

found its way into the O'Brien's home, judging from the way Mary Ann listened, awe-struck, one day when I played to her, not from the classics, but the songs of the day, hoping she would sing, but Mary Ann would not sing a note.

I don't suppose Mary Ann ever had a quarter of a dollar all her own, in her life, yet that is what Marian's papa gives her every week. Marian has such a dear, kind mamma and papa, such a sweet little sister and such a nice home, she ought to be very happy. Which little girl do you like the better and which is most like you?—Mrs. J. W. Wheeler.

The Truth About Lady Tumblebug.

FRANCIS MARGARET FOX.

Baby Tumblebug was tucked away in an egg, sound asleep. Father Tumblebug and Mother Tumblebug, his parents, were two black beetles who live in the barnyard. Of course, they talked Tumblebug talk, and no one can be sure of exactly what they said. It seemed to be something like this:

Said Mother Tumblebug: "Do you suppose the baby is warm enough?"

Said Father Tumblebug: "Put some more blankets on him if you think he isn't. Here, I'll help you. We must roll him up snug and warm."

Then they rolled Baby Tumblebug in so many blankets that he was entirely hidden among them, indeed, he was wrapped in a regular ball of blankets—a ball bigger than his father and mother put together. The blankets were nothing but dirt. The Tumblebug family have always used that kind. Thousands of years ago, in Egypt, their ancestors set the fashion.

It was a lucky thing for Baby Tumblebug that he was sound asleep, or he might have been frightened when his father and his mother began rolling him over the hills and the valleys on the way to his nursery.

"It seems to me," said Mother Tumblebug, "that under that tall grass by the fence is just the place that will suit us."

They were looking for a spot in which to bury Baby Tumblebug. He was too young to be left on top of the ground, exposed to the hot sun and possible enemies. All Tumblebugs spend their baby days in underground nurseries.

"Just as you think best," replied Father Tumblebug, standing on his head and getting in position to push the ball, while Mother Tumblebug climbed on top of it.

"Now I'm ready, Father Tumblebug," said she, leaning all her weight toward the front of the ball. Father Tumblebug, walking on his hands, kicked with his hind feet. Mother Tumblebug pulled, and over went the ball. This was done again and again. Often, as the ball went over, Mother Tumblebug climbed to the top, ready for another start.

Not for an instant did she leave baby Tumblebug. Even when Father Tumblebug gave a mighty kick at the top of a hill she kept tight hold of the precious bundle, rolling over and over with it until the ball stopped. If Father Tumblebug laughed, who could blame him? Mother Tumblebug did look funny going heels over head down the hill.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, running to her assistance. "No, thank you," replied Mrs. Tumblebug. "I bumped my head a little, that is all."

Mother Tumblebug's head was flat—oh! I ever so flat. "I was afraid the baby would get uncovered; but he is safe, the little darling. You must be more careful, Father Tumblebug. I told you we should have gone the other way. I almost knew we were on a hill."

Father Tumblebug did not say a word, but he looked as cross as a bear. It was not so easy as it seemed to help roll that ball by standing on his head and kicking with his hind legs. She ought to have told him of the danger.

At last the place was found to put the baby. It exactly suited Mother Tumblebug, so she and Father Tumblebug shovelled away the earth beneath the ball.

"Now, run away, Father Tumblebug; run away. I can get the baby into the nursery without any more help, thank you."

Father Tumblebug was only too glad to be excused. Mother Tumblebug was a great worker. She was not a bit afraid of spilling her hands or her clothes. Upside down she went beneath that precious bundle of hers, digging into the earth with her hands and feet, and tossing it above the ball. Slowly Baby Tumblebug, cradle and all, went into his down-cellar nursery. Mother Tumblebug had a middle pair of legs with which she clung to Baby Tumblebug's bundle of blankets, at the same time pulling it downward.

In a little while she was out of sight, and however she managed to dig deeper into the darkness of the ground is something known only to Tumblebugs. When her work was finished, Mother Tumblebug climbed through the loosened earth into the daylight. That was the last she ever knew of Baby Tumblebug.

When he awoke, he crept out of his egg and ate everything he found among the blankets. He outgrew his baby clothes in no time, and finally, when he was big enough to wear the same kind of a suit that his father and mother did, he left the nursery, poking his queer flat head out of the earth—a baby Tumblebug no longer. —Sunday School Times.

EDITOR

W. L. ARCHIBALD.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Self-control a link in the golden chain of Christian graces. II Peter 1:1-11.

Tuesday.—Self-control a fruit of the Holy Spirit. Galatians 5:16-26.

Wednesday.—Paul preaches to a corrupt governor on self-control. Acts 24:22-27.

Thursday.—Temperance in all things. I Corinthians 9:23-27.

Friday.—Cultivate temperance and purity. Titus 1:5-16.

Saturday.—Abstinence for the sake of others. I Corinthians 8:1-3.

Sunday.—Let all our eating and drinking be to the glory of God. I Corinthians 10:33-33.

Rev. G. R. White furnishes Comments this week on a topic that may be used for a Temperance Meeting. This is fitting, in view of the fact, that Sunday, Nov. 23rd, is widely recognized as Temperance Sunday, and that the Sunday School teachers of the land will be engaged in teaching a Temperance lesson on that day.

Prayer Meeting Topic, Nov. 23.

"SELF-MASTERY." (Temperance Meeting). I Cor. 9:25. Gal. 5:16-26.

Here is a battle-field on which many soldiers have fallen—here the slain lie in heaps. Alexander the Great, who practically conquered the world, and as the story goes, cried because there were no other worlds to conquer, was unable to conquer self. The art of self-mastery he did not possess. For history tells us he died at Babylon, the result of a drunken revelry, a lack of self-control. He is an example of many. Self is a small, but a hard kingdom to conquer. He who conquers self may hope to conquer all outside of self. Solomon says: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

The Indian boy who died at Hampton Institute, had some idea of the importance of self-mastery, when he gave among other reasons for his coming to Hampton, that he might learn the "art of self-control." Perhaps he wrote more wisely than he understood, but he touched the human keynote of all success for time and eternity—self-mastery. But this lesson of self-mastery cannot be fully learned apart from the gospel of Christ.

For the one who has learned self-mastery has learned Christ. Editor Geistwelt says: "There are masters of others who are slaves to themselves; there are rulers of kingdoms who are captives to a tyrannous temper. Self-mastery is the beginning of a kingship—and every one may be crowned if he will."

But self-mastery means—

(1.) A Battle: And great victories are not won by little battles. Self-mastery is a great victory, hence the battle must be great. Here we war "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and power, against spiritual wickedness in high places." The foe is largely subjective, he is within. Self has flesh and blood, but the real self is spiritual. This foe is not objective nor outside of self.

The foes of one's own household are the strongest and most formidable we have to meet. This battle for self-mastery will also be a long battle. The grave itself may come in sight before the struggle will end, and if you are victorious then you will have done well. But we speak encouragingly for it is a battle in which victory is promised to the faithful. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

(2.) How to win: This victory is the result of a double conflict. There is the human and the divine struggle. This victory cannot be won alone. Phil. 2:12, 13. We must use our best endeavor to conquer all known sin, to turn from every evil deed and thought. And this can only be done by laying hold on Jesus by faith. For to what profit is this struggle aside from faith in Christ? As one has so well said: "Faith, Christian faith, holds the key to the blessedness of eternal life. Faith opens the gate of pearl and lets us in. Strong, serene, unquenchable faith in the loving kindness of God, the wisdom of Providence, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the redeeming love of Christ, will enable us to look fearlessly toward the end of the temporal existence and the beginning of the eternal, and will make it possible for us to live our lives effectually, grandly." Then herein lies the victory, in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, as your great sin bearer, then doing your best to render obedience to his will in all things, the victory is yours. And this epitaph may be yours also.

"Here lies a soldier whom all must applaud;
Who fought many battles at home and abroad.
But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin."
Hantsport, N. S. G. R. WHITE

SUGGESTED SONGS.

"Standing by a purpose true," "Yield not to temptation," "Hold the fort," "Jesus, I my cross have taken," "I am thine, O Lord," "Holy Spirit, faithful guide," "Precious promise God hath given."

"Self Mastery."

The Common title of man is "master," since "mister" is only a corruption of that word. But, alas! there is many a "Mr." who deserves any title but that. The proper designation of many would be, not "Mr. John Smith," for instance, but "Mastered John Smith"—mastered by his appetites, desires, habits and passions.

Who does not admire a man that is master of a trade? "Jack of all trades and master of none," is one of the most contemptuous of proverbs. Who does not admire a man who is master of other men, as Napoleon was, Cromwell, or William of Orange, or George Washington? And yet to be master of one's self is greater than to take a city or to build one. There have been men in abundance, like Alexander the Great, who would take a city, but could not take the citadel of their own souls; and the enemy there conquered them at last.

I like to see a man riding in an automobile. It is such a splendid exhibition of mastery. Just a touch on a valve, just a turn of a lever, and the wonderful contrivance curves and darts, slackens its speed and rushes ahead, like a creature of intellect. Such, only far more intimate and powerful, should be a man's control over the impulses of his mind.

But, strange to say, this mastery of one's self is possible only as one is mastered by God. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do," we are to do all to the glory of God. We are not to eat to get strong, nor drink to get merry, nor work to get fame or food. As soon as we begin to associate a self-motive with anything, we begin to lose our self-mastery. God alone can subdue our rebellious natures. As well expect to lift yourself by your own arm pits as seek to dig yourself out of a pit of your passions. But if you become God's, he will care for his own. If you eat and drink to his glory, you will not "eat and drink damnation," but health and joy.

That is the bright side of the picture, but there is a dark side, a terrible side.

I have just read the story of a wild beast tamer, who for twenty-five years had handled a lion-constrictor. He had watched it grow to a monster thirty-five feet long, but he gave daily performances with it, and supposed he was its master. One day, however, as they had reached the climax of their exhibition, and man and serpent were wound together and seemingly blended in one, a faint scream was heard, and the sound of breaking bones. The serpent slave was master at last, and the trainer was lifeless in the midst of its coils.

That is a picture of the fate of the drunkard, the sensualist, the man who loses his mastery over himself. The lower passions will grow stronger, the victim will seem to be master, still there will come a day when the "old serpent" will tighten his coils. Death.—Selected.

The Shadow on the Child.

One evening, just after the lamps were lighted, a mother was seen going along the street with her little boy. She was plainly under the influence of liquor, and the child was just as plainly full of anxious care about his mother. She staggered and swayed from one side of the sidewalk to the other, while the poor little fellow would run around to the side toward which she lurched, bravely offering to put his tiny strength between her and danger. Once she seemed angry because he got in her way, and she raised her hand as if to strike him; but though the tears came in his eyes he remained faithful, and on up the street, as far as they could be seen, he was still trying to bolster her up and to keep her from falling. Once, as she passed by a lamp-post, the shadow of her body fell athwart the child, and one looking on thought how significant of the whole tragic scene. There is no shadow over childhood so black and terrible as the shadow of drink, and the woman who yields her delicate, sensitive, nervous organization to the touch of wine is "as a fading flower."

Illustrated Gatherings.

There is only one person you need manage, and that is yourself.—Talmage.

The aim that is not straight upward is downward.

He who reigns within himself and rules passions desires and fears is more than a king.—Gerard Massey

Why comes temptations but for man to meet
And master and make couch beneath his feet?

—Robert Browning.