

SCANDAL.

A whisper broke the air—
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe
Now, might it only perish there,
Nor further go!

Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke! --London.

OUR SALVATION IS NEARER.

For now salvation is nearer,
'Tis nearer than when we believed;
The light on our pathway is clearer,
And duty's less deeply perceived.
He shall know of the doctrine who ever
His Master's commands will obey,
God's Spirit shall teach him and never
Permit him to wander astray.

For now our salvation is nearer,
The seed in our heart grows apace,
The cross unto us has grown dearer,
We're nearer the end of the race.
The kingdom of God is like leaven,
Its workings though hidden are sure,
We are growing in meekness for Heaven
We're daily becoming more pure.

For now our salvation is nearer
Then when the dear Lord we first knew
The light on our pathway is clearer,
No shadow o'er flits o'er the view.
The path of the just is still brighter,
E'v'n unto the glad perfect day,
At evening time it is lighter
With Heaven's own glorious ray.

S. S.

The following notice has been sent to us for publication.

Each Christian Endeavor Society in Nova Scotia is earnestly requested to send two delegates to the Provincial convention, which is to be held in Pictou on August 13th, 14th, and 15th of this year. Secretaries of Societies will please notify Miss Jean D. Falconer, Pictou, of the names of their representatives. Each society is respectfully requested to send a financial contribution to the expenses of the convention.

FUSSING.

There was once a Prime Minister who fussed and fretted very much over the state of the country. He almost fretted himself into a fever. At last his old servant went to him and asked him, 'You believe in God, my lord?'

Yes, the Prime Minister did.

'You believe He cared for the world before you were born?'

Yes, that was true.

'And He will direct it after your death?'

Put your trust in the Lord and give up fretting, my friends.

That boy you have to send out into the world, whom you long to follow, and guide, and protect, hand him over to God. Pray for him day and night, but do not weary yourself and God by fretting over him.

That sick relative over whom you yearn, desiring to watch every breath, only your daily duties forbid it, commit to God's keeping. He or she will be none the better for your fretting.

That business matter which is a worry to you, because, as you say, you can't be at every end at once, take that to the great Unsleeping One too.

'Yes, yes.' The great man impatiently waved his servant away.

But the old fellow had one thing more to say. 'Then can't you trust Him to manage it while you are in it?'

I often think of this story when I see people fussing over troubles and perplexities, and foreseeing all sorts of dangers in the future unless they keep an eye on everything. Why can't you believe that God rules, and does not leave the world to the chance management of a shortsighted man?

Do your best and leave the rest. Depend upon it, fussing never did any good.

The heavy cloud is often 'big with mercy.' The trouble in the distance grows less terrible as it comes nearer.

How many times have we not heard people say of an ill that has come and gone, 'It wasn't half so bad as I expected?' And yet they fussed and fretted, and wore people's patience out with their complaints beforehand.

Take to heart the old servant's advice, and trust God to manage things for you when everything looks in a tangle. Ask Him to bring you safely through it all, and continually check the fretting spirit which would mistrust His care.