

May 31, 1899.

for her presence. True, they will interrupt her. There are some things she will not be able to do if she stops to mend the broken dolly, or to find the proper bobs for the tail of a kite; but she will be guarding, training, developing her children, and is there anything in the world of equal importance?

But sometimes it is not possible for a mother to exercise a choice of her children's friends. She may be obliged to live in a neighborhood or to send to a school where the children as a class are not what she would desire. Under such circumstances what can a mother do? Shall she isolate her children and deny them the companionship which is their natural right, and without which they can not healthfully develop. That surely is not the best. If she is a brave woman, with a heart full of love and wisdom, she has an opportunity given her for helpfulness that an angel might envy. The object lesson of one good mother who is training her children successfully is worth a thousand years of preaching in such a neighborhood. But in order to help others without injuring her own, she must live very near to the children's hearts, she must possess their full confidence. Few mothers do that, yet the moment a child has a thought which he wishes to conceal from his mother he is in danger.

We often speak of the great influence for evil which a child wields. We do not think so much as we should of what a tremendous power for good a sweet, pure-minded, unselfish child possesses. Other children can not be with such a child without longing to be like him and trying to imitate him. Therefore, the mother of such a child need not fear to let her children who are not morally his equals be in his company if she is also near. They may visit your children when it might not be wise for your children to frequent their homes, and from the sunlight of your presence and the sweet influence of your child the neglected little ones will be surely lifted into a higher life.—Christian Work.

An Every-Day Hero.

Reuben was a boy who dreamed of the heroic, but unheroically allowed his mother to weary herself out in matters where he might have given the helping hand. One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the schoolmaster's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero." "Halloo!" he cried. "What is this about? I want to be a hero."

The story was something like this: A few years ago the traveller might have seen a charming little village, now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and their burned cattle. One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages. Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow, leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?" "Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed. "But the boy said: 'Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, I knew it was the right thing to do.'"

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something. "I wonder now if that is true," he thought. "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time. There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."—Our Boys and Girls.

More Faith.

"I hear men everywhere praying for more faith," says Phillips Brooks, "but when I listen to them carefully, and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight."

"What shall I do with sorrow that God has sent me?" "Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there is in it, if I only saw how it would help me, then I could bear it. What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow."

"In both of these cases you do not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is but sight."

"You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task."

"Faith says not, 'I see that it is good for me,' and so God must have sent it," but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me."

"Faith, walking in the dark with God, only prays him to clasp his hand more closely; does not even ask him for the lightning of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself."—The Religious Telescope.

MESSANGER AND VISITOR.

The Young People

EDITOR,

J. B. MORGAN

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic—June 4th.

Wheat and Tares, Matt. 13: 24-30.

The figure of this parable is that of a man sowing good seed and an enemy sowing tares in his field. The latter was done "while men slept." This phrase contains no more than the fact that it was at night when the enemy did his work. It does not suggest reproach for lack of vigilance on the part of the husbandmen. It does however suggest the malicious and insidious nature of sin.

The enemy "went his way." He did not require to watch over his sowing. Sin is of a spontaneous nature. It will grow without cultivation. It is the good that needs to be cultivated not the base. "Then appeared the tares." Evil grows side by side with good. In fact the devil aims that it should grow there. He would rather sow tares in the church than in the world. Be not dismayed with the ugly appearance of evil.

The suggestion of the servants to "go and gather the tares up," is met by an emphatic "nay" from the Master. Is this a discouragement of discipline in the church? No. He suggested this, that the final irrevocable, separation of good from evil is the prerogative of God, not of man. We are not to say who are to be finally damned.

See some passages setting forth the terrible doom of the ungodly under the image of fire, Matt. 3: 10-12; 7: 19; Jno. 15: 6; Heb. 6: 8; Isa. 5: 24; 9: 18-19. Shun every appearance of evil. Seek to make the growth of the wheat so abundant that there will be the least possible room for the growth of the tares.

Middleton, N. S.

C. W. CORRY.

Editorial Notes.

COMMUNICATIONS.

It quite frequently happens that communications from societies reach us on Thursday, just one mail too late for next week's paper. No doubt when these reports fail to appear the following week a sense of disappointment is experienced by the senders. Please observe that all matter must reach the editor not later than Wednesday to insure publication in the following Wednesday's issue.

ON THE RICHMOND PROGRAMME.

It will be highly gratifying to his many friends and admirers in both our Y. P. Societies and churches to learn that Rev. E. M. Keirstead, D. D., of Acadia University has received and accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the Richmond Convention. His subject, "The Disciple and His Books," will be one upon which the Dr. is peculiarly well qualified to speak. We congratulate the International committee upon the felicity of their choice of both speaker and subject, and are confident that neither the dignity nor profit of their programme will suffer therefrom. We also feel that our Maritime Young People are also to be congratulated upon the certainty of being so ably represented before their fellow Unioners of this great Continent.

Among the Societies.

NORTH ALTON, N. S.

North Alton wishes to report of the organization of a Baptist Young People's Union. On Thursday, April 13, Rev. B. N. Nobles met with a number of the young people for the purpose of organizing this Union. The meeting opened with singing, a passage of scripture was read and explained by the pastor. The constitution was then read and an invitation was given to all who wished to join the Union. Twelve responded to the invitation, since then our number has increased by four active and thirteen associate members. Although we have only a few members, yet we trust in God that many more may join our Union and receive the blessings which are in Christ Jesus, we remember God's promise that "where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." We have learned that to grow in grace and retain the blessing God gives, it is necessary to tell what He has done for us. Our officers for the first quarter are as follows: Mr. E. M. Ringer, president; Mr. Willy Ward, vice-president; Miss Bessie May McIntosh, rec.-sec'y; Miss Bessie May Ward, cor.-sec'y; Miss Margarette Ward, treasurer.

May 17th.

B. M. WARD, Cor.-Sec'y.

PARRSBORO, N. S.

We have a B. Y. P. U. in Parrsboro. Sorry there has been no notice of it in the MESSANGER AND VISITOR ere

this. Previous to 1895 we were connected with the C. E. Society. We then reorganized under the name of B. Y. P. U., with a membership of twenty-two. We have now a membership of thirty-three. We could make a better showing with reference to numbers, were it not that recently we have revised our list. Our president is Miss Bertha Cameron who has always been a most faithful member. Though we do not progress as rapidly as we could wish, still we are making some advance. The attendance during the year has been good. Our pastor, Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, conducted a series of lectures or lessons entitled, "Baptists,—What they are and what they believe." These were most interesting and all were sorry when the course was completed. We are trying to hold regular missionary meetings. Our first one, which was held last month was a public meeting and our collection for denominational work amounted to twenty-three dollars. We pray that the Holy Spirit may be our leader and that our lives may be fully consecrated to the work of Christ.

May 19th.

MAY S. JENKS, Sec.

Forgetting to Pedal.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

The other day the writer was talking to a friend about riding the bicycle. In the course of the conversation my friend spoke in substance as follows: "Riding the wheel was not as difficult a matter to me as it seems to some others. I learned to mount easily and could ride without difficulty, but in the early days of my riding I sometimes forgot that I needed to pedal." Now every one who rides a wheel well knows that if a man forgets to pedal that one thing will certainly happen, and that is that the machine will soon come to a standstill. Pedaling is the only means of locomotion, and keeping it up is the only way of satisfactory progress. The more vigorous the pedaling the better the going. And yet are there not a great many people in the world who are like my friend in this matter of forgetting to pedal? A young man gets a good start in life. He has a fine education. He secures a fair position in business. Friends prophesy of him that he is going to prosper. Somehow or other, however, he does not succeed. Others pass him, on the road to fame or to fortune, and, perhaps, he is soon left behind altogether. What is the matter? Nothing, only that he has forgotten to pedal. He simply sat still in the saddle of opportunity and his life collapsed into failure. May not the same thing be said of many young Christians and many churches, and of many ministers even?

For a time they ran well. Success and prosperity seemed a certainty to them. But suddenly they came to a standstill. Like my friend with his bicycle they forgot to pedal, and the fair promise they made came to nothing. They did not work out their salvation. They did not persevere on the highway of righteousness. They did not keep "everlastingly at it." They simply stopped pedaling, and their progress was over. There is no success without labor. He who would get on in this world and make permanent and satisfactory progress must pedal.—The Commonwealth.

O almighty God, give to thy servant a meek and gentle spirit, that I may be slow to anger, and easy to mercy and forgiveness. Give me a wise and constant heart, that I may never be moved to an intemperate anger for any injury that is done or offered. Lord, let me ever be courteous, and easy to be entreated, let me never fall into a peevish or contentious spirit, but follow peace with all men; offering forgiveness, inviting them by courtesies, ready to confess my own errors, apt to make amends, and desirous to be reconciled. Let no sickness or accident, no employment or weariness, make me angry or ungentle and discontented, or unthankful, or uneasy, to them that minister to me; but in all things make me like unto the holy Jesus.—Amen. Jeremy Taylor.

On To Richmond

At the expense of the Messenger and Visitor. For fifty paid one-year new subscriptions to this paper transportation from any point in the Provinces to Richmond, and return, will be cheerfully furnished.

For one hundred new subscriptions this paper will pay all expenses of one delegate to Richmond.

These expenses would include transportation, sleepers, meals, hotels, and one or two short side-trips.

Above offerings are most liberal. They offer a delightful and profitable trip to the B. Y. P. U. Convention, in the charming southern City of Richmond, Virginia. They carry one through Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Counties may be so canvassed that the necessary 50 or 100 subscribers will be readily secured. At least ten of our friends should come down upon us for the large expense we are ready to assume. Think it over early and be ready to work yourself and to work your friends. This is half the battle.

ON TO RICHMOND!!