

Mr. Smith's Apology.

BY ANNIE B. PRESTON.

A True Incident.

"Where do the new people over on the Parker farm attend church?" shouted a plain, little old woman driving her moderate stepping horse up very close in the fence of Mr. Smith's garden one bright September morning.

Mr. Smith, who was pulling onions, straightened his aching back and replied, looking around:

"Oh, it is you, Aunt Hannah, of course. I know nothing whatever about the Stedman family. I have been so busy I have not taken time to think whether they went anywhere to church or not."

"It is a great pity to be so busy about your own work as to utterly neglect the Lord's," replied the old lady, nodding her head shrewdly as she drove away.

Obedying a sudden prompting of the spirit Mr. Smith left the silver skins to dry in the sun, and jumping over the fence, strode across the field to the open kitchen door of a small house, where he paused and said abruptly to the little group busily employed paring apples to dry.

"I have come to make an apology."

"Why, for what? We know of nothing for which you need to apologize."

"Well, I do. I have allowed you to live here four months in sight of my house and have never asked if you were Christians."

Mr. Stedman looked confused as he emptied a bushel of shining red apples from one basket into another, and then replied:

"We ain't quite heathen, I hope; but we don't make any profession," and his wife put in:

"My mother was a Christian, and I was brought up to go to a meeting, and to go to Sunday school; but since I was married I have got all off the notion of doing anything like other folk. I expect I didn't begin right."

"I was to blame," said the man. "She used to want me to go to meetin' but I'd rather go to ride and that's how it happened."

"Begin right now," said Mr. Smith. "It is not too late. There is to be a prayer meeting tonight at our house: come over to that."

"We shouldn't be no help; we ain't that kind."

"But you ought to be that kind."

"Well, we are poor and we don't dress very well."

"And the girls will all feel above us," said one of the twelve year old twins. "They did where we lived before."

"I am sure you will find it different here when you get acquainted."

"Perhaps. No one ever apologized before for not taking an interest in us. That it is different, sure enough."

"Well it is not fair to judge us without a trial. I shall look for you to-night."

That was the beginning, but Mr. Smith had some work to do to make his endeavor a success. After dinner he drove around to see his nieces, and asked them not only to speak to the strangers, but to give up their set of young people and sit with them until they felt at home in the meetings.

Lucy hesitated, then said: "I have seen the Stedmans, but I will remember that Jesus pleased not himself. He did not spend all his time with the family at Bethany."

It took a great deal of endeavoring first and last to win this family for Christ and the church; but it was done.

"And to think it all grew out of Mr. Smith coming over and apologizing for not having asked if we were Christians," said Mrs. Sreadman a year later.

But Mr. Smith said: "Aunt Hannah was at the bottom of it, as she is of a great many things in the way of progress in our community. She seems to know just when to stir people up with the abrupt questions."—Christian Intelligencer.

Night

When all of the things which I had for play,
Are put in their places and laid away,
I take off my tired clothes one by one,
And fold them away—for the day is done.

Oh, then is the time I have stories read,
As I lie in my nightgown—cool, in bed,
And out in the garden, the dark is deep,
So the lilacs and larspur may go to sleep.

The red cow will doze in her stall so wide,
The chickens will roost by the old hen's side.
The day brought beautiful things to do,
But isn't the evening pleasant, too?

—By Carolyn S. Bailey.

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.

The day for sending "Copy" has arrived. In the absence of the expected instalment of notes on the Prayer-Meeting Topic, we send some excellent comments on the general subject:—"Christ a servant, and we are servants." By my Friend, who is abundant in labors, Rev. W. B. Crowell.

Christ a Servant, and we are Servants.—Phil 2:3-11.

The end for which all things are credited is perfect submission to the will of God. "And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. 15:28. The highest life then is submission; for submission, strange as it may seem and self-contradictory also, brings us into intimate fellowship with God. Hence the happiest form of life is found in service. The submission of Jesus to the will of his Father shown by the fact that he "counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant" and demonstrated by his coming "not to be ministered unto but to minister to," teaches all disciples that their plain duty is to become servants, living that God's will be done in their lives, and serving their day and generation. The more the readiness to service the more the opportunities to serve, the more the opportunities are seized to serve the more Christ-like the life. As God "highly exalted him and gave unto him the name which is above every name," also shall the names of every servant be exalted. Blessed shall be that day when the consciousness "that no longer do I call you servants" but that now "ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you" dawns upon the believer's heart. Then shall service no longer seem irksome, a thing dreaded and therefore avoided. Then shall begin the beginnings of the divine conditions and reign of "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

God's will controlling our hearts, there should be no repining because,

"There was a chance for loving service;
My idle hands were slow
There were messengers to carry; my
Feet refused to go.
There was place for words of kindness,
And time for songs of cheer;
But I left them all unspoken till
There was none to hear.
Yet I called myself a servant with
Him who died for me.
Nor knew I had denied my Lord
And pierced his heart again."

Dr. MacLaren in another connection has put this thought of service and its effects on the servant. He says:—"There is the measure of the possibilities of human nature. A somewhat arrogant saying affirms 'Whatsoever a man has done, a man can do.' Whatever that man is, I may be. It is possible that humanity may be received into the closest union with divinity, and is certain that if we knit ourselves to Jesus Christ by simple faith and lowly obedient love, whatever he is, he will give us to share. 'Even as I also overcome and am set down with my Father on his throne' is his own message of what he will do for the men who are faithful and obedient to him."

Liverpool, N. S.

W. B. CROWELL.

We are grateful to the Sec. of the Local Union in the Immanuel Baptist church of Truro, for the encouraging words sent us this week. We gladly give them place in this week's issue:—

The B. Y. P. U. of Immanuel Baptist church, suspend all work as a society during the month of January, because the noted Canadian Evangelists, Crossley and Hunter were working in our town and all the evangelical churches united in the services, in which some eight hundred souls were led to Christ. Our own church has shared in the blessing and this means an increase in the membership of our society, of some dozen or more of earnest-hearted young people, some men and women, some boys and girls.

Through February we could not hold meetings because our Sunday evenings were broken into by baptisms and communion service etc., but we were not sorry on this account.

We are now holding our usual services, and having good meetings. Our missionary meeting "Among the Telugus" was held on March 12th when we tried to learn a little more of our own Maritime Province Mission there.

A personal letter from Miss Blackadar was read by the

chairwoman of the Devotional missionary committee. We are hoping for better things ahead.

Yours in his work.

EFFIE A. JOHNSON.

Sec'y B. Y. P. U. of Immanuel Baptist church.
Truro, Nova Scotia, Saturday, March 18, 1905.

"If God calls you to a duty, he will supply the equipment."

"Don't let a reverse discourage you. A skirmish is not a battle."

A young man should not take liquor, because the time soon comes, when liquor takes him.

The Old Testament is full of Christ, but many besides the Jews are blinded and cannot see him.

Desire and search for Christ are a preparation for seeing and receiving him.

"No Christian is injured by being in the world. The damage happens when the world gets into him."

A FAIR ATHLETE.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence and she could box:
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

* * *

The words of the late Dr. Smith came to the writer with special force the other day, as a precious form, for 54 years associated with the 2nd Baptist Church, of Dorchester, was laid in the grave, to await the coming of the Resurrection hour:—

BY S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Dear Master of the tuneful lyre,
How shall we breathe the word "Farewell!"
How shall we touch the trembling wire
Which vibrates with thy mystic spell?

The world seems poor, of thee bereft,—
The evening sky without the sun,
The setting, not the gem, is left,
The frame remains, the picture gone.

As birds that float on heavenward wing,
Unseen, the air with music fill
Singing, they soar and soaring, sing,
Thy broken harp yields music still.

Life's golden bowl was dashed too soon,
But love still holds thy cherished name,
No sunset thine, but fadeless noon,
No shadow, but immortal fame.

So the dear chrysalis we hide,
For God's safe-keeping, in the tomb,
And in firm hope and faith we bide
The dawn that breaks the silent gloom.

Wait the fair day, the glorious hour,—
The precious form, enshrined in clay;
Instinct with new-created power,
Shall wake, and heavenward soar away.

* * *

FIT YOUR BACK TO THE CROSS.

A lady employed an artist to carve for her in marble the figure of an angel carrying a cross. He began with the angel, and had succeeded remarkably well, when he found that he could not make the cross to fit on his back, nor could he alter the cross or the figure so as to get the cross to fit. He tried again and again but in the end he had to give it up.

The lady then employed another artist to complete the work or make another. He began with the cross and then made the back of the figure to fit it.

What a powerful sermon is contained in the story of the two artist's experiences! Our first impulse always is to attempt to alter our crosses to fit us, our final experience is that we must learn to fit ourselves to them.

* * *

He is with thee! with thee always.

All the nights and all the days;

Never failing, never frowning,

With his loving kindness crowning,

Turning all thy life to praise.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

* * *

Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence and so, as time rolls by, we shall go on from mountain top to mountain-top till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go out no more, forever.—Beecher.

The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them.