

"FEARS."

One day last summer a lady, with her two small daughters, sat on a park bench, in a secluded place, eating a dainty lunch. Just as they were finishing their repast they noticed two bare-footed children strolling slowly along. The latter looked tired and hungry. They were both boys, the older one about ten, the younger perhaps seven. Their grimy faces were pallid and pinched, and the younger one limped.

"Come, my dears," said the lady on the bench to her daughters; "it is time to move on. Leave the lunch box on the bench; we'll not want it again."

The barefooted boys heard what the lady said and, looking at each other, smiled.

"Mebbe there's something in it, Sammy," whispered the older boy.

"Oh, oh!" with joyful expectancy, "Mebbe there is."

Before the lady and children were out of sight the boys had taken possession of the seat and lunch box. In the latter they found a small chicken sandwich and a patty-pan sponge cake.

"Take yer choice, Sammy," said the boy cheerfully.

"That's what yer allus say when there's anythin' ter divide. Now, yer choose this time, Billy."

"No, sree," from Billy; "you'se de littlest an' you'se goin' ter choose. We'll take it, Sammy, chicken sandwich er sponge cake?"

It was hard to choose; but Sammy, being very hungry, wasted no time.

"I'll take de sandwich; I just love chicken sandwiches," wistfully.

The sandwich disappeared in a twinkling, but the patty-pan remained undisturbed.

"Why don't yer eat yer cake?" demanded Sammy wonderingly.

Billy laughed as gleefully as if he had just finished a good, square meal.

"Dat's yer second cou'se," he said; "yer wants to be stylish wen yer eating in de park."

"I won't have no second course," declared Sammy. "I've had my choice, and I've eatin' it; the cake's yours, and you're got to eat it."

"Sposin' I don't want de cake," said Billy.

"But yer do."

"No, I don't, an' dat's a fact," Billy said emphatically.

"Truly and bluey?" questioned Sammy.

"Truly and bluey," was the answer.

Consequently Sammy ate the cake as eagerly and hungrily as he had eaten the sandwich.

The lady and little girls, having again sat themselves, this time in the shade of some shrubbery, had overheard every word of the conversation.

"That boy, Billy, is a hero," the lady whispered softly, her eyes becoming misty. "Now, children, wait here quietly while I leave you a few minutes. If those little fellows should start to leave, detain them until I come."

"What are you going to do, mamma?" they asked together.

"Hush," she said. "Wait and see."

She went off hastily, returning in a little while, with a smile on her face.

"Where have you been mamma?" questioned one of the girls.

"What makes you smile so?" asked the other.

"Look" she said, and then you can guess."

What they saw was a colored waiter from the dairy kitchen in the grove. He was just handing a tray to Billy.

"Wid de compliments of a friend," he said, showing his white teeth in a broad grin.

"Tain't for us," was Billy's answer.

"It's some mistake."

Although he declined the tray, he looked at it longingly.

"Is yo' name Billy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," nodding toward the smaller boy, "is he Sammy?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's fo' you; I knew it. Now, when you're through eatin' bring de tray and dishes to the dairy kitchen in the grove. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right." And he hurried off.

The boys looked at each and laughed. It was a mystery to them, but a beautiful one. The food was abund-

dant—no need for the big-hearted Billy to go without, and the tears rushed to the watching lady's eyes as she noticed the eagerness with which he grabbed a biscuit and ate it. There were two glasses of cool, creamy milk. Sammy was already drinking from one. There was a plate of ham sandwiches and buttered biscuit, a smaller one of sponge cake squares and molasses cookies, and still another plate of cold sliced chicken. Besides, there were two oranges. After Billy had eaten one biscuit, he said:

"Let's divide the things inter four parts."

"What fer?"

"Why there's mommie and Sallie, yer know. Won't mommie be glad? Won't Sallie?" chuckling with delight.

Then, counting the biscuit he had already eaten as part of his share, he carefully packed "mommie's and Sallie's shares" in the lunch box on the seat, putting an orange in Sammy's hand he slipped another in the box.

Sammy saw him, and called out: "That's your orange, Billy."

"I don't want no orange," said Billy. "This is for mommie and Sallie, half and half."

His face shone with delight. This was truly a red-letter day for him.

Sammy shoved his orange alone the seat slowly.

"Put this in the box, too, Billy, an' then mommie ond Sallie can each hev one," he said.

"No, sree," Billy cried out; "none o' that. Yer little and lame, and yer haven't had an orange since—since—oh, I can't remember when."

"An' I'm not goin' ter hev any now," asserted Sammy.

"You jess love oranges, Sammy," declared Billy.

"So do you."

"I'm bigger than you."

"I'm goin' ter save my orange for Sallie an' yours is fer mommie," said Sammy; and he did.

"Oh the poor little fellow!" exclaimed the lady.

"He's a hero, too, isn't he, mamma?" said one of the girls.

"Indeed he is."

After the lunch box was packed and tied up with a cord the repast began in earnest, and was enjoyed to the full. The boys ate like the starved creatures they were, talking meanwhile with their mouths full, about how good everything was and what a wonderful "friend that was who had remembered them "wid such a load of good things."

"I guess it's God," was Billy's conclusion, looking up through the branches of the trees to the blue sky, as if to solve the delightful problem.

"He must care a lot for us," said Sammy, joyously.

"He does," and over Billy's plain face there came a radiance that was lovely to see.

"Come children," said the lady rising, "let us pass on. We have learned our lesson. Those little fellows belong to the slums, but they are pearls."—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill-health or similar afflictions that come in your daily life, mar you instead of mending you. See that they send you nearer to God, and not that they drive you further from him. See that they make you more anxious to have the durable riches and righteousnesses which no man can take from you, than to grasp at what may yet remain of fleeting earthly joys. So let us try to school ourselves "into the habitual and operative conviction that life is a discipline. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the brim with good. May it never have to be said of any of us that we wasted the mercies which were judgments too, and found no good in the things that our tortured hearts felt to be also evils, lest God should have to wail over any of us: "In vain have I smitten your children; they have received no correction."—J. R. Miller.

I ought to spend the best hours of the day in communion with God. It is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and is not to be thrust into a corner.—McCheyne.

GOD WANTS CONTRITION.

The next thing is contrition, deep, godly sorrow and humiliation of heart because of sin. If there is not true contrition, a man will turn right back into the old sin. That is the trouble with many Christians.

A man may get angry, and if there is not much contrition, the next day he will get angry again. A daughter may say mean, cutting things to her mother, and then her conscience troubles her and she says:

"Mother, I am sorry, forgive me."

But soon there is another outburst of temper, because the contrition is not deep and real. A husband speaks sharp words to his wife, and then to ease his conscience, he goes and buys her a bouquet of flowers. He will not go like a man and say he has done wrong.

What God wants is contrition, and if there is not contrition, there is not full repentance. "The Lord is nigh to the broken of heart, and saveth such as be contrite of spirit." "A broken and contrite heart. O God, thou wilt not despise." Many sinners are sorry for their sins, sorry that they cannot continue in sin; but they repent only with hearts that are not broken. I don't think we know how to repent nowadays. We need some John the Baptist, wandering through the land crying: "Repent! repent!"—D. L. Moody.

ONLY A KNIFE POINT.

Rev. John McNeill, in one of his evangelistic discourses tells the most interesting and instructive story: "A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a driver was sent down. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass; that was swung on deck, and inside the compass-box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade. It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor, having been sent to clean the compass, had used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. The bit of knife-blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and spoilt it as an index of the ship's direction. That piece of knife-blade wrecked the vessel." A careless word dropped in the ear of the boy by one in whom he has great confidence has been the bit of broken knife-blade often that has altered the course of a life and brought it to wreck on the reefs of sinful indulgence or unbelief. Lives have been wrecked, and friends have wondered; eternity alone will reveal the price of steel that deflected the life from its course and brought it to its ruin.

THE CHILDREN'S FEET.

A contemporary gives us the following touching little sketch:

A ragged woman was crossing the corner of a public park in London, where the children of poor are accustomed to play, many of them barefoot. A burly policeman stationed on the corner watched the woman suspiciously. Half way across she stopped and picked up something which she hid in her apron. In an instant the policeman was by her side. With gruff voice and threatening manner he demanded:

"What are you carrying off in your apron?" The woman seemed embarrassed and refused to answer. Thereupon the officer of the law, thinking she had picked up a pocketbook, which she was trying to make way with, threatened to arrest her

unless she told him at once what she had in her apron.

At this the woman reluctantly unfolded her apron and disclosed a handful of broken glass. In stupid wonderment the policeman asked:

"What do you want with that stuff?" flush spread over the woman's face, then she answered simply:

"If you please, sir, I just like to take it out of the way of the children's feet."

Blessings on the kind-hearted caretaker who was so thoughtful of children's needs and the children's feet. And should not we imitate so good an example, and take out of the path of the little ones anything which can wound them, injure them, or cause them to stumble?—Sel.

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

There is no one better fitted to speak of the work of God in China than Dr. F. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission. In a recent utterance he most strikingly set forth the spread of the gospel in that land, when he says: "What about the future? During the last quarter of the old century the Church in China doubled every eight years. Work that out, and see where that will land you in 1950, if the Lord Jesus Christ delays his coming so long. By that time there would be at the present rate of progress in China as many believers in China as there are out and out Christians now in the United States. I mean real, decided Protestants. By a simple calculation you will see that there will be 16,000,000 Christians by 1950 if the present rate of progress is continued. I believe that there is every reason to think that things will go forward faster now than they ever have in the past. In the history of the Christian centuries it has always been so, that after times of persecution or martyrdom, the Church, the truth and the faith have spread like wildfire among the nations.—Sel.

WORD OF JOHN BUNYAN.

If we consider that our next state must be eternal, either eternal glory or eternal fire, and that this eternal glory or eternal fire must be our portion according as the Word of God revealed in the Holy Scriptures shall determine, who will not but conclude that therefore the words of God are they at which we should tremble, and they by which we should have our fear of God guided and directed? for by them we are taught how to please Him in every thing.

DON'TS FOR TEACHERS.

Don't hide the cross; hide your self behind it.

Don't discuss for ten minutes as to whether sprinkling or pouring or immersion is the best form of baptism and then forget utterly that Jesus "shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Matt. 3:11.

Don't feed the children on husks when Jesus has promised to break to you the bread of life for them.—Sel.

PREPARATION FOR PREACHING.

The fisherman does not spend the whole of his time in fishing, though about fishing; he uses many hours in mending his nets. And those who fish for souls need prepare for their work by reading and prayer.—Sel.

"Preach because you have something to say, not because you must say something." This is severely suggestive no matter whether its author had "something to say," or not. He at least said something when he said that. And every minister should heed it, if he expects to be heard politely and profitably and with pleasure.—Sel.

O Lord, teach me to know my need of help from thee and seek after it; to find my place and keep it; know my duty and do it. Amen.—Daily Prayer of John Wallace.

We pray for revivals, for success in our work, and all the while, perhaps, and first of all we should pray for the over-coming life, for deliverance from self, that we might sink out of self into Christ.—D. D. Lowery.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure,
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more pure
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?
—CRUSADER.

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

This pathetic little story of a blind girl is told by Ian Maclaren:

"If I dinna see,"—and she spoke as if this were a matter of doubt, and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no footstep of a D un tochtly in un coms to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice out o' the road that I canna tell. The bird-sing sweeter to me than to anybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonnie mossrose—and I judge that the oateake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill treated by my God, for if He didna give me ane thing, He gave me many things instead.

"An', mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that might ha' been a trial and my faith might ha' failed. I've lost nothing; my life has been all getting."

TIM'S EXCUSE.

Thud! thud! thud! and so on for half a minute came the blows thick and fast on some one's back in John O'Hara's house. Then suddenly out of the door shot Tim, holding his hands to protect the back of his head. The tears were in his eyes and a look of grim resolve on his face not to utter a sound. He found Jim Murray waiting for him, and it was Jim who hears the thuds.

Tim O'Hara was about thirteen, and his brother Joe was eleven. The one thing Tim cherished was this young brother Joe, and Joe followed Tim as a collier follows his master.

"What's the matter, Tim?" asked the sympathetic Jim.

"O nothin'," answered Tim, "only father's been drinkin' and is ugly and been poundin' me."

"What's he poundin' you for?"

"Nothin', only just he's ugly. He always pounds me when he's drunk. Come on down to the stone crusher."

"Hold on a minute, Tim," said the wise Jim. "Why don't you clear out from home and get away from them lick-ins? I wouldn't stand 'em if I was you."

"Ain't nowhere to go, if I wanted to," answered Tim.

"I heard Mr. Bradford tell father this mornin' he wanted a boy on his farm. He'll take you in a minute, an' he's a good feller, too."

Tim's eyes shone, but he said: "Good place, Jim, but can't go."

"Why?"

"Cause I can't, I tell yer."

"Well, why can't you?" persisted Jim.

"Cause said Jim, "if I ain't there to lick, he'll lick Joe."

When thou prayest rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without a heart. Prayer will make a man cease from sin or sin will make a man to cease from prayer. The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold and silver. Pray often; for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—John Bunyan.

Says a contemporary: "A student cannot be trained under a teacher indifferent to religion without in some degree showing that indifference. This states an important principle most succinctly. The real character of a school in religious matters is to be sought in the character of its teachers.—Sel.