

an errand that required discretion. He ponders much on the works engraved inside the case of his time-keeper, which are, "To Samuel the Silent, in memory of March 23, 1902."

You see he does not know of "William the Silent," of Holland. He is studying though at his odd moments, and perhaps some day he may meet him in history.—Exchange.

"Thy Will Be Done."

"Thy will be done." It is more than the echo of "Thy kingdom come." It is its completion in its fullest and most personal sense. Beecher once said: "You read, 'Thy will be done,' and you say to yourself, 'Oh, I can pray that'; and all the time your mind goes round and round in immense circles and far-off distances; but God is continually bringing the circuits nearer to you, till he says, 'How is it about your temper and your pride? How is it about your business and your daily life.'"

"This is a revolutionary petition. It would make many a man's shop and store tumble to the ground to utter it. Who can stand at the end of the avenue along which all his pleasant thoughts and wishes are blossoming like flowers, and send those terrible words, 'Thy will be done,' crashing down through it? I think it is the most fearful prayer to pray in the world."

"Thy will be done." It does go out to the "immense circles and far-off distances," but even then it is to bring them near and make them personal. It is a missionary petition which lays the cause of missions on the heart of him who prays it, and pledges that he will do his part, not only to bring the fullness of Christ's kingdom, but the time when his will be done on earth even as it is in heaven. We are our brother's keepers to the extent of having the duty to win him to Christ and to obedience to his word, and to us who own Christ's name and pray this prayer, has been entrusted the work of bringing the time when the law of God shall be acknowledged everywhere as the form of conduct, and his will shall be supreme. The "far-off distances" are not so distant when we realize our part in them. It is not the indefinite wish that the ideal shall in some way and at some time come to pass, but the practical realization that we are to have a share in bringing it about.

But there is no escaping the closer application. After we think of God's will done on earth as it is in heaven, by others, even the realization that we have a work and responsibility in bringing it about does not satisfy. The "circuits come nearer and nearer" until there is a sifting of one's whole private life, laying every ambition and plan, every act and every habit, before the Lord for him to purify and direct. "Thy will be done"—by us! Until we pray it in that spirit we have not begun to pray the Master's prayer. There is even a step beyond the doing of God's will; in being ready to pray that he will work his will in us. Could the prayer be more comprehensive or more personal? It is the self-surrender of absolute trust, submitting everything to the infinite wisdom and love of our Father. It is a condition of true prayer, asking what we desire, with the proviso that the Father sees that it will be well.

Is it "revolutionary?" If it is, the revolution cannot begin too soon. The life that is planned without reference to God's will must be a failure. The ambitions which cannot be submitted for his sanction, the business in which one cannot seek his blessing, the pleasures which he cannot approve, all bring blight and penalty in the end, how-

ever profitable or pleasing they may seem at the time. The wages of sin is death, inevitably, and whatever in life is contrary to his will is our loss.

It may be we are fighting against a call to special work, as Jonah did when bidden to go to Nineveh. We have another plan than God's—one that promises more ease or money or fame. It may be that conscience is telling us of duty which is unwelcome, or rebuking us for practices which are wrong, methods which would not bear the light of day, ambitions which we would fulfil at whatever cost. Then comes the prayer, "Thy will be done," and if we realize the meaning of the prayer it must mean revolution, or it is the rankest blasphemy to repeat it.

"Thy will"—our Father's will—and when we realize his love and simply learn to trust, then in confidence we pray, for we know his will is best and his way the way of love—for all things shall work together for good to those who love him.—Lutheran Observer.

The Transportation of Jule,

"Say, are you the woman what wants to give a banty rooster away?"

I turned in astonishment at this singular inquiry. The boy standing at the veranda railing was a most unprepossessing young person. I recognized him as "Jule," the bad boy of the neighborhood, of whose pranks I had heard much. I was moved to dismiss him promptly, and said: "No; I'm not the person."

"That Billy Dimmick has fooled me again," the boy muttered; "wait till I git hold of him."

He looked so cast down as he turned away that a kinder impulse came to me.

"I haven't any bantams," I said, "but I have an old hen that I would like to give to some one that would take care of her."

It was an ancient Biddy too tough for the table, and possessed of a lasting desire to sit. She had been patiently trying to hatch two China eggs for the past six weeks.

"Would you, honest, give her away for nothing?" he asked eagerly. "I hain't got any money."

"Yes," I said, "if you will take good care of her."

"O, I've got a coop made. I got some boxes from the groceryman, and some tar paper what was left from a house. It'll be as warm as anything in the winter, and there's a window in it. I've got some corn planted, too, and my mother will give me enough to feed her till mine grows. That Billy Dimmick said there was a lady wanted to give a banty rooster away, that's why I got everything ready."

So I packed "Biddy" in a covered basket, and handed her over to her new owner. As he trotted proudly away, I fancied that already he had a more manly and independent air.

I heard of him only once before autumn. A woman who was passing said to her companion: "I've got lots of raspberries this year, and for a wonder 'Jule' Biddle hasn't been around to steal any of them yet."

"It's curious how steady he is lately," said the other: "I wonder what keeps him busy."

After I overheard this conversation I hoped that "Biddy" had something to do with the reformation of Jule.

He came to see me one day in early October. He was as ragged as ever, but his hands and face were clean, which was a great improvement on his first appearance before me.

"I've come to pay for that hen," he announced, holding out a silver dollar.

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"Why, I don't want any pay," I said: "I gave her to you."

"Guess I'll pay for her," he insisted quietly.

"Where did you get the money?" I asked for I knew that the Widow Biddle was wretchedly poor.

"I sold six of my chickens yesterday. A man gave me a dollar apiece. He said they were fancy stock. I don't know how it happened, I just bought common eggs."

"So you raised chickens did you? How many have you?"

"Sixty," was the unexpected response. "I traded some of the first brood for another hen. She hatched two broods this summer and your hen hatched three. Then I worked for Mr. Dawson, and he gave me another brood."

"But didn't you lose any?" I asked.

"Yes, four of 'em died."

"You have been very fortunate," I said.

"O, I don't know. I kept the coop clean and took good care of 'em. The preacher, he gave me a book about chickens. I'm going to make an incubator by next spring, and I'm going to rent the vacant lot next to us and make a big chicken yard. I'm not going to sell any more chickens this fall. I'll keep them, and have eggs to sell in the spring."

Many more details of his work he told me as he sat on the steps, and I soon discovered that he thoroughly understood the occupation he had taken up. When he left he again offered the dollar. We finally compromised on twenty-five cents as the price of the hen, when I earnestly assured him that I could not possibly have sold it for more.

The next two or three years of Jule's life would make a long story, for in that time he changed from a bad boy into an honest, capable young business man. On the outskirts of our city stands a modest home that belongs to the Widow Biddle, and the acres behind it devoted to wide-netting chicken yards and snug looking coops, are the property of her son. He has paid for the house and farm out of his earnings—Zelia M. Walters in Christian Standard.

A Prayer.

Grant me, blessed Saviour, a quiet mind, that I be not disturbed in spirit by any experiences of my life. Speak to me Thine own words of peace. Let me find rest in Thee even while the struggle is fierce and the duties are pressing. Say to all my anxieties, "be still," and so shall I know Thine own infinite calm. Amen.—Selected.