

dren are needing more. I am afraid you'll have to leave us, you dear, faithful soul. We shall not be able to pay you any wages after this quarter."

"Is it Biddy O'Shea you're talkin' to?" asked Biddy in high scorn. "Then please to hold your tongue, beggin' yer pardin, ma'ma, fer moi impudence. There's a way out ov this misery, and Biddy shall find it."

Now that day fell Biddy's monthly half holiday, and she departed punctually at 2 o'clock, somewhat to her mistress's chagrin. Biddy had a mysterious, important look as she left the house, and on her merry Irish face there was that suggestive droop of the lips which in a person of finer quality would have been termed the half-mark of the artistic temperament. In the little Irish girl, however, it was only Biddy's way.

In St. Mary Axe the great house of Mornington, Mornington & de Silva was not difficult to find. After a timid glance at the swinging mahogany doors, and a murmured prayer, she marched boldly in. She was at once barred by a pert boy, who ruthlessly inquired her business.

"Made a mistake, miss; this isn't a draper's shop."

"It's your mather I'm afther seein' an' will see, if it be his pleasure."

"Ere e' comes, Duchess, shall I present yer?"

A neat brougham drove up to the door, and a young lady alighted, followed by an elderly gentleman. Biddy's face paled as the swish of silken skirts smote her ear, but hers was a desperate case. So in front of Alice Mornington she stopped and dropped a little curtsy she had learned in the green lanes of Wicklow.

"Why, what's this, papa?" asked the girl smiling as she regarded with favor the sweet Irish face, whose roses and lilies ten years of London smuts had scarcely dimmed.

"Beggin' yer pardin, swate lady, but it's the gentleman I want to see; an' please me business is important."

"Take her into my room, Alice; I'll follow you presently." Biddy followed the silken skirts, violently conning her plea as she walked. But when the rather stern-faced old gentleman faced her, demanding her business, she went all of a tremble.

"Och, sir, its for my mather, beggin' yer pardin. Don't put him away, sor. It'll break my mistress's heart, an' the childer not strong, an' the trouble they've had, an' the kindness they have on everybody, bar' themselves. Och, kape im' on, sor, an' give his pore eyes a chance."

"What is she talking about? Who is your master, my girl?"

"Misther Warner sor, ov nineteen Garham Square, Islington."

"Warner! But who has paid him off?"

"It's thrue, sor, an' oh, if you'd let him have a holiday for his pore eyes. It's overwork an' worry an' anxiety about the childer that's done it, an' im a saint from the blissid heaven, if ever there was wan on this ould earth."

"Did they send you here?" asked the old man bending his brows suspiciously.

At this Biddy clasped her hands in despair.

"Och, sor, an' Mis, niver a bit ov them; it's afther killin me they'd be if they dreamed ov it, being rare quality an' moighty proud, but the childer must have bread to eat."

"Papa," said Alice Mornington, in a low voice, "this is interesting; you'll inquire into it, won't you?"

"I will, Alice. I begin to understand it; it's de Silva's doing of course—the new broom sweeping clean. He told me the other day that Warner was not worth his wages, but he has served us well, and we can't throw him over like this. Go home my good girl, and rest assured I will inquire into the matter and that the fair thing will be done. And you can tell your master and mistress that so long as they have a champion like you they can't be quite forlorn."

"Och sor, please to say nothing. If they knew I'd come it's afther killin me they'd be, bekase ov their pride. But it's me loife I'd lay down for thin and the childer any day."

Tears welled in her honest eyes, and with another trembling courtesy she shut the door and went her way. That night Gerald Warner came home an hour earlier than usual and there was much wonder and rejoicing in the little home. But Biddy held her peace until she was putting little Pat to bed.

"Patsy, darlint, pray God bless the good ould gintlemen an' the purty lady."

"What good ould gentleman and what pretty lady? I don't no any, Biddy."

"Special friends ov Biddy's, darlint; come, pray hard, there's a dear."

"I'd rather God bless Biddy; the gingerbread was lovely. When'll you make some more?"

Biddy hugged him again, and tucked him safe and warm.

As she passed the sitting room on her way to her own domain, she heard a low laugh through the half-open door.

Biddy, me jewel! she whispered under her breath, please God they'll niver know.—The British Weekly.

A Confiding Monkey.

A friend of mine attended the Buffalo Exposition, and was entertained at a house on Elmwood avenue.

During his stay, as he was sitting on the veranda one morning, an organ-grinder with a monkey came along and stopped in front of the house.

When the monkey came up to the veranda with his little cap held out for an offering, my friend, who is very fond of animals, offered him a red cheeked apple. Springing to his knees, the monkey seized it eagerly, and, seating himself, solemnly ate it, bite by bite, his bright eyes the meanwhile fixed earnestly upon the face of his new-found friend.

Apparently satisfied that he was a man to be trusted, as soon as he finished the last mouthful the little monkey laid his head against the man's arm and fell fast asleep.

Unwilling to disturb the weary little creature, my friend paid the organ-grinder to remain till he had exhausted his repertoire more than once, and perhaps the patience of the neighbors not musically inclined.

But presently the monkey awoke, and, obedient to an admonitory pull upon his chin, followed his master down the street, all the brighter for the thoughtful kindness shown him.—Bessie B. Titus, in Christian Endeavor World.

The Young People

EDITOR

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, 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. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.
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Our Aim

"Culture for Service."

"We study that we may serve."

From Societies.

Immanuel, Truro: Our membership has increased very rapidly during the last few months by those joining who have come out in the special meetings and taken their stand for Christ. In these meetings, our pastor was assisted by Evangelist Walden. Our services during the past winter and spring were helped by the attendance of many of the Normal School pupils. Quite a number of missionary boxes have been collected, and about twenty dollars, have been raised. This amount will very soon be forwarded to the Treasurer.

At present our attendance is small on account of so many being away on vacation. Trusting you will find room for these few words on your valuable page.

Yours in Christ.

D. E. KILLAM.

Prayer Meeting Helps.—August 21st.

THEME. Great Missionary Heroes. Heb. 11:34-40.

HOME READINGS.

Monday—Suffering for the Truth's sake. Jeremiah 38:1-13

Tuesday—Scourged and Imprisoned. Acts 16:19-40.

Wednesday—Obeying the Call of God. Genesis 12:1-8.

Thursday—Fleeing from Duty. Jonah 1:1-17.

Friday—A Fearless Messenger. Matthew 3:1-12.

Saturday—Send Me. Isaiah 6:1-8.

Sunday—The Missionary from Heaven. Isaiah 53.

We are not in the habit of thinking of these Old Testament characters as missionary heroes, and yet in a very real sense many of them were such. A missionary is one sent of God to an important work.

Abraham and Joseph and Daniel were foreign missionaries. Samuel and Elijah and Jeremiah, for example, were home missionaries. Thinking then of these old time heroes of faith as missionaries, let us study the closing verses of this remarkable chapter to note the leading characteristics of these men and their work. In doing this we shall find that they are in a marked way the characteristics of "Great Missionary Heroes."

THEY BROUGHT GREAT THINGS TO PASS.

"They subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, . . . put to flight the armies of the aliens." God has greatly changed the course of human history through the heroic work of his missionaries.

The missionaries of the early church transformed the Roman Empire. The later missionaries completely changed the history of Europe. Modern historians will write to poor purpose if they ignore the far reaching work of such men as Carey, Judson, Moffat, Patton, Livingstone, Clough, Brainerd, Peck, and scores of others who have subdued kingdoms wrought righteousness and "stopped the mouths of lions." The greatest movements in history are missionary, and the mightiest leaders under God in transforming nations are missionaries. This work must go on. More kingdoms must be subdued and the day hastened when all the nations shall submit to Christ.

THEY ENDURED GREAT SUFFERINGS.

We have here a very striking picture of terrible sufferings. There were "mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned and sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins, and in goatskins, being destitute, afflicted and tormented." Those old-time heroes of missions knew well the bitterness of terrible persecutions and sufferings.

The story of modern missions is one of heroic endurance of persecutions and sore trials. Read again the awful horrors of Dr. and Mrs. Judson's sufferings at Oung-Pen-La. Get and read "The Heroes of Modern Missions," by W. J. Lhamon. The very spirit of missions has been that of readiness to suffer for the Lord Jesus Christ.

The churches to-day need to know and appreciate the great cost of missions in human suffering. Indifference and worldliness could not long exist if these things were thoroughly understood.

THEY LOOKED FORWARD WITH CONFIDENCE.

Those Old Testament heroes were sustained by a faith which saw glorious triumphs ahead. They believed in the promises of God. They knew that they were laying foundations. They worked on in the midst of discouraging conditions and waited for God's time. They saw by faith a day of larger revelation in the future. They did not receive the promise, but they knew it would not fail. This is the true missionary spirit. It was Judson working on with few visible results in the awful darkness of heathendom, when asked to write home something that was encouraging, replied that he had all the encouragement there was in the promises of God. By faith these missionary heroes have all wrought in the midst of great opposition and slow progress waiting God's time and believing in larger things ahead, and wonderfully God has honored such faith and blessed such labors.

J. W. CONLEY, in Baptist Union.

Omaha, Neb.

Illustrative Gatherings.

(Selected by the Editor.)

Christians have one-fifth of the wealth of the world. Do our benefactions keep place with our accumulations? *Tipper.*

It is a solemn fact that, of every three persons walking on this vast globe, two have never heard of the Saviour, have never seen a Bible, know nothing of heaven or hell.

O heir of God, to broader life awake!

Thy narrow sight doth not the harvest bound.

The world is all for Christ; this outlook take.

Then work with larger grasp for his dear sake.

The reaper in the Master's joy is crowned.

Mrs. Titterton.

A missionary is "God's man, in God's place, doing God's work, in God's way."

Miss Guinness.

To day the Christian church stands, so far as the open door is concerned, at the Kadesh-barnea of the ages. The promised land is in full view before her, and the Lord of hosts is giving the command to every man to go up straight before him and take possession.

Robert E. Speer.

Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all agencies combined.

Lord Lawrence.

The Foreign Mission activity of any church marks the standard of the spiritual vitality.

Merriam.

Interest in missions constitutes the difference between a dead and living church.

Canon Farrar.

Our field is the world; whether sowing or reaping,

Or gleaning the handfuls that others have passed;

Or waiting the growth of the seed that, with weeping,

On rocky or desolate mains we have cast;

Yet each for his toils and each for his mourning,

Shall sometimes rejoice when the harvest is won,

And know, in the flush of eternity's morning,

That the toil, the reward, and the glory are won.

Anon.

Japan.

Among those baptized at Yokohama, Japan, last year were ten Buddhist priests.

Many of the prominent men of Japan are Christians. To this creed belong one member of the Imperial cabinet, two judges of the Supreme Court, two presidents of the Lower House of Parliament, three vice ministers of State—not to mention a host of officials in the lower ranks. In the present Parliament the president and thirteen members in a total membership of 300 are Christians. In the army there are 155 Christian officers, or 3 per cent. of all, and the two largest battle-ships are commanded by Christians. In Tokio three of the great daily papers have Christian editors.

Lend a Hand.

Lend a hand to the tempted.

Lend a hand to the souls in the shadow.

Lend a hand to the student at school.

Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.

Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.

Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.

Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.

Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.

—The Silver Cross.