

But how could she give her treasure up? She could almost feel the sweet, cool juice in her mouth as she thought about it. Yet the teacher had said that the wine that would have tasted so good to the Samaritan, would be ten times more refreshing to the poor wounded man. So little Nellie thought it over and over until, all at once, she felt she could hold back no longer. The teacher heard a little voice say, "Please, will you send this to the Indians?"—while the little, thin hand held up the orange.

Great was the child's disappointment when she heard that India was so far away that her orange would either be rotten or lost before it reached its destination. The teacher, however, sorry to repulse the child's generous thoughts, kindly bought the orange from her and put the sum at the head of the list of offerings.

Several other little ones, stirred by Nellie's noble example, now brought out halfpennies from their secret hiding-places; but no offering, I think, was of more value in the eyes of the Lord Jesus than Nellie's orange. Like the poor widow we read of in the Gospels, she gave her "all."—London (England) Sunday-school Times.

Read Up and Look About.

Bishop Whipple says that when he went into the west to preach he was exceedingly anxious to reach artisans and railway operatives, of whom there were hundreds in Chicago. He called upon William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, and asked his advice as to the best way of approaching the employees of the road.

"How much do you know about a steam engine?" asked McAlpine.

"Nothing."

"Then," said McAlpine, "read 'Lardner's Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool."

The clergyman had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he "read up," and in due season went to the round-house of the Galena Railway, where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked, at a venture:

"Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?"

This brought out information about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said good-bye, he added:

"Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you need me, shall be glad to go to you."

The following Sunday every man was in church.—Standard.

Mother Knows Best.

Bossy in the barnyard has a little calf;
When it tries to stagger round, all the cattle laugh.
Bossy's very proud of it, licks it gently over,
Mooing songs of shady trees, brooks, and budding clover.
"Don't you wander off, my dear, stay by me and rest;
For your Mamma Bossy Knows best."

Biddy in the henhouse had a nest of eggs;
Now they're little balls of down on tiny yellow legs.
Biddy clinks to them a song of spiders, worms, and slugs;
Scratches up the earth for them and finds them tender bugs;
Spreads her wings and folds them in around her speckled vest,—
"For your Mamma Biddy Knows best."

Tabby in the woodshed has some little kits;
When old Tower ventures in, lifts her back and spits;
Washes up their fuzzy coats and keeps them clean and nice;
Purrs to them a wondrous tale of frogs and birds and mice.
Don't you dare to venture yet far from mother's breast,
"For your Mamma Tabby Knows best."

Dinah in the kitchen has a little boy;
Dinah's very fond of him, full of pride and joy;
Sets him on the kitchen floor behind the ironing board;
Sings to him of Zion and the glory of the Lord;
Shakes him when he runs away—"You set still, you pes!"
"Po' yo' Mammy Dinah Knows best."

Mother in the parlor has a baby fair—
Rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and tumbled yellow hair;
Clothes it in the costliest of ribbon and of lace;
Glories in its beauty and its dainty baby grace;
Sings it that same lullaby, "Rest, my baby, rest;
The safest place for any babe is on its mother's breast,
For the Mother always Knows best."

—Louise Connolly, in Kindergarten Review.

We can outrun the wind and the storm, but we cannot outrun the demon of Harry. The farther we go, the harder he spurs us. What we save in time we must make up in space, we must cover more surface.—John Burroughs.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Saloon Power Doomed. Psalm 37:1-10. (Temperance Meeting.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Job 38 "Gird up thy loins like a man" (vs. 3.) Compare I Kings 2:1.
Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Job 39. God careth for all creation. Compare Matt. 10:10.
Wednesday, Sept. 25.—Job 40. Job's acknowledgment (vs. 4.) Compare Ezra 9:6.
Thursday, Sept. 26.—Job 41. God's power in the deep. Compare Isa. 37:29.
Friday, Sept. 27.—Job 42. Job restored and prospered. Compare James 5:11.
Saturday, Sept. 28.—Psalm 148. All nature to praise God. Compare Ps. 103:20-21.

We are receiving no news items from our Unions. What is the matter? Has the doings of our Maritime Union paralyzed you all? What do you think of the prospect of a course of Bible study? Our Committee are even now hard at it, and we expect to hear something practical from them in a short time. Let us hear from somebody so that we may feel the pulse of our movement and know that the thing is living.

Prayer Meeting Topic—Sept. 22.

The Saloon Power Doomed. Ps. 37:1-10.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE SALOON.

If the saloon power is doomed, it will doubtless be another generation that must exercise the judgment—unless, indeed, God's angel descend with swift fire. Men to-day, alas, seem joined to political and commercial idols to such an extent that they are afraid to touch it—this despicable, deadly thing, the saloon. Some men would sell out home and heaven for it. The newspaper press seems to have gone over bodily to the brewery syndicate, nothing else accounting for their concert of senseless and yet persistent prevarication on the canteen matter. When will they give the public credit for common sense? When will they cease to treat the people as children? But another generation is coming to the front. And if not the next, the one after the next and if not that—then God! Sometime this question of the despotism of the saloon is going to be settled, and settled right. For Jehovah is on the throne, and "when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. 26:9). It is coming. Get ready for it.

THE SCRIPTURE.

"Thou shalt diligently consider this place and—(Hebrew) not or nothing." Where is it? Nowhere. Bring up a number of Scriptures from memory regarding the curse of drink. It is God's curse upon drink. Then read the lesson of the evening together. Get its unfretting calm into mind and heart; be quieted by its peaceful trust in the sure promises and the unbroken and unbreakable purposes of God; be inspired and established by its hope and assurance of better things. God is God, and on that account, in spite of men and devils, good is coming.

GOVERNMENT VS SALOON.

The saloon power is doomed, or the government is doomed; one or the other. These two cannot go along much farther in partial and divided sovereignty. The government can brook at last no rival to its supremacy—that is its nature and its honor. The saloon seems set for despotic sway: that is its nature and its ultimate damnation! Gradually it has been asserting itself, helped on by previous successes, to the verge of usurpation. Presently, like its master, Satan, it will overstep the bounds, it will commit arrant treason—it cannot be far off—then the state will cut its head off its impious head. Hasten the day!

ARMY VS SALOON.

The saloon is doomed, or the army; one or the other. They have joined hands about as long as they can afford to. O, the miserable shame of it. A flag that must drench its colors in beer in the supposed interests of patriotism. Did you see the pitiable, infantile wall of one of the privates from the ranks the other day addressed to the Women's Christian Temperance Union (some of our religious journalists even were caught by its mandolin pathos)? "Let our canteen alone. You are depriving the soldier boys of their mess!" Poor starved boys; poor, penniless Uncle Sam! And has it come to this,

that the Army of the United States must go begging, and in such company and fashion, with hat in hand, in order to get its fighting men something to eat! It is all wretched subterfuge along with the colossal lying of recent days, in the interest of a debauched notoriety, among both officers and privates. But how about the men who do not drink; that is, not yet? When it gets to the point that we cannot maintain a standing army, a company of decent wardens of our liberties and privileges, without the government saloon, for mendicancy or murder, we shall choose to abolish the army, saloon and all. But we believe in a clean and manly soldiery; so do the American people at large. Therefore the army saloon must go.

HOME VS SALOON.

The saloon is doomed or the home. These war at heart against each other. One or the other must go down. And yet the saloon calls itself a kind of shelter and home for the workingmen. Look around the corner at the place where his wife and children live, and you will see at what dreadful forfeiture and expense this workingman's home or clubroom is maintained. And if you will go over to England where the women are more and more shamelessly frequenting the tavern and wretchedly neglecting the sanctuary of the hearthstone, you will see the next step in the terrible degradation, a down grade that some easy moralists are advocating for our own America. O, some day we shall wake up from this horrid nightmare that we have been under! Sometime we shall look back and say, Is it possible that we should ever have given such entrance and harborage to the adversary of all that is good and pure, the almy serpent of the saloon. Out with you, vile scullion and scum of perdition!

CHURCH VS SALOON.

The saloon is doomed, or the church. Which shall we have of these two? They face each other to-day, and men must give choice. The church is set for all that is fine and fair; the saloon for all that is base and bad; one for decency, the other for devilishness; one for the Christ of the world, the other for the curse of the world. We are by no means in doubt. God's word is just as clear for the enthronement of the one as for the dethronement and destruction of the other. But O, to see God's people stand up for the things of God and against the things of Satan, and do it at once! There is just one safe and sound position for the Christian to-day—that is to hate the hateful, hateful to man, hateful to God. Hence total abstinence as to the beverage, total abolition, as far and as fast as is practicable with reference to the traffic in strong drink. This is the right stand of the follower of the Nazarene—till he come. And as for the preacher, pained be the tongue that speaks for aught else than righteousness in the house of a righteous God! At the opening of the Bible and at its close drunkenness is spoken of, and it both cases in connection with the curse of the race. But also at the opening of the Bible and at its close, a river of pure water, and around about it and drinking of it the everlasting and ever blessed people of the living God.

"It was little John's tracks that made me change my course," said the father. "Out there in the plowed ground right alongside of or behind my own I saw everywhere the print of his little feet. I just had to mend my ways for the lad's sake."

They called on your humble servant, one time on the sudden, for a temperance speech. It was up in the Adirondacks. Fortunately there were reinforcements present, reinforcements of the right sort. "My boy, what is a saloon?"—this spoken to a nine-year old that had gone up with his father into the North Woods. "Don't know," he said. "Friends, here is a boy that doesn't know what a saloon is. Do you know why? He has been brought up in a no-license town." Enough said. May the Lord grant us yet a generation of boys and girls that never saw that moral atrocity called a saloon.

J. W. WEDDELL, in Baptist Union.

Convention Nuggets.

When the gospel brings joy to a soul, it will bring to that soul a missionary zeal.

The neglect of the study of the Word will bring a lack of evangelism.

We must discover our Theology and not invent.

The best way to convert the home land is to convert the heathen.

We cannot have Jesus Christ just for ourselves; He left Capernaum.

It is necessary to serve in order to stay free.

The storm centre of the whole missionary problem lies here in the home fields.

We may have heaven to go to Heaven in.