

✿ The Young People ✿

"I don't care how much you make fun of me," he replied, good-naturedly, yet not without a red flush on his brow. "I guess I wouldn't run over a sparrow, even, when I could help it by ringing or stopping."

"Come here, please, Dick," called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. "You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out on the Darlington Boulevard. Would you like to go?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," quickly answered Dick. "I have an errand out there, and I was just dreading the walk."

"Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering whether I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. This made me willing to trust you."—Ram's Horn.

Maine's Dog Detective.

His name is Scip, and he is one of the most valuable dogs in Maine. A veritable four-legged detective is Scip.

Scip lives in Old Town when at home, and is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, of badly mixed lineage—just a common dog as far as breeding goes. He is owned by one of the state game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined.

The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the state of game birds in any way whatever.

As the people alight from the train, few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this hand bag and that bundle.

Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and dropping everything, finds Scip dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the "game" pointed by Scip, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail in "pointing" game. He may have possibly missed some, but when he has made up his doggy mind that there is a violation of the law he has always been correct so far.

But inspecting the hand baggage is not all of the little detective's work by any means. After the passengers are all out he hops into the baggage and express car and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight.

While making his usual inspection of the express car the other day he came across a barrel, to all intents and purposes containing fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scip sniffed at it, went on and then came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing as if it were full of rats.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel and found in the centre of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod, several dozen of plump partridges.

Fish shipments from a certain Washington county station have suddenly ceased.—Boston Record.

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spotted with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household whiteness
All white in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now I think I'm a neat little woman,
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise!
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

—Selected.

Dangerous.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child.

Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the older members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and place herself beside some particular favorite.

One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed upon him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder your not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble.

"On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little girl replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it."

EDITOR

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space, all articles must necessarily be short.

A. T. DYKEMAN

Officers.

President, Rev. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. G. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

Our Aim

"Culture for Service."
"We study that we may serve."

Reports From Societies.

HALIFAX, N. S.—The Tabernacle B. Y. P. U. held their annual business meeting on January 8th. The following officers were elected for the year 1904. Miss Mary Thompson, Pres.; Miss Lizzie Dickey, Vice Pres.; Wm. McEachren, Sec'y.; Wm. Hiseler, Cor. Sec'y.; Miss Nellie Barret, Treas.; Simon Smith and Roy Myers, Collectors; Mrs. Esther, Organist. We began the year 1903 with a membership of 103,—97 active and 6 associate. At the close of the year our membership was 109,—102 active, 7 associate. The Union purposes to contribute toward the B. Y. P. U. missionary this year.

WILLIAM HISELER, Cor. Sec'y.

Prayer Meeting Topic—May 15th.

Joseph and Benjamin, Gen. 43: 29-31, 34-45: 14-22.

The story of Joseph is one that charms and interests all classes. The young are deeply interested in the dramatic scenes through which he passes: the more thoughtful, see the wonder-working hand of God's Providence, bringing great and wonderful results from apparently small beginnings.

Let us study his life with this thought in view.

1. Joseph had a good start in life. He was blessed with pious parents, who had regard to their son's spiritual as well as temporal needs.

2. Though the object of deceit and jealousy, he shows a forgiving spirit. With their attempts on his life in mind, read again his treatment of his brothers when they visit him in their distress down here in Egypt.

3. In Egypt, among heathen, he is true to his God. "And the Lord was with him and made all that he did to prosper in his hand." He shows his early religious training. Being trained in the way of truth he does not depart from it.

4. Our lesson brings before us Joseph as a great man. He is a Prince in Egypt, but in this we do not see his greatness. True greatness is manifest in a tender heart, a forgiving spirit, and a fond paternal and fraternal affection. The truly great one, Jesus Christ, wept over Jerusalem. Among the greatest things that may be said of Joseph are found in verse 30, "his bowels did yearn upon his brother, and he sought where to weep, and he entered into his chamber and wept there."

A man may have the highest integrity, may be faithful in every duty and efficient in the office he may hold; yet it takes a true tear to show that he possesses the highest manhood.

5. Joseph's favoritism towards Benjamin is natural, and suggests that Divine favoritism which it is the privilege of those who can claim a brotherhood with Jesus Christ, to enjoy. While Our Brother loves all men, He has a peculiar affection for his own: "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

6. The scene before us is a reconciliation scene. It tells of all enmity being taken away and of true brotherly love once more being restored. We have here illustrated what Christ does to the soul who returns to him. He gives a conscious expression of his great love—a kiss. The past is forgotten.

Contrast the elder brother in this scene with the one in the 15th of Luke.

7. Shall we not learn the lesson:

1. "That we are our brother's keeper."

2. Our children, our friends and companions, God will require at our hands.

3. In order to influence others and be of service to them, our own lives must be pure and noble. F. M. YOUNG.

Parrsboro, N. S.

Campaign Notes.

Pastors and people take kindly to the Industrial Guild idea, and Guilds have been organized at Great Village, Bass River, DeBert, Belmont, Onslow, Clementsvalle, and Smith's Cove. Sunday's programme at Bear River was too crowded to permit organization, but many are interest-

ed and a Guild will probably be organized later. Pastor and influential men in the church like the idea. The Guild at Clementsvalle starts off with 43 charter members under the energetic leadership of Pastor Balcolm. They will probably number 80 or 100 before many moons. The pastors without exception, after hearing a fuller exposition of the subject, have expressed faith in the new enterprise as one calculated to tap the tremendous latent energies of our rural churches, and well worthy a place in the hearts of the people. They think that it is easy to work and capable of vast returns. A Guild results on every field approached thus far, and the best people are found in them.

Smith's Cove, May 3rd, '04.

A. T. ROBINSON.

Industrial Guild.

Rev. A. T. Robinson our organizer, spent Sunday the 24th with the undersigned, speaking in the interest of the Guild at Bass River and Portauquique. At the close of our evening service an enthusiastic band pledged themselves to the work, and a Guild of at least 50 members will result.

On Monday evening we visited Great Village, although this church is at present pastorless a good audience greeted us and Bro. Robinson explained the object of the Guild and at the close of the service twenty-three of the workers formed a Guild. This number will be largely increased as the people are enthusiastic.

It is remarkable how this new movement appeals to the people, and yet it is not remarkable for God is undoubtedly back of it. Bro. Robinson is the right man in the right place and doubtless his mission will result in large blessings.

To-night we visit DeBert and then Bro. Robinson will continue his journey until the provinces are covered.

Bass River, N. S., Apr. 25th, 1904.

G. A. LAWSON.

A Call For Help.

My Dear Friends:—I take the liberty to write you a short letter re a very important matter, which the Executive of the Maritime B. Y. P. U. has undertaken. We have put Rev. A. T. Robinson of Middle Sackville in the field, and have started him out to organize branches of the Guild, in the interests of the mission work of our Young People's Societies. We have guaranteed to pay all expenses while in the field, and to this end it will be necessary for us to raise something over \$100. A number of friends are loaning us sums ranging from \$25 down for this purpose. If you can see your way clear to help in a great work like this, and would be willing to loan \$5 or 10 dollars to this enterprise I shall be glad to receive it, and will return it to you in the fall, when we have realized from the work of the Industrial Guild for the summer, or will credit you for the same amount, and will add it to the amount paid over to the Foreign Mission Board. If you are not familiar with the workings of the Guild, read the MESSENGER AND VISITOR of January 27. Any offering, however large or small, will be accepted as a great favor.

Most sincerely yours,

HOWARD H. ROACH, Pres. M. B. Y. P. U.

Illustrative Gatherings.

(SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.)

Where there is life, real, spiritual life, there is also progress in that life. A plant which makes no shoots, or growth, is dead or sickly.

"Though our outward man perish, yet our inward man is renewed day by day."

Salter.

Chemists tell us that a single grain of iodine will impart color to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things: one companion, one book, one habit may affect the whole of life and character.

Anon.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

The growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like an oak which increases slowly but surely. Many suns showers and frosts, pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and in winter, when it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.

Newton.

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little and day by day.