

B. V. P. U.

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The publication of Baptist young people; their increased spiritual; their education in Christian service; their education in scriptural knowledge; their instruction in Baptist history and doctrine; through existing denominational institutions.

Springhill, N. S., has organized its young people on Baptist lines. Belmont, N. S., is also falling into line.

Emory W. Hunt, of Toledo, gives the following on the prayer meeting topic for June 18:

THEME: REDEEMED BY WHAT AND FOR WHAT? 1 Cor. 6: 20.

The Bible is often telling us of things which are too large and too high for our minds to see them directly.

And what a vivid figure it is. Too vivid for some. It shows the truth so clearly that they deny its truthfulness.

No one who has ever read "Uncle Tom" can fail to understand what it means to be redeemed from slavery to freedom.

Examine Acts 20: 28; Eph. 1: 7; Col. 1: 14; Heb. 9: 12; 1 Pet. 1: 18-19; Rev. 5: 9.

And for what? If one pays a high price for anything it is an assurance that he has a purpose for it.

There are two questions in this one. We ask not only for what use, but for what destiny, has he bought it?

The practical outcome of an evening's thought of this theme should be true consecration; which is the recognition of the fact of God's ownership of us.

We must always distinguish between our emotions and our attitude. The one may die off our lives like the sunset glory from the ridges of the Alps.

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Mr. J. W. Graham, of St. Mary's, Ont., says "three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured him of chronic kidney complaint."

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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SECOND QUARTER.

Lesson XIII, June 25. Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path."

EXPLANATORY.

SUBJECT—THE QUEST AFTER THE HIGHEST GOOD.

The search is made in every way, and from every point of view. We hear three voices speaking to us one truth in varied forms, as to what is the highest good.

I. THROUGH THE DISCIPLINE OF AFFLICTION—THE BOOK OF JOB. The historical foundation, the story of Job, his character, losses, his friends, the argument. The conclusion reached, and how it was reached.

II. THROUGH THE TEACHINGS OF WISDOM—THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. The character and composition of the book. Wisdom, who or what is meant by the term. The value of wisdom. How obtained. Her warnings. Her invitations.

III. THROUGH THE EXPLANATION OF LIFE—ECCLESIASTES. The meaning of Ecclesiastes. The object and plan of the book. The search. Solomon's experience and his lessons. The result of the search—how and when the chief good of life may be obtained.

IV. THE POWER BY WHICH THE BEST LIFE MAY BE REACHED—MALACHI. The Saviour comes, purifying away the evil, and bringing the means of salvation and the conditions by which it may be obtained. He controls Divine Providence. He is wisdom's own self. He knows all things.

SUGGESTION. This review can be best made by looking over the previous lessons. A clear and definite knowledge of the facts should be impressed upon each scholar, together with the practical teaching which naturally flows from this broad view.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. There are two paths open before all, in one or the other of which all of us must go.
2. The choice as to which path we will take lies within our own power.
3. One path leads to ruin, the other to everlasting blessedness.
4. Trusting God in the dark leads to the light.
5. Wisdom warns us from the evil path, and invites us most earnestly into the ways of pleasantness and peace.
6. The wisdom of all the past ages is in favor of virtue and religion.
7. The experience of those who have tested all ways and all sources of happiness shows us the same path.

REVIEW BY SUBJECTS.

- 1. The afflictions of the righteous.
2. The experience of a soul amid sorrow and conflict.
3. The value of discipline.
4. The true life, according to Divine Providence.
5. The prosperity of the righteous.
6. The quest for the highest good.
7. The true life, according to experience.
8. The true life, according to the voice of Wisdom.
9. The warnings of Wisdom.
10. The invitations of Wisdom.

Literary Notes.

The Missionary Review of the World for June comes to hand with its 96 pages crowded with encouraging news, inspiring discussions, and altogether interesting and instructive articles on a great variety of topics from the pens of more than a score of leading writers and thinkers in all parts of the world.

The June Arena is a mammoth number. It is probably the largest magazine ever published as a monthly issue of a review, containing one hundred and sixty-four pages, of which one hundred and forty-four are in the body of the magazine, and twenty pages of carefully written book reviews by such well-known critics as Rev. W. H. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago; Helen Campbell, Hattie C. Flower, Hamlin Garland, and the editor of the Arena.

Among the leading papers in this notable anniversary issue are: Insanity and Genius, by Arthur McDonald; The Liberal Churches and Secularism, by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D.; Arsenic versus Cholera, by E. B. Leach, M. D.; An interesting and timely; Women Wage-earners in the West, by Helen Campbell; Islam, Past and Present, by Prof. F. W. Sanders, one of the most scholarly religious essays of recent times, and should be read by all interested in obtaining a correct idea of Mohammedanism; Union for Practical Progress, by the Editor, a strong plea for the union of progressive and reformative impulses for educational and practical work. Mr. Flower also contributes a striking paper, entitled Existing Fashionable Evil versus American Common Sense, which deals with the dress reform movement now being so vigorously pushed by the National Council of Women of America.

How Miss Rhody Martin Greeted the Census Enumerator.

Census Enumerator.

The day-lilies in all their golden beauty, and the roses, from the Maiden's Bush to the Hundred Leaf, bloomed about Miss Rhody Martin's door. The Madeira vine, with its clusters of creamy blossoms rich with fragrance, clambered over the porch, and the sparrows fitted in and out through the lattice-work, twittering as they built their nests under the eaves, or fed their hungry young. It was a balmy morning in June, and a silent breeze stirred the leaves and set the bees to humming as they sucked the sweets from the blooming flowers.

On the vine-clad porch, Miss Rhody Martin, a spinster on the shady side of fifty, rocked to and fro, while the clinking of her knitting-needles kept time to the music of her chair.

Isaac Rhody, Miss Rhody's nephew, a fair specimen of manhood, sat not many paces away, half-buried in a newspaper, and with his feet resting on the banister higher than his head, true to his style. He had come in from hoeing the cabbage to get a cool drink of water, and for a moment's rest, and he and Miss Rhody were all unconscious of the picture of sweet contentment they were making.

Miss Rhody, notwithstanding she was called an old maid and tried to look ten years younger than she really was, was a great favorite with the whole neighborhood, and Isaac was as great a favorite with the girls. Isaac was also a special pet of Aunt Rhody, though he did occasionally rally her on her youthful appearance, knowing that on this point she was extremely sensitive, never giving any one a chance to inquire into her age.

This morning, as she sat on the porch listening to the clatter of her needles, busy with her meditations, as if in obedience to her wishes, the gate opened and the object around whom her thoughts were clustering came sauntering up the walk. A receptacle for his effects was swung across his shoulder after the manner of a book agent. The dog, asleep by Isaac, barked lazily once or twice, and then went back to his dreaming, while Miss Rhody looked over her spectacles, and quick as lightning these unoffending friends of her falling vision went into her pocket.

"Isaac, hit the Square," said Miss Rhody, starting up, "and you had better go on to your work for he looks like he wants to see me on important business."

By this time Squire Doltite was nearing the steps. Isaac smiled at Miss Rhody's cool dismissal of himself, and chuckled as he went to his work, for he knew that Squire Doltite had been appointed census enumerator, and, for once, Aunt Rhody would have to tell her age, and to the man she wanted to marry.

Isaac was a lover of the ludicrous, and he would have given a good sum to have heard the squire interrogating Aunt Rhody, but he was no eavesdropper, so he went to work and soon his thoughts were all of the squire's daughter, and Aunt Rhody was forgotten.

"Good morning," said Aunt Rhody, "walk in and give an account of yourself; you've got to be a mity stranger lately."

"How do you do, Miss Rhody?" said the squire, shaking her hand cordially. "I'm not so mity well, thank you, Squire; but the sight of an old friend sets the blood to tingling in my veins, and I forget my aches and pains, which I am happy to say are not very much my portion."

"You are looking monstrous fine, Squire, but, as I said before, you've got to be a mighty big stranger in these parts?" And when I see you comin' for all the world like a book agent, I was tempted to set the dog on you, for I got so tired of so many trying to live without work."

"Thank you, Miss Rhody, I haint bin round in a bit n'r awhile, but the truth n'r his n'r I haint had the time, nor I haint a minnit to lose this mornin'." said the squire, and continued: "No, Miss Rhody, I am not a book agent; you are greatly mistaken about that. I have come on business of greater importance," and he drew his chair nearer the spinster, who was smiling and trying to blush as if she really thought the all-important time had come.

"Miss Rhody," said the squire, drawing his chair up still a little nearer, "I have come to talk."

"Yes, Squire," interrupted Miss Rhody, and her knitting fell into her lap. "I see you have come, and I am always pleased to have you come."

"But, Miss Rhody, I have come to take your senses," said the squire. "Goodness! I'm gracious, Squire, not to take what little grain of sense I've got, shorly," said Miss Rhody, pretending not to understand the squire.

"That's somethin' I can't do, Miss Rhody, take your senses away—you sit too snug, and he drew his chair nearer to let an old fellow like me turn your head, though I mought take your reason," he said, smiling significantly at her.

"Well, I am shure if my reason was gone, my senses would be 'one too," answered Miss Rhody poutingly.

"But honest injun, Miss Rhody, I haint a mment to lose, time's limited, and I've got to have this business done in a jiffy. I have come shure enuff to take your senses. First place, you give me your name in full and initial of middle name."

"You don't awer me, Squire, to tell the truth, and notbin' but the truth, so help me God, do you?"

"Very well done," answered the squire, writing it down.

"Now, Miss Rhody, if you please," and the squire, bent over, looked into Miss Rhody's face and said, "what mought be your age at your last birthday?"

"My age, Squire?" and there was a startled look in Miss Rhody's eyes as she tried to gather fresh courage and take in a full breath.

"Yes," answered the squire, "how old mought you be at your nearest birthday?"

"Well, you see, Squire, I was the youngest of a large family of children. I was called the baby even after I was grown, and the way they all doted on me was no 'countin' for. Why Pap willed this farm to me 'cause I was the baby, and you never see anything prode like these acres do. Isaac raises—"

"Miss Rhody, I haint got a mment to spare. You will please tell me your age in a few words as you ken command."

"I was going to tell you, Squire, the day I was sweet sixteen Pap give me a birthday party, and Betsy Brown was thar, but she was a heap older than I was—hit was Betsy Crater then—and she was a crater shure enuff, I tell you. She thought Tim Brown was 'seem' up to me and she was that jellus she had no sense at all. She—"

"Miss Rhody, time's limited," said the squire a little impatiently, with his pen tightly grasped and rocking with ink, for he had dipped it in the ink-stand a half dozen times, ready to write down Miss Rhody's age.

"Your age, I say, Miss Rhody."

"I was going to tell you, Squire, thare Miss Edwain, first cousin to Betsy Crater, and she was a schoolmate of mine, but, law, she was a heap older, too than me. She's larnt me my lesson and led me home many a day. She—"

"Miss Rhody, I must know your age. I tell you time's limited," said the squire, the faintest tinge of red creeping into his face.

"Just what I started out to tell you, Squire, Isaac, you know, is my nephew. Well, his mother was my sister and a little grand older than me. But, law, she's been dead several years. She was monstrous pretty, my sister was, and everybody said we was like as two peas. Isaac makes me think n'r her lots n'r times. Isaac is rich—"

"Miss Rhody, must have your age," interrupted the squire, "no time to spare—time's limited. Your age, Miss Rhody at once?" By this time the squire began to be highly colored, and beads of perspiration began to gather and trickle down his nose. After all, the June morning was not so balmy.

"Yes, yes, Squire, I was going to tell you. When I began to manage this farm, I was a chunk of a gal, and no gal of my age could 'er done better. I have got along, too, Squire, always have somethin' to sell and I don't owe a cent."

"Miss Rhody," said the squire in exasperation, "shall I write down 'refused'?"

"Refused, Squire," said Miss Rhody in great astonishment; "refused, no you shant, for I haint refused you yit. You haint axed me, and nobody feels more for your motherless gal than I do. You see, I loved her mother, your poor dead and gone wife, Squire. We were gals together, but, law, she was a heap older than me. Yes, I know your darter needs a mother, and I hant refused you, Squire, nary time I haint."

"Refused me, Miss Rhody?" and a new light seemed to break upon the squire. "Is it possible you would be a mother to my little Nancy? Will you marry me, Miss Rhody?" and he drew nearer and threw his arm over the back of her chair.

"Why, Squire, if—if you think I am old enough," stammered Miss Rhody, "I will take your wife's place and be a mother to your little Nancy, but Nancy's mother was a heap older than I am."

Miss Rhody's cook rang the bell for dinner, Isaac came from his work, and still the squire and Miss Rhody lingered on the porch.

"Thought your time was limited, Squire," said Isaac playfully.

"So it is, Isaac, so it is, but I'll ketch up," said the squire.

"So, before the census was taken, Miss Rhody became Mrs. Squire Doltite, and the squire and his lovely daughter came to Miss Rhody's home to live. Isaac is very happy with Nannie, as he calls her, and rumor says before many months there will be another wedding at Miss Rhody's home."

The squire completed the census, sent in his report, but of one thing we are very sure—Miss Rhody never told her age.—Western Recorder.

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