

wife and lovely children shared with him the joy of a happy home.

One day there came to the cottage a Persian priest. That priest sat down with Hafed and told him how diamonds were made. "If you had a diamond," said the priest, "as big as your thumb, you could purchase many farms like this, and if you had a bushel you could own the whole country."

That moment El Hafed became poor. All his possessions seemed to lose their value, as the feeling of discontent filled his soul. He said: "I must have a mine of diamonds. What is the use of spending one's life, in this way, in this narrow sphere? I want a mine, and shall have it!"

That night he could not sleep. Early next morning he went to the priest and asked where he could find those diamonds. "If you want diamonds," said the priest, "go and get them." "Won't you please tell me where I could get them?" said El Hafed. "Well, if you go and find high mountains, with a deep river running between them, over sand you will find diamonds."

The enthusiastic, restless and dissatisfied farmer sold his farm, took the money, and went off in search of diamonds. He began through Egypt and Palestine. Years passed while he was pursuing his useless search. At last he went over through Europe and one day, broken-hearted, in rags, a hungry pauper, stung with humiliation and crushed by his bitter disappointments, he stood on the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. He looked at the big waves as they came rolling by and listened to the whisper that invited him to peace, and, in the moment of despair, threw himself in and sank, never to rise again.

The man who purchased El Hafed's farm, led his camel out one day to the stream at the edge of the garden to drink. While the camel buried his nose in the water, the man noticed a white flash of glittering, glistening, sparkling something at his feet. Out of curiosity, he reached down and picked up a black stone with a strange eye of light in it, which seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to the house and laid it on the mantel, and soon forgot all about it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He noticed the flash of light from the mantel and sprang toward it in amazement, and exclaimed: "Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned?" "Oh, no, that is not a diamond. It is a stone we found out in the garden." "But I tell you that it is a diamond," and the two men went out in the garden and stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands beautiful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This is all historically true. It was the discovery of the wonderful mines of Golconda, and the founding of the line of Great Moguls. The guide swung his cap and said, "Had El Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time, and the most honored."—Ex.

Aunt Annie's Lion.

When my Aunt Annie was a little girl and I was a baby, our home was with our grandparents. They lived then in a large house out in the country, several miles from their nearest neighbors; and they often had to go to the big village, ten miles away, on business, and leave us alone.

One day, just before they started away, grandpa said to Aunt Annie: "Now, Annie, if Mary cries, give her her bottle and rock her to sleep. We shan't be home before nine o'clock, and probably she will sleep all the evening. If you hear anything at the door do not open it as it might be the lion."

There had been a circus in the village the week before; and as there were no railroads in those days, it had come very close to grandpa's on its way to the next town. Soon after it had passed some men had come back and asked grandpa if he had seen a lion; for Royal Ben, as they called him, had escaped. He had not been captured as far as any one knew; and people felt very nervous over the idea that a lion might be prowling about in the woods and hills nearby.

After grandfather and grandmother drove away my Aunt Annie sat down in the big arm-chair by the open fire, and was soon fast asleep. After a while I was hungry, and woke and cried. (Of course, I don't remember these things myself, but my Aunt Annie has often told me the story. She was about nine years old then.) My crying aroused my Aunt Annie, and she gave me my bottle of milk and rocked me to sleep again in my cradle. She was very wide awake by this time, when all of a sudden, she heard a roar. My Aunt Annie had never heard a lion before, but she knew it was Royal Ben as soon as she heard the sound.

"Bur-r-r-r!" roared the hungry beast again, away off in the distance.

My Aunt Annie put the bar across the door and drew all the curtains. Then she sat down and waited and listened. Presently she heard it again, but nearer this time, so close that she knew the lion was in the barn.

"Oh, he will get Tommy!" she thought when she heard it. Tommy was her pet sheep.

"Bur-r-r-r-r!" roared Royal Ben, and my Aunt Annie knew that the lion must be almost up to the house by this time.

"Oh, he is after you," she said, beginning to cry; and she snatched me out of the cradle and put me up in the china closet and shut the door.

This woke me. It was dark and cold up there, and I suppose I did not like it. So I cried as loud as I could.

"Be quiet," said my Aunt Annie, in a low tone, "or the old lion will get you!"

I didn't know what a lion was then, but I did know that I was not being treated right. So I just cried and cried up there on the shelf in the china closet.

Soon my Aunt Annie heard the lion again on the porch. And then in a minute it roared once more—this time in the room, on the table—and my Aunt Annie went over to the table, and looked; and what do you think she saw? The lion!

After a minute she laughed, and came to the china closet, and took me out and put me back in the cradle.

But the lion? Oh, the lion wasn't in the room at all! It was a blue-bottle fly buzzing in the big milk jar on the table.—C. B. Magruder, in Little Folks.

The Young People

EDITOR

W. L. ARCHIBALD.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

With this issue of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, the present editor of the B. Y. P. U. page completes his work. This opportunity is taken to express the kindest appreciation for the work of those who have prepared Comments on the Prayer Meeting Topics during the past thirteen months.

Rev. A. T. Dykeman, of Fairville, N. B., the new editor, needs no introduction to the readers of this page. He has long been known as a true and tried friend of the Young People's Work. The work of the new editor will begin next week. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of every one who wishes success to the B. Y. P. U. movement.

The re-election of Rev. H. H. Roach as president of the Maritime Union is approved by all. His untiring efforts for the advancement of the work have been duly appreciated.

The presence of Rev. Walter Calley, D. D., at the St. John Convention was a real source of inspiration. His soul-stirring words will long be remembered and bear fruit in the days to come.

Another New Forward Movement.

The Baptist Unions of the Maritime Provinces will endeavor to support a missionary on the foreign field.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday—To have high ideals (Gen. 37: 5-11).
Tuesday—To bear injustice (Gen. 37: 18-28).
Wednesday—Not to remain a menial (Gen. 39: 1-6).
Thursday—To show kindness (Gen. 40: 1-23).
Friday—To give God the glory (Gen. 41: 25-28).
Saturday—To believe God's promises (Gen. 50: 22-26).
Sunday—"God's Covenant with David" II Sam. 7: 4-16.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—October 11.

Great men of the Bible—What Joseph teaches us. Genesis 41: 14-16, 42-46.

The story of Joseph is unique. It has a charm for young and old alike, and it is ever new in its interest and inspiration. Even apart from its religious value it is a gem in literature. Whatever way you turn a diamond, it flashes out rays of light of various hues, but all exquisitely beautiful. Such a gem is the story of Joseph. Let us consider some of the lessons it has to teach us.

1. Joseph teaches us the value of deep and earnest piety. Like Timothy, he was trained in the things of God. The roots of divine principle had worked deep down in his nature and blossomed in his life. With him religion was a vital principle and most potent force. He knew God. He walked with Him; talked with him; in fact his fellowship with his Lord was so genuine and constant that in darkness he was not distrustful, in desertion he was not lonely, in temptation he was not weak, and in disaster he did not despair. He was so thoroughly religious that it was easy and natural for him to act religiously. His piety was of the manly type. He was human enough, a man among men, "using the world and not abusing it." His brothers might gob him of his coat but they could not rob him of his character. They could make him the slave of Potiphar, but they could not make him the slave of sin. His piety was not a sentiment but a principle, moulding his thought, feeling, and powerfully operative in his life. Such piety is the need of every life in every age.

2. He was righteously ambitious and wisely sagacious. Evidently his sole object in life was to glorify God. If this could be best accomplished in servitude or as a prisoner in a dungeon, then that was his place. Prison or palace, it mattered not which, so long as he was in his appointed place. He was ambitious to be submissively obedient to God. Joseph's life is an early manifestation of the spirit of Paul when he wrote, "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." That is a righteous ambition and the only ambition allowable in the life of a Christian. His sagacity was determined by "the wisdom that is from above." He was prompt to seize the opportunities presented by Providence and turn them to the most advantage. He pushed in wherever he saw an opening. He made the best use of every circumstance. He has Pharaoh's butler for a fellow-prisoner and makes a friend of him. Joseph understood that exaltation may come through humiliation but he knew it could never come by the way of sin, and so in face of every peril he would resist temptation and stand true.

On that resolute breast of his temptations broke like sea-waves on a rocky head land. He believed in God, and he also believed in himself as God's man. God furnished the opportunities, but much depended on how he used them. Thus believing he was prompt to seize the openings of Providence.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

3. In the story of Joseph we are impressed with the fact of God's Providence. Jacob said, "Surely God is in his place," and just as surely God was in the plan of Joseph's career. And Joseph knew it too. Listen to him as he speaks to his brethren, "As for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." In such a confidence as that there is wonderful comfort and endless courage.

The heathens had a goddess whom they called Fortune. She is represented standing by a wheel. From this which she turns round and round are drawn the blanks and prizes in which she assigns their different destinies to men, without the least respect to their merits and demerits. While her hand is on the wheel a bandage is over her eyes—so all things fall out by chance—a man who deserves a prize often receives a blank, while success falls to those who have no claim or reward. Such a conception of life destroys all the springs of activity and leads to sloth and self-indulgence and vice of every sort. That view of life could never furnish such a character as Joseph. His every utterance and feeling and action is colored by his consciousness of God's finding and guarding and providing care.

It is well also to remember the compensations of a life ordered and cared for by God. He hath caused me to forget all my toil, and all my father's house, and hath caused me to forget the land of my affection. Devotion and faithfulness may land a man in the dungeon, but God will bring him out and establish him in the palace. Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

HENRY W. P. MULLINGTON.

Halifax.

Maritime Young Peoples' Convention.

The annual Convention of the Maritime B. Y. P. U. was held in St. John Sept. 29th to Oct. 1st, in conjunction with a joint Convention of all Maritime Young Peoples Societies. The first session of the Joint Convention was held on Tuesday evening in the Queen Square Methodist church, when addresses were delivered by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, of Sydney, and Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton. The general subject of the meeting was "Good Citizenship." The addresses were masterly and cannot fail to exert a permanently uplifting influence over those present. Wednesday was devoted to Denominational Rallyes, the Maritime B. Y. P. U. holding its three services in the Brussels St. Baptist church. Reports were received from the various officers of the Executive committee and many matters fully discussed. The Secretary stated that fifty societies had reported to him and that 2,000 members of these societies had raised for various objects \$1000. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$30 on hand.

Rev. Mr. Gosline, of Barrington, brought the greetings of the F. B. Y. P. League and expressed the hope that the time would soon come when there should be a happy union of the various Baptist Bodies.

The address of the President Rev. H. H. Roach dealt with fundamental principles of the B. Y. P. U. and contained many suggestions calculated to make the work more effective in the future.

Rev. Dr. Walter Calley of Chicago, on being introduced received a very hearty reception. His address bristled with points for workers and was stimulating and inspiring. All who heard his soul stirring message will have a larger faith in the future of the B. Y. P. U. A.

At the afternoon session various questions of importance were discussed. Perhaps the most important of which was the motion of Rev. Z. L. Fash "That the Maritime Union undertake the support of a missionary on the Foreign Field through existing denominational agencies. The motion was adopted and at a subsequent session on an appeal by Mr. Fash \$10.00 was pledged toward this object. The working out of the details of this plan, and the whole question of the future policy of the B. Y. P. U. was referred to the new Executive Committee. Dr. Calley again addressed the convention at this point and urged upon the societies the importance of working (1) as a part of the church, (2) with right spirit and purpose, (3) and with an intelligent conception of the work to be accomplished. This address was both interesting and inspiring.

The evening service opened with a sacred Literature Conference led by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, which was of a very suggestive nature. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. H. McDonald of Fredericton, N. B., Rev. J. E. Gosline, of Barrington, N. S., Rev. H. F. Adams of Yarmouth, N. S., and Rev. A. J. Vining of Winnipeg. The whole service consisted of a veritable feast of good things placed within the reach of everyone.

The general feeling expressed by the delegates is that in this Convention the B. Y. P. U. work has made a distinct advance. It is earnestly hoped that the undertaking by the Maritime Union of the support of a missionary in India may be the means of giving new vitality to the movement. Dr. Calley's words were calculated to strengthen the feeble knees and put iron in the blood of the weak.

It is a matter for congratulation that the services of Rev. H. H. Roach are to be retained as president and that the new executive committee contain so many elements of strength. The officers for the ensuing year are—

President, Rev. H. H. Roach; Vice-Pres., N. S., Rev. H. G. Esterbrook; Vice-Pres., P. E. I., Ross Bethune, Esq.; Secy.-Treas., Rev. G. A. Lawson; Assistant Secy., A. H. Chipman, Esq.; Auditor, Harry Reid, Esq.; T. A. J. Clary; For N. B. W. J. McClary; N. S. F. E. Clay; P. E. I., P. J. Gordon; Editor, Rev. A. T. Dykeman. Asso. Secretaries: N. B. West, Rev. J. H. McDonald; N. B. South, Rev. W. Camp; N. B. East, Rev. J. W. Brown; N. S., East, Rev. S. L. Steeves; N. S., West, Rev. E. L. Dakin; P. E. I., J. K. Ross.