

"Will'um was main mischievous, an' 'e did some things which wur not becomin'. You—you towld your son to 'ave naught to do wi' 'un."

"I must protect my awn, Andrew. Th' de'll corrup'th' good."

"An' the other deacons an' members who 'ad sons forbade em to play wi' my boy. He was left alone. He wur main mischievous—but 'e wur'n't downright bad. He wur weak, too."

Andrew paused again, and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"So my boy got other boys to play wi', an' they made a deal o' mischief between them, an' got a warse name. Then one Zunday my boy was turned out o' class, an' they tawld 'un—they didn't mean it, 'p'raps, but they tawld 'un 'e wasn't to come again—never again, 'cause 'e wur so bad. Th' teacher didn't want 'un."

His voice faltered and stopped. The old white head dropped lower, and hot tears watered the brown earth.

"An' my boy never bin since that day," he said quietly. "I doan't say it to blame noan, but—but it made Will'um hard to save, Richard, hard to save."

"Richard's face was white and his lips set, but he did not meet the appeal in his fellow-deacon's eyes.

"My lad was proud; but he loved your boy more than all, Richard."

"Aye," assented the deacon.

"If 'e—would drop in of an' evenin' like 'e used—"

But Deacon Arch had straightened himself again.

"Brother Strong, we'll welcome 'un to th' meetin's an' glad. There's prayer meetin' on Monday, as yer know; Temp'rance meetin' on Tuesday, preachin' zarvice Wednesday, an' my lad shall call for 'un any night you please. But I doan't hold in spendin' the nights anyhow."

The old man drew a deep breath which was almost a groan.

"Very well, frien'," he said, as he turned away. "I'll go on by myself. These meetin's be good things, but 'tain't th' zame way as'll do vur all. An' 'tain't all preachin' nur zanging as'll fin' th' way to my boy's heart Good marnin', Richard."

"Good marnin', Andrew," he replied. "I'll come an' gie him a word o' counzel, yer know."

"No, thanks, frien'; no, thanks."

Deacon Arch tapped his stick on the ground, and sent the pebbles flying across the road, as he walked towards his home.

"It's an ill day as a pillar o' th' church refuses counsel vur 'is zon," he said to himself.

But the old man, as he went toward his cottage, knew something of the pain in the heart of God when he looks upon the loneliness of the Prodigal.—Christian World.

A Believer in Heredity.

M. Bonjean does not believe in heredity. He thinks that a child's instincts are created by his environment, not by his inheritance. Any child can be absolutely changed from bad to good by the right kind of moral influence, by affection, and by confidence. Out of the hundreds and thousands of boys he had reformed he gave certain examples that touched us extremely. At one of his institutions he had a number of very young boys who had been in prison for incendiaries. He called them to him and represented that they had forfeited their right to the consideration of the world by endangering the lives and fortunes of other people. The only way in which they could get it back was by doing something in their turn, in case of fire, to help and save others. So he made them into a company of firemen, to which he presented a fire-engine. One night there was a fire, and M. Bonjean went out to see how his band were acquitting themselves. Part were at the engine, and part were making a chain to pass pails of water from the river to the burning house, of which the end, plunged up to his waist in water, was a little chap of eight who had three incendiaries to his credit. It was a cold November night, and M. Bonjean noticed that the boy was shivering. "You must not stay any longer," he said; "you are risking your life." "What does it matter that I am risking my life if I am only making reparation?" was the answer.

Another boy had been convicted of stealing. One of M. Bonjean's first acts was to send him to pay a bill. "I trust you perfectly," he said, and he counted out six hundred francs in gold. The little fellow's face flushed, but he took the money and went off. When he came back it was waving the receipted bill. "I paid it," he said. "I knew you would," was M. Bonjean's answer, and the philanthropist has lived to see this child grown up, with a position of trust, and happily married, with boys of his own.—[Paris Letter, in Harper's Bazar.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday School teacher. There was a pause, and then a solitary hand went up.

"I know, teacher."

"Well, my dear?"

"The wife of an apostle, teacher."

A five-year-old boy who could not keep awake through a long sermon suddenly became wide awake, and noticing that the minister was still preaching, inquired, "Mother is it this Sunday or next Sunday?"

The Young People

EDITOR,

R. OSGOOD MORSE.

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Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. V. P. U. Topic.—Our Missions in Mexico. Alternative topic: How mission work will gain success. Acts 1:6-14.

Daily Bible Readings

Monday, July 30.—2 Samuel 12. "Thou art the man," (vs. 7.) Compare 1 Kings 20:38-42.

Tuesday, July 31.—2 Samuel 13:1-22, 23-39. David's sin producing fruit. Compare James 1:14, 15.

Wednesday, August 1.—2 Samuel 14:1-24. David's unforgiving spirit, (vs. 24.) Compare Matt. 6:14, 13.

Thursday, August 2.—2 Samuel 14:25-15:12. The natural course for ambitious Absalom. Compare 1 Kings 1:5, 6.

Friday, August 3.—2 Samuel 15:13-37. David's ignominious flight. Compare Ezra 9:13.

Saturday, August 4.—2 Samuel 16:1-19, (20-23.) The optimistic refugee, (vs. 25.) Compare 2 Samuel 19:15.

Prayer Meeting Topic—July 29.

How Mission Work Will Gain Success. Acts 1:6-14. The greatest day for modern missions was the last day our Lord spent upon the earth. The commission had been given; but it was upon the day of his ascension that he definitely inaugurated and set forth the means and equipment by which this great work was to be carried out. Upon this is founded our magnificent system of modern missions.

But in answer to the question of "how mission work will gain success," we must remember that it applies to the present day, then pass over the intervening nineteen hundred years, interpret the commission as Christ intended that we Unioners of these Provinces should do, and proceed to carry out his purposes in our every thought and act.

First, then, there must come a complete revolution in your view of the supreme aim of life for the Christian. The common view of this great basal principle foredooms to failure every attempt at success beyond the present attainment. To each one, individually, the spirit of power is promised. Each one was created, redeemed and regenerated for a purpose, and that great purpose was service. This is what we want new light upon.

Then we must give up our speculating about "times and seasons," our star gazing into vacant ether, and remembering that this same Jesus will come again recognize our duty and responsibility. Mission work is looked upon by many of our churches today as a "bye-enterprise," whereas its prosecution is the first duty and only responsibility laid upon the church and upon every child of God. You, my friend, want a revolution in your common view of your relation to this great work. Your duty is in service, your responsibility is to do the utmost with your power for this service. This cannot mean that you are to do your proportionate part, or as much as another since all rests upon you as much as though you were the only person to carry out the will of Christ.

In order to the success of mission work, a revolution should take place in the regnant view of Christian giving. Some must "go" in the fullest sense, and all must "help go," and so in this sense all must enter this service of laboring "together with God."

This supreme end of the Christian life, this duty and responsibility and necessity of Christian giving, is that the witness of Christ may be made to all the world. Mission work is witnessing for Christ. You must witness at home among your neighbors and abroad. This witness must be as to the reality of religion, the fulfilment of promise, of the living presence of Christ, his power to save from sin, the cross as a guide to righteousness and support in trouble, and the supreme satisfaction which the Christian religion gives to the human heart and its superiority to all other faiths.

When Christ came they were convinced with difficulty.

When convinced they prayed continuously.

When they prayed the Holy Spirit came with power.

When the power came they were equipped and ready for witnessing.

And when they witnessed results followed.

This is the order and sequence and there has been no improvement upon it for nineteen hundred years, and there never will be until Christ ushers in a more glorious age.

H. H. ROACH.

Annapolis Royal, July 14th.

A Model Meeting.

Let us visit a union meeting and take notes of what impresses us most as indicative of a model B. V. B. U. The city wherein we visit is not large, but two or three church bells betoken God's name is being revered

here. It is Sunday eve; the last bell for a meeting of Baptist young people has rung, and we wend our way in that direction. At the door of the church we are met by a young man who takes us cordially by the hand, presents us with a song book, asks our name, then turns us over to an usher who is standing near. The room is not full, but an air of cheerfulness pervades, and we at once feel that we are among God's children. We see two rows of front seats filled with mere boys and girls, and we suppose those older people seated near are their parents. The rest of the assembly is made up of young ladies and gentlemen. Our attention is next called to the leader, who has announced a song for the opening. Then another song is suggested, which the leader requests just the boys and girls to sing, and then that old, familiar song, "Nearer my God to thee," she asks the older ones to sing. At last another song is suggested—a very familiar one, in which everyone joins. O how the children sing! and even that old gray-haired man in the corner feels himself young again and he joins in on the chorus, "Happy day when Jesus washed my sins away." The leader is a young lady who seems to know just what is expected of her and just how to manage that whole evening's meeting. With a request that all bow their heads, she leads in a short, simple, prayer, asking God's presence in the meeting, strength for all present to take some part, and that all may receive some good for being there that evening. Then follows the lesson, and after a few well-chosen remarks, remarks that show thought and preparation, she calls for another song, then follows a short season of sentence prayers. We bow our heads—hardly a moment of silence intervenes these prayers—no painful pauses so embarrassing to a leader; now and then we catch a sentence or two from a mere childish voice, and all too soon the leader closes this blessed season of communion with God by a few well-chosen words.—Selected.

They tell me I must bruise
The rose's leaf
Ere I can keep and use
Its fragrance brief.

They tell me I must break
The skylark's heart
Ere her cage song will make
The silence start.

They tell me love must bleed
And friendship weep,
Ere in my deepest need
I touch that deep.

Must it be always so
With precious things?
Must they be bruised, and go
With beaten wings?

Ah, yes! By trashing days,
By caging nights, by scar
Of thorn and stony ways,
These blessings are!

—Samuel W. Duffield.

Brotherhood Breaks Down all Barriers.

Last Christmas Day in New York city a millionaire was driving down Fifth Avenue in his sleigh, when his high-spirited horse ran away. The sleigh was overturned and the rich man and his coachman rolled in the snow together. As they struggled to their feet and turned to follow the runaway horse they saw the sleigh strike a poor pedler and knock him into a heap, both runners passing over his body. The millionaire uttered a cry of dismay when he saw the ragged pedler fall in the street, and leaving his valuable trotter to vanish in the distance he cast himself on his knees by the injured man, and lifted his blood-stained head tenderly in his arms. He got help as soon as possible, and himself assisted in carrying the poor fellow into a fashionable hotel near by and sent for a doctor. Later he got him a comfortable room in a hospital and ordered that every possible attention should be given him. When the pedler was seen by the reporter at the hospital and told that the man whose horse had run over him was a millionaire, he replied: "A millionaire, is he? Well, all I can say is that he's the whitest man I ever seen in my life, an' I'll never say another word agin millionaires. I tell yer wot, that man is a wonder. Why, he—he went down on his marrow-bones in the snow alongside me an' took my head on his knee, same as if I was his brother—an' it all bleedin', too." O brotherhood, how great is thy power! There is no quack way of bridging the so called gulf between the rich and poor, but with the brotherhood of Jesus Christ, exemplified as in this case, there is no gulf.

"I notice," said the Stream to the Mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat." "Certainly," clacked the Mill; "what am I for but to grind? and as long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I grind out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honor is not in doing fine work, but in performing any work that comes, as well and faithfully as I can."—Young People's Paper.