

THE PRICE HE PAID

Jack was rather a lonely boy. He lived up in the woods, for his father was interested in the lumber business and spent the most of the year among his men. Jack had lost his mother when he was only ten. His father was so busy that he had no time to look after him and Jack went pretty much his own way. He was not a bad boy or troublesome at all; but he was full of life and fun, and he wanted to do everything that the men did and be as much of a man as possible. So he learned very early to smoke tobacco. It made him feel big to go around puffing at a pine or to carry a cigar in his mouth. He had enough spending money to get all the tobacco he wanted and he came to want more and more, as is generally the way with young smokers. By the time he was thirteen, Jack was smoking, literally from morning till night, and would as soon have gone without his meals as without tobacco.

But now something happened that began to trouble him a good deal; he found that he could not see as well as usual with his left eye. When he read or studied his lessons his eyes pained him a great deal. The dimness of sight grew worse and worse until at last Jack told his father about it, and the result was that he was taken down to the city to have the oculist look at his eyes. And what do you think the oculist said, after examining the left eye carefully?

How long have you been smoking, my boy?
Jack tried to think.

"About three years, I guess; but perhaps it's longer than that, I don't quite remember."

The oculist shook his head.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, Jack, if you give up tobacco out and out from this very minute, I may be able to save the sight of your right eye. The nerves of the left eye are damaged beyond repair, I am sorry to say."

Poor Jack! He did give up tobacco, but it was too late. The right eye became dim in its turn, and although he has not entirely lost the use of it yet, he may be totally blind before many years have passed. What a price to pay for three years' use of tobacco! Jack feels that very strongly.

"If only I had known," he said as he told me about it. "But I didn't know. Nobody told me. I hate tobacco now; I hate the very smell of it. But the mischief is done and it's too late, and I am blind. If only I had known."

I wonder how many boys there are who, like Jack, do not know what deadly harm tobacco can do to a growing body? The heart, the nerves, the lungs, the eyes, are all in danger when a boy begins to smoke. Though he may not realize it, he is taking fearful risks. Is there any boy who reads this who needs Jack's story to open his eyes? It is a sad story and a true one, and so I write it out for other boys to think over.—Christian Standard.

Rev. Merton S. Rice is quoted as saying that "eighty-two per cent of all church members come from the Sunday-school and that on the other hand only fifteen per cent of Sunday-school pupils unite with the church." These findings accord with many other reports on this most vital theme of the early conversion of children. To make our standards merely formal would be the popular way to meet this challenge, but not the best. A personal Christian experience still is necessary for Christ-likeness here and safety here and safety hereafter.—Selected.

OBITUARY

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Revelation 14-13.

Mr. Arthur Green

The death of Arthur Green occurred Monday, Dec. 14th, at his home at Seal Cove, N. B. The passing of Mr. Green was learned of with sorrow by friends and acquaintances of Grand Manan and elsewhere.

The deceased was seventy-one years of age, and died following a brief illness.

Left to mourn are his wife, three sons, Alton, Robert and Ross, all of Grand Manan, four daughters, Della, Mrs. George Cossaboom, and Mrs. Heber Brown, of Grand Manan, and Mrs. Joseph MacDonald, of Lubec, Me., one brother, Wellington, of Seal Cove, and three sisters, Mrs. Maude Sheppard, Mrs. Edith Cheney, and Mrs. Clara Lorramore, all of Grand Manan.

The funeral was held from the home on Wednesday, Dec. 16th, and was largely attended. The service was conducted by Rev. Bennett C. Cochrane, assisted by Rev. H. W. Carpenter, and a quartette from the R. B. Church of Seal Cove.

May the God of all grace comfort those who have been caused to mourn.

M. M. M. M. Norman W. McLean

The friends of Norman W. McLean, of North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., will regret to learn of his passing on Tuesday, Nov. 30th, aged 72 years.

Mr. McLean was born at Bridgewater, N. S., and came to Grand Manan to reside when only a boy. Here he found employment, and later purchased a livery stable which he conducted for a number of years, also driving the mail from North Head to Seal Cove. For some years he was engaged in buying fish, and later opened a general store under the name of N. W. McLean & Son, William and Wallace at different periods being associated with him. For the past few years his son Wallace has had charge of the business.

Mr. McLean for a number of years served as County Councillor, in which capacity he rendered good service and made many friends, as he was of a very pleasing disposition. He had been in failing health for the past four years, but was only confined to the house for a few weeks. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Ellingwood, of Grand Manan, who predeceased him some twenty-five years ago. Later he married Mrs. Lizzie Lamson, of Fredericton, N. B., who survives him, and who has been an invalid for several years. He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, two daughters and three sons: Mrs. C. K. Crawford, of Chicago; Mrs. F. T. Took, of Oak Bluffs, Mass.; William, of Chicago; Harold, of California, and Wallace at home. He also leaves one step-daughter, Mrs. William McLean, of Chicago; one sister, Mrs. Berry, of Bear River, N. S., as well as other relatives and friends.

Brother McLean had been a member of the Reformed Baptist Church at North Head from its beginning, and one who lived a very consistent Christian life, being also much interested in the welfare of the Church and the cause of God in general. It was a great grief to him that for a number of months he was deprived of getting to the regular services of the church. It was our privilege to visit our brother often during the past eight months, and we always found him firm in the faith, and resigned to the will of God. I had known

our brother for the past 45 years. The funeral service was held from his late residence on Friday and was largely attended by his many friends from different parts of the Island. The service was conducted by the writer.

H. C. ARCHER

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE

Some time ago, while stopping with some friends in a rural district, a school teacher and his wife called one evening. During the conversation the teacher made mention of several boys in his school who had not been able to pass because they failed in spelling, reading and language. The teacher seemed moved; he said he had done his best but these boys had showed very little attention all winter, were absent quite often, and when they realized that they could not pass, they stopped coming before the term was over.

I had become acquainted with some of these boys and knew all about their home life. They were bright boys, had a good home, plenty of books and time but were not eager for knowledge. They were more interested in other things than education. The Bible tells us to study, II. Tim. 2:15, and again it says to add "to virtue knowledge," then in another place "A man of knowledge increaseth strength."

If children who are careless about getting an education could only know what they are missing! Time is so precious and flies so fast. Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, says, "Receive my instruction and not silver and knowledge rather than choice gold."

Of course too much knowledge is "often the occasion of vanity," but we are not pleading for too much; every father and mother ought to be interested enough in their children to give them a fair education, and not to keep them out of school a day now and then because it is to their gain.

Martin Luther, the great reformer, was a poor boy, but determined to get an education. He often sang in front of the homes of the wealthy and they in turn would throw pieces of money at him for his pay. He could not have done what he afterward accomplished had he been uneducated. We all know how Abraham Lincoln put in his spare moments, had he been lazy and indifferent, could he have filled the position that he afterward did fill?

A boy of fifteen said to me the other day: "O but I hate to go to school tomorrow." Asking him why he hated it so he said, "It's examination day."

If we keep up with our daily studies, we need not fear examination day any more than any other day. In fact that day is a real pleasure to some. We have often heard it said that an idle brain is the devil's workshop. He will take charge of that which we do not employ for God and our own good.

Boys and girls, study while you can, ask God to help you, and in years to come you will not regret it.—Sel.

The United Lutheran Church, at its tenth biennial convention, recently held in Columbus, O., has put itself on record (reported recently in "Time") as definitely opposed to "spiritually destructive methods of raising money" through church card parties and dances, by approving the American Mission Board's decision to withdraw support from 575 mission churches if they persist in so raising funds.—Selected.