

to myself. I never knew it before, but I've been the patchwork boy all the time.

Phil was silent a moment.

"Let's not invite him to supper—the patchwork boy, Uncle Thornton. Let's not have him round." He was so earnest, Uncle Thornton looked up.

"But—"

"No; I'll do every one of my chores before I sit down to supper—I won't leave any half done. I don't care if I do have to eat alone," determinedly. "It will be Phil Dodman then, not the patchwork boy."—Zion's Herald.

THE WAY OF A BOY.

When mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strokes and soothes my head,
And kisses me, I think some way
How, naughtily I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And how I smashed a window light
And of the cookies that I took,
A-rassling-me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie,
When mother pats and kisses me;
It almost makes me want to cry
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
She knows it all; you can't fool her.—Ex.

GOING GOD'S WAY.

When Peter said unto them, "I go a-fishing." Peter desired anything, any activity. Can fishing be anything? Yes, fishing, instead of seeing, is sinful, and keeps in these non-contemplative days there is a possibility of even service being mortal sin, as Augustine said, "a splendid sin." How is that? Jesus does not want service so much as He wants you and to see Him. What would I think if when I returned home my little baby girl would keep her little head bent over a pair of slippers she is embroidering for her father, and she is so busy about the gift she does not greet me. What would I do? I would say, "My dear little bairnie, put down the slippers; really I do not want them, I could buy slippers in the store, but I could not buy your little kiss, your arms around my neck, your hug, and saying, 'Papa, I'm glad to see you back.'" For pity's sake, put down your work for me and give me a kiss.

We say "I go fishing," and He does not want it. He wants us to go seeing first and fishing next. We go fishing, battling and serving when He wants communion. Mind this: you will get another to do your work but you cannot get another to give your love. It is love, affection, and communion the Lord wants. "I go a-fishing." O, Peter, it should have been "I go seeing."

THE STORY OF IN-DOOR SUN.

Once on a time, in far Japan,
There lived a busy little man,
So merry and so full of fun
That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and in mine,
And in these looking glasses bright
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew,
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, live the mirrors, everyone
Began to smile on In-door Sun!

Now try this just one day and see
How bright and smiling you can be;
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an "in-door sun!"
Inez G. Thompson, in Little Folks.

THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE.

If difficulties show what men are, the optimistic newsboy described by the New York Times is fairly sure to prove a conqueror in the difficulties of life.

He had only one leg, but he had been hopping about on his crutch selling afternoon "extras" and when there was a lull in the business, owing to a falling off in the crowds passing through City Hall Park, he sat down on the steps of the city hall for a brief rest.

"How did you lose your leg?" I asked.

"Cable-car," he said, with the street urchin's characteristic economy of words.

"Too bad!" I remarked.

"Too, might have been worse," the boy replied. "The company paid the doctor and gave me mother eight hundred dollars. That paid all our debts and left us five hundred dollars in the bank; and it's all there now, 'cept forty dollars we took out when mother was sick. And I sell more papers than most of the boys, just 'cause I carry a crutch. There's one of my customers now."

The Young People

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.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Preston St., Halifax, N. S.

THE NEEDED POWER.

Gen. 1:2—The spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters.

Read also John 16:7-15. Ezek. 37:1-10.

Look at and dwell upon the picture outstretched before us—Darkness—disorder—death to spectator. — Above it character. "Will, Wisdom, Power." Out of it. Light order life.

That power our need in like circumstances—and is exerted for us!

Almost incredible, inspires deepest reverence, highest hope, profoundest joy, unceasing prayer:—

I. What is the power we invoke? His arm, His working force. We ask God to exert force, power, and what the Power?

(a). Power by which all things are made. Go back to that early scene again: Recognize its import contrast now. Come to chaos of church and see her glory. Read Job 26:13, also Psalm 33:6. This creative power you summons when you sing:

"Come Holy Ghost our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Life and Love."

or the truly wonderful language.

"Author of the new creation
Come with unction and with power
Make our hearts thy habitation.
On our souls thy graces shower."

(b). The power in work of Christ.

II. What may we expect when this power is exerted. As of old o'er primeval chaos. As during Pentecostal days so now.

(a). A wonderful strengthening of Christian Life. Then the

"Spirit of adoption,
Makes us overflow,
With his sevenfold blessing
And in grace to grow."

In this flux of life, fire and fervor the spirit not man appears. "Christ is formed in us the hope of glory."

(b). A marked increase of Christian activity. His people are willing in the days of his power.

The love of Christ constrains.

(c). Many conversions to God. The days of Pentecost not past.

III. What the spirit with which asked? We ask not creation of worlds but souls to live when not—We ask no earthly court but high heaven's power! It must be the spirit.

(a) Of most profound reverent humility.

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake, etc.
"Here us Lord as bending lowly."
Near thy bright and burning throne,
We invoke thee, God most Holy!
Through thy well beloved Son.

(b) Of most intense and continuous earnestness. Great issues. Tremendous needs. Stupendous results. It does seem that we are working with dull weapons, with so much depending call with intense and continuous earnestness.

(c) Of gladsome faith and hope.

Ask and ye shall receive.
Seek and ye shall find.
Knock and it shall open unto you.
May the needed power come to all our unions in this special time of need.

B. H. T.

"O world! behold upon the tree,
Thy Life is hanging now for thee
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth untrusting bow,
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world! and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe;
And hard! how from that noble heart
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start
From depths of yet unfathomed woe."

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child the shadow of his body falls upon it, so, many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.—Talmage.

God "so more hands the bread" of life ready-made than He hands the material bread ready-made. You

must knead your own dough, bake your own bread, make your own garments, contribute your own service, do your own share of work, if you would get the benefit of any of God's good gifts.—Lyman Abbott.

Each of us may be sure that if God sends us on stony paths He will provide us with strong shoes, and will not send us out on any journey for which He does not equip us well.—Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

Cheerfulness, pleasantness, a bright and sunny temper—these are some of the richest fruits of true religion. If our Christianity is worth anything at all, if it has any potent influence over our lives, if it is anything else but the feeble sentimentalism of a selfish and artificial piety, then it will make us "pleasant." It will brighten our spirits, sweeten our manners, and tame our tempers. Almost the first indication of the new life is the desire to smooth over trivial but ugly difficulties, to promote a general feeling of kindness and simplicity, and thus to rob life of its dullness and bitterness and monotony. . . . And there is a certain kind of Christian comfort which no committee can do, no organization can accomplish, no code of rules can help—it requires human touch. It can only be done by a smile, welcome, a handshake.—Frederick A. Atkins.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Can gloom brighten anybody? Nay, verily. Who ever goes forth to help those in need, and to right the wrongs of the oppressed, must do it with a hopeful spirit, and with some expectation of doing service, or he will be unfit for the work, and will be sure to fail. Those who look on the dark side, and take the worst views of life, are not the ones to whom others turn in trouble, as chosen leaders into the light. The charity that "hopeth all things" accomplishes most.—Julia H. Johnston, in "Bright Threads."

O THOU WHO DRIEST THE MOURNER'S TEARS.

Thomas Moore.

I.

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark the world would be
If from deceived and wounded here
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown!
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too!
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above?
Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows a world of light
We could not see by day.

Keep cool.
Keep pure.
Keep the peace.
Keep your senses.
Keep good company.
Keep sober by all means.
Keep away from every vice.
Keep liquors from your home.
Keep away from evil companions.
Keep every unkind word to yourself.
Keep a stout heart; despair always weakens.
Keep early hours; late hours have ruined millions.
Keep the good resolutions you have made; it will make you happier.

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."—R. W. Emerson.

We shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all the circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more capacity for faith in God than the other.—John Ruskin.

Those who picture the Christian life as a hard and stony road, beset with thorns and briers, entirely misconceive the representations of it in the Word of God. It is the way of the transgressor that is hard. The path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shines brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Let us not misrepresent the character of the King's Highway.