sad and solemn by any talk about religion?' Her 'time enough by and by' never seemed to arrive. Mary grew up and married without becoming a Christian, and one day when her first child was four, an oath uttered by his little lips suddenly startled the mother with the fact that she was running the terrible risk of bringing up a child without God. That night upon a tear-stained pillow she resolved to serve God, but to whom could she go? She now distrusted her mother's religion so much she would not go to her, and the pastor of the nearest church was a stranger. In this dilemma a sisterly neighbor woman, discerning that something was needed, talked and prayed with her and finally led her to the altar of the Methodist church.

Eugene as a child gradually lost those good impulses that had been started in his mind that Easter morning. Receiving encouragement rather than restraint from his mother, he always sought and had a 'good time.' And now with all restraint removed and all bounds of decency long since broken, he is a wanderer upon the face of the earth, having led with him one of the eleven boys who were taken into the church by Bro. Kirby.

That same mother who would not encourage her boy to be a Christian was the first to refuse him admission to his boyhood home because of his wicked ways. A sad-faced father is still praying for a lost son, and sometimes he prays that all parents of children may be divinely led to teach them the way of life while they are yet under their tender care.

Paton's Profits.

Dr. John G. Paton is a notable example of a good steward. There were \$70,000 due him in the way of profits from his biography. Instead of holding any part of this for his own use, he gave the whole sum to the missionary society that had supported him, saying: 'It is the Lord's. Pass on the bread of life to my brethren in the South Seas.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.