

book opened again, such a dose of reading as I've had. Not but what I admit I'd never survived without it. I'd have died of sheer lonesomeness and other folks' gossip. And you've been real good to come so constant, and that when you might have had more agreeable occupation, no doubt."

"I'm glad if I have been of any service to you, Aunt Ethelinda," said Elsiebeth.

"Yes, I actually believe you are. Once I'd have thought you were just putting on if you talked like that, but actions speak louder than words. What are you going to do with yourself this fall? Is your father going to send you to Riverside?"

"O, no. He cannot afford it. I—I think I will go to Ronald Gresham's store at the Corner for the winter. He wants a clerk."

"Now don't tell me that any Sheldon could come down to clerking for a Gresham," interrupted Aunt Ethelinda, acridly. "I draw the line at that. Go in to my bed-room and bring me out that inlaid box on the bureau."

Aunt Ethelinda took the box, selected a key from the huge bunch dangling at her belt, and opened it. From it she took a little roll of money.

"Here, Ethelinda, is sixty dollars—what was left of my monument fund after the doctor's bill was paid. It's for you. It'll pay your board and get you a quarter's lessons in Riverside at least."

"Aunt Ethelinda," protested Elsiebeth, "I could never think of taking it—never! But thank you, just the—"

"Fiddsticks! Of course you're going to take it. I've given up the idea of a monument. When I was lying there on my back, thinking, thinking, thinking half the day and most of the night, I can tell you, Elizabeth Sheldon, I took count of the things that were worth while, and monuments weren't among them. 'What's the use of my trying to have a handsomer monument than Mrs. Roderick's?' I thought. 'If I toiled and moiled for a hundred years I could never get such a monument as Mrs. Roderick has, the memory in folks' hearts of all her kind deeds and words and smiles. If I had tons of marble over me it would only serve to remind folks what a cantankerous old crank I was.' So I just said to myself, 'Ethelinda Clyde, you will take what money you've got and do some good with it before you die. And you'll hurry, for your an old woman and will likely go off sudden, like all the Clyde's.' Now Elizabeth, you've been as good as an angel to me this summer in spite of all the biting things I've said right along. It used to be a real satisfaction to say them at the time, but after you had gone they hurt me worse than they ever hurt you. If you won't take this money it will be about the cuttingest revenge you can get on me."

Elsiebeth flushed crimson.

"Aunt Ethelinda," she said, gently. "I will take it—as a loan. You must let me pay you back in time. I'll be able to do it after I get a start."

"Well, well, if nothing else will do you we can arrange it so. But you're not to feel hurried about paying it back, mind that. I'm never going to use it for a monument, anyhow. And—thank you Elizabeth, for all your goodness to me this summer."

Elsiebeth ran over and threw her arms about Aunt Ethelinda, she said, kissing her. "You've given me my heart's desire."

"Well, well, don't say anything about it," said Aunt Ethelinda, beginning to knit furiously. "Thanks are embarrassing things. I declare they are, whether they're given or taken. Now, you go to Riverside and do your best. But I must say I hope when you come home you won't be like Amelia Fisher—able to play nothing but them shivery, up-high-there-and-way-down-here 'classical' things. For pity sake, get your professor to learn you something with a tune to it!"—N. Y. Advocate.

### Wise Silence.

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars. The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay.

"What can you say about Caligula?"

He did not know that Caligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman Emperors. But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and the ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Caligula the better."

He passed.

## The Young People

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, 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.

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### Prayer Meeting Topic, March 19th, 1905.

Glorifying God in our Daily Work. Matt. 5: 13-16. Rom. 12: 11.

Salvation is not an individual affair alone; its larger purpose is a world redeemed. True it is redeemed unit by unit but the units are, not stored, they are employed. Each saved one is a factor in this larger accomplishment until the forfeited heritage is restored, until the indwelling of God in man and in men as well as in all his world, is an actual fact. As we are redeemed, we come into this relationship, and when we pass off the active stage and we rest, "our work do follow us." The life of each redeemed one is the life, undoubtedly, intended from the beginning which was to be fellowship with God on earth as fellowship is now with him in Heaven. Hence the life I now live, I live by the Son of God. "Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ live in me." Therefore the natural outflow of such living is the glorifying of God in our daily work. God glorifying is the bringing to pass of his grand design.

Why like salt and light? Our first scripture is a section from the Sermon on the Mount. This section of the Sermon logically follows the preceding one which deals with the character of the members of the kingdom. If one is a such a moral pauper, i. e. if he stands before God in a state of absolute destitution, a beggar with no power to alter his condition or to make himself better, he is in the kingdom. Realizing that this is his true condition, the condition in which God sees him, he mourns because of it. If his mourning does not result in hopelessness, it produces meekness, and that meekness fills him with desire—a desire for righteousness as strong and urgent as hunger and thirst are in the physical realm—he cannot become other than salt and light in the world.

However these are but the characteristics of a redeemed human nature, more glorious transformation is for the believer. He inevitably takes on the divine characteristics of the King of the Kingdom, for his nature becomes God-like. "Filled with righteousness the man is now prepared to exercise the divinest prerogative of sovereignty—mercy—the special prerogative of its rightful exercise, it must rest on righteousness. The exercise of mercy, except by righteousness is wrong. It cannot be mercy in its full, clear shining character, if there be not the fullest conception of righteousness accompanying the act. Otherwise it is moral indifference or sentimentalism." Is that not as salt and light in the world?

Such practices find administration in purity of heart, and being pure in heart we shall see God. Even in this life behold him by faith, and surely our faces and characters will glow with the divine life, even as Moses' face shone after he had spoken with God. Thus shall we be lights in this world.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on the Armish rock, Stornoway Bay—a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: "On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Armish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction." The consequence is that, to all intents and purposes, a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthousekeeper, and yet which gives as serviceable light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service room, bedroom, living room, storeroom, oil-room, water tanks and all other accessories were erected on the summit of the rock.

With characters, having their blemishes and imperfections daily being removed by the "pierced hand," we reflect the clear shining of the indwelling God in our hearts."

As salt we shall preserve unless we come in contact with the world, so as to be of the world, then becoming worldly we shall lose our savor, or as the Greek signifies "to become insipid, also meaning to play the fool." Dr. Thomp-

son, (The Land and the Book) cites the following case: "A merchant of Sidon, having farmed of the government the revenue from the importation of salt, brought over a great supply from the marshes of Cyprus—enough in fact, to supply the whole province for many years. This he had transferred to the mountains, to cheat the government out of some small percentage of duty. Sixty-five houses were rented and filled with salt. Such houses were merely earthen floors, and the salt next the ground was in a few years, entirely spoiled. I saw large quantities of it literally thrown into the road to be trodden under foot of men and beasts. It was 'good for nothing.'"

### 'LETTING THE LIGHT SHINE.'

BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D. D., L. L. D.

He who said, "I am the Light of the world," also said "Ye are the light of the world." The source of the world's light in either case is the same; for ours is derived a reflected light. Our graces of character are like the rays which illumined the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of God; they are but a reflection of the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ. Our graces come from his grace. Like the stars (planets) our light comes from looking upon the glorious face of the sun. If we have any power to illumine the pathway of life, it is because the sun of righteousness hath risen upon us with healing in his rays.

Our Lord never bade his disciples to let their light shine until he had shown them the seven-fold rays which make the white light of Christ an character; Humility, Contrition, Meekness, Mercy, Purity, Peace, Endurance. Each is "blessed." Peter, who heard the sermon on the mount, reproduced it in a sentence when he said, "Finally, be ye all like-minded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humble minded; not rendering evil for evil or reviling for reviling; but contrariwise blessing; for hereunto were ye called, that ye might inherit a blessing."

It is this inherited blessing, which we are to share with the world and which blesses him that gives as well as him that receives. Truth first embodied in a personal Saviour and then in saved persons saves others.

The unanswerable argument against unbelief is the life of the believer. "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; being made manifest that ye are an epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; nor in tables of stone, but in tables that are hearts of flesh." The stars [planets] no more tell us that the sun is shining some where than these "living epistles" tell of "a light that never was on sea or land" save as it shines in: the face of Jesus Christ. No marvel that City hath no need of the sun or of the moon to shine upon it, for the Lamb is the light thereof. There can be no night there where each face is bright with the joy of the Lord. Nor can there be any night here if we obey our Lord's command to let the light shine and are ourselves luminous with his presence, the power that worketh in us mightily.

The last time our Lord was ever seen by mortal eye was when he was walking amid the golden candlesticks to see if this command were obeyed. The churches are his golden candlesticks whose office it is to send afar the light, the beautiful light of God. This is serving the Lord in "the beauty of holiness," when piety in both natural and appropriate ways—the light on the candlestick and not under a bushel, as if in very shame—gives light unto all in the house.

The surprises of "that day" will be in having recounted in our hearing countless beautiful works, radiant with comfort and love, of which the believer has no recollection, because it had become second nature to do good to all men, especially to them of the household of faith. Equally surprising will be the command, "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity," given to those whose supposed good works were their passport to the skies, but whose righteousness was simply that of the Pharisees. Moses, the meekest of men, knew not that his face shone even when he had spent forty days and nights with God, but the beauty of the Lord God was upon him. It was what he was that made him God's spokesman to the nations, although like Paul he deemed himself "less than the least of all saints," or with the Baptist, "I am not that Light, but am sent to bear witness of the Light."

Liverpool, N. S.

W. B. CROWELL.

Salvation alone can rouse in us a sense of our sinfulness. One must have got a good way before he can be sorry for his sins. There is no condition of sorrow laid down as necessary to forgiveness. Repentance does not mean sorrow; it means turning away from the sins. Every man can do that, more or less. And that every man must do. The sorrow will come afterwards, all in good time. Jesus offers to take us out of our own hands into his, if we will only obey him.