

Our mothers led by faith divine,
Gave loving service rich and free,
How sweet would be their children's lot,
If they like them could live for thee.
Faith of our mothers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

INDELIBLE

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man.—Dr. McLeod.

BRAVE SCOTCH BAIRNS

"I'll No Kneel Doon; I'll Dee Standin' Up!"

Among some of the finest stories of devotion to Christ, and strict adherence to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, that are to be found in the records of the Scotch Covenanters, is the following:

A number of children were surrounded by King Charles' soldiers and commanded to tell where their parents were hidden, or be shot.

In spite of their cruel threats, not one lad or lassie would betray the secret. Grouped under a tree, the fierce officer commanding the soldiers terrified them.

"If you do not tell me quickly," he roared, "you shall be shot."

They only huddled closer together and remained silent.

"Make them all kneel and cover their faces," ordered the officer to his men, who obeyed grimly. One little lassie asked to be **allowed to hold her brother's hand**, for she thought he would face death easier. All knelt save one bonnie lad, who remained standing. "I've done naething wrong; I'll no kneel doon; I'll dee standin' up," he said, in his Scotch brogue.

The rifles were only loaded with powder, but the order was given to fire. As the loud report rang through the valley the children cried pitifully, and some fell on the ground, in their fright, but others remained kneeling.

"You have not prayed," sneered the officer.

"**Please, sir, my mother taught me a Psalm.** We'll sing that, if it will do," said a little girl. All the children stood, and tears ran down the soldiers' faces as their little voices rang out. "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want."

The officer himself had learned that Psalm also at his mother's knee. Before the song was finished their persecutors hurried away and left them in peace.

The incident points strongly to the deep religious convictions which are possible even in children of tender years. We would urge Young People's workers to seek by every power at their hand to lead their charges into the personal realization of acceptance with God.—Sel.

Courage and cowardice are both contagious.—Heart and Life.

"Use your cross as a crutch to help you on, and not as a stumbling block to cast you down.—Heart and Life.

Young People's Column

A NEWSBOY PREACHER

A bright-eyed, shabby little fellow was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The car started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed. "Caught this time, oJe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy and questioned him concerning his way of living and earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. "Jimmy" was lame and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant: "No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad? Or of gettin' things if there was nobody to divide it with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy jumped out into the gathering dusk the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that."—Presbyterian of the South.

HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said: "Mamma, I prayed last night."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes, but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, 'What if Jesus had come to me when I was ill?' Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and how He delights to forgive them."

"So I got out of bed and kneeled down, and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked Him to think over the sins I could not remember. Then I waited and gave Him time to think of them; and when I thought He had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them. And I am sure He did, mamma, because He said He would. Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."—Herald of Light and Zion's Watchman.

WHEN HELEN WASN'T THANKFUL

"I'm not a bit thankful," said Helen, crossly; and she slapped the kitten, and pushed away Brother Bertie, who came to climb in her lap.

"Why, little daughter!" said mother in surprise, "not thankful! When we have so many blessings?"

"No, I'm not," insisted Helen, but she look-

ed a little bit ashamed. "I don't like living here. I have to work so hard, and baby is such a bother. I'd like the kind of home where I wouldn't have anything to do, and plenty of pretty toys to play with, and never have to feed the cat, or build block houses for baby, or—"

But here mother's sorrowful face made her pause. Just then papa spoke:

"Whose home would you like better than ours, Helen, if you could choose?"

"Why—why—" Helen thought hard for a minute. "There's Katy Brooke; she never has to work, and has lots of lovely things, and an automobile, and—"

"Well, little daughter, suppose you try it for a while. You may go and pay Katy a visit, and stay over Thanksgiving. If you like it there, you may stay longer, for Mrs. Brooke says Katy is very lonely, and they will be glad of company for her. Go and get ready now, for I have to drive over there, and can take you today."

Helen was delighted. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and now she would have something to be thankful for, if she stayed in the Brooke's beautiful home, with all Katy's lovely things to play with. So she kissed mother and Bertie goodbye with a very bright face and drove away with her father.

"Stay as long as you are having a good time, daughter," he said as he kissed her goodbye a little later.

Helen was sure she would stay a very long time. But behold! The very next morning, as mother was busy with the dinner, Mr. Brooke's car stopped at the door, and Helen jumped out and ran in the house, and flung herself in her mother's arms.

"She got homesick, so I brought her back," called Mr. Brooke.

"Why, Helen! Didn't you like it there?"

"O, yes; they were nice, but—Katy has only one doll and one tricycle, and she always wants them herself. I like it better at home; and I'm sorry I slapped kitty and pushed baby yesterday!"

"Then you do like your home, after all?" smiled mother.

"O, yes! And I am thankful for it, mother, truly!" cried Helen.—J. L. Glover in Richmond Christian Advocate.

Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Highway:

We wish to acknowledge through the Highway that we received twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) from Rev. M. Ella Slipp some time ago. Miss Hayes had to withdraw from her studies and go to her home on account of poor health. As she was leaving she felt that she could not take any of the contribution this time.

The Reformed Baptist trio of Eastern Nazarene College wishes to thank those that have aided them by means of these donations to the Students' Fund.

G. A. ROGERS,
S. G. BRADLEY,
E. R. BRADLEY

A Saviour not quite God is a bridge broken at the farther side.—Heart and Life.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.—Heart and Life.

"A very weak hand may receive a very strong gift."—Heart and Life.