

'Mr. Hume; we all make mistakes. Do you know that I consider the most comforting text in the whole Bible? 'Surely he maketh the wrath of men to praise Him.' We make mistakes; but he can make victories out of them. What if even Disease and Death are His messengers, and not sent in vain? and you must not reproach yourself too much; you could not have brought about the evil without his will.'

'You forgive me?' he said, a little hoarsely; and he nodded brightly.

'Anything I have to forgive; but don't let us speak of it again.'

But he did so—once again, some months later. 'You forgave me, Olive—you even said you would be my friend; but I can't be satisfied with your friendship. I wish—your love. Can you give it—to one who so unjustly and causelessly acted as your opponent and enemy?'

'Yes,' Olive whispered. And presently she added with a little smile: 'Are you surprised at my weakness? After all, a lady doctor is at heart only a woman.'—The British Monthly.

## A Wise Silver-Gray.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

The little silver gray fox had no looking-glass into which to peep in his home on the prairie hillside. And when he saw himself in the stream when he was drinking, the glance was often quickly gone as one of his mischievous brothers splashed his foot in the water, or tried to push him into a deeper pool. So he had no idea what a beautiful, precious coat he wore.

His wise mother had probably not told him about its worth, for she seemed to have given her romping children all the same words of advice. Perhaps she thought, "It would make him vain to tell him that he is the only gray fox for miles around on the prairies, and vanity might lead him into danger more quickly than anything else."

At least the happy silver gray darted out of one hole or the other which led down to his home, with the same air and quickness of his brothers. He played with them with no hint, "I'm worth more than hundreds of young foxes like you!"

But when the young hunter saw him he knew at a glance what a rare fellow he was. "Come here Ben," he called to his chum, who was cooking breakfast in the shack. "Here's a genuine silver-gray fox. Father not over \$200 for one like him—that he trapped out here."

"Oh, no!" he laughed, as Ben quickly clutched at his rifle on the wall. "We'll let him grow all he can. He will be a fine glossy fellow by the time we are through holding down this claim. We'll feed him with meat. We'll get him some tame, when I get ready to lay my hands on him there will not be many hairs missing on his fine coat."

And then Jimmy Lane went on still further with his plan for capturing the silver-gray, as the nimble fellows darted away through the prairie grass. His plan seemed to work well in the bright summer days which followed for all the foxes came to like the pieces of meat which were left where they could easily get them. Their shyness wore off so much that some days they did not run away at all when they saw the two young men moving about the prairie. And when Mother Fox shook her head at them in a warning way they nodded back as if they understood it all.

"We leave here in a few days," said Jimmy Lane one evening. "And tonight I'll bring out from town that bright dog of Neally's, and in the morning I'll have young silver-gray in yonder box."

The next day all the young foxes were up early for a play in the grass. And, when Jimmy Lane saw them run over the little hill toward the coulee, he thrust his big hat into one hole which led down to Mother Fox's home, and then raced to the other hole just as silver-gray came over the hill in sight again.

"If he comes here, I'll have him," laughed Jimmy, as he saw the dog start in hot pursuit of the young fox. And, if he tries to get in where my hat is, it's the same story!"

But to his great wonder the silver-gray seemed to understand the matter as well as he did. He would dash up toward one of the holes, as if he thought his only way of escape lay in reaching that. Then he would suddenly turn and scramble toward the coulee again, while the dog came panting on behind. Then the silver-gray would run toward the other hole, and again escape from the waiting hunter and dog. And at last, when the dog was getting rather tired of this sort of fun, the silver-gray darted up the coulee as if he had had no hard run at all.

"What are you laughing at?" Jimmy Lane cried angrily, as he heard the merriment of his chum at the door of the shack.

"At the good-bye bow of the silver-gray," was the answer. "We shall not see him here again. While we have been feeding this whole family of foxes, they have been digging a new hole upon these higher hills." And, when Jimmy Lane went there to explore, he found the place, and muttered, "Silver-grays are not so easily caught after all!"—The Christian Register.

## 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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In lieu of the prescribed subject for prayer meeting consideration we send in outline a timely talk on a timely theme:—

### SPIRITUAL ROBBERY.

Read, Malachi 3 and Haggar, 1:1, 2:9.

Introduction. Dwell on the seriousness of the charge of fraud.

The penal institution within sight of the editor's home, contains more than a hundred convicts "doing time" for various criminal acts of fraud.

In the cases cited in the Scriptures above, the charge is aggravated by relation of parties concerned. Unconsciousness is no proof of innocence, judged by the standards of either Divine or Civil Law. Note three things:

I. Mode: Withheld Service. Clearly this is the way in which man moves, resulting in spiritual robbery, more definitely. (a) By withholding offerings. Read verses 3 to 8 inclusive in Mal 3 (b) By offering imperfect gifts. In the chapter already cited in Malachi from verses 1 to 8 we have a vivid picture of what is meant by "offering imperfect gifts." (c) By neglecting ordinances. With this special thought in mind read verse 7 in the third chapter of Mal.

II. Folly. It is self-fraud. Generally it brings per se a curse. Verse 9 of the chapter before us, says an unmistakable word on this point. (a) Causes spiritual death and bars divine blessing. Reflect carefully the 10th verse. Language could not better express the situation. It is complete (b) Invites spiritual decay and voids spiritual success. Comment is unnecessary after reading verse 11.

III. Sinfulness against God and man. Causes universal harm. Have you noted the statement of verse 9. (a) Robs the needy of spiritual help. The 10th and 11th verses are wonderfully suggestive. (b) Brings on all destructive influences. That is, save such as bring all the tithes into the store house. (c) Dishonors God by making service vain. This is made clear by the teachings of verses 13 and 14 (d) And by blurring distinctions between the Godly and the wicked. There is no chance for confusion of thought or incorrectness of idea on this point. That is if we accept the statement of the 15th verse.

We offer these suggestions and commend this third chapter of Mal. to the readers of our column. THE EDITOR.

We give place to the following piece of poetry because of the reverent recognition given the "All Father."

### BETWEEN THE DAYS.

BY EMMA HERRICK WOOD.

Between the days—the weary days—  
He drops the darkness and the dews;  
Over tired eyes His hand he lays,  
And strength, and hope, and life renews.  
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle's stress,  
Or who withstand the tempest's shocks  
Who thread the dreary wilderness  
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,  
Came not the night with folded flock?

The white light scorches; and the plain  
Stretches before us, parched with heat.  
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane;  
And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,  
With dews to bathe the aching feet!

For he remembereth our frame!  
Ever for this I render praise.  
Oh, tender Master, slow to blame  
The falterer on Life's story ways—  
Abide with us—between the days!

—Sanford's Corners, N. Y.

### SIPS FROM WAYSIDE SPRINGS.

"Think twice before you speak" is an old and good maxim but there are more people who speak twice before they think.

It is a great deal better to do right, than to know right; it is a great deal better to know wrong than to do wrong.

There are a great many people who mistake stubbornness for conscience and make a most pious defence of that which God abhors.

A man may gain notoriety and popularity for a season, but nothing but ability and character will endure the test of public opinion.

### WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY

It is to believe that at the heart of things there is a power with a mind and a will, from whom everything is sustained; who is immanent in the universe, and specially inhabits the human soul; Who is directing everything to moral ends, and whose character can be summed up in love. That Jesus Christ came from God, and is in a sense peculiar to Him the Son of God, that he has declared the character of God to the human race, has broken the power of sin, and is the point of union between God and man.

It is to fight the lower self at the base of our nature, to give the supreme place to the soul, to carry the Cross of Christ in daily life, and to keep his commandment of love to forget one's self, and to think of others, to serve instead of ruling, to give instead of taking, to suffer instead of resisting.

It is to hope that in the long battle between right and wrong, right will conquer, that the things apparently evil are making for good, that the agony of suffering will end in the blessing of holiness, that God is working everything up into something better in this world and that which is to come, and that humanity will one day be raised to the perfection of Christ.

Faith, Hope and Charity:—without the faith there can neither be the charity, nor hope; without the charity the faith is not living; without the hope the faith and creates the hope—the greatest of these is charity. He who loves is therefore most surely a Christian—The Congregationalist.

Onward, upward—such is living;  
Gaining, losing, smiles and tears,  
Partings, meetings, taking giving—  
Thus we keep the march of years;  
Trying, failing, trusting, praising,  
Yet a welcome strong and true,  
Let our lips and hearts be raising  
To this year of "All things new."

O God within so close to me  
That every thought is plain,  
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,  
And in thy heaven reign!  
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul!  
Thy words are sweet and strong;  
They fill my inward senses  
With music and with song.

We are on the threshold of a new year. We do not know what the year holds for us, but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths and so we go forward with glad hope and expectation. It is always a serious thing to live. We can pass through any year but once. If we lived negligently we cannot return to amend that we have slurred over. We cannot correct mistakes, fill up blank spaces, erase lines we may be ashamed of, cut out pages unworthily filled. The irrevocableness of life ought alone to be motive enough for incessant watchfulness and diligence. Not a word we write can be changed.

### GAINING SELF-MASTERY.

There is a story of an old monk who was walking through the forest with a boyish student by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The boy obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." This time he had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the boy found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. The wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them."

Those who chose God for their portion, who trust him for salvation, love him above all created objects, renounce worldly interests and connections for his glory, and count nothing too valuable to part with, too hard to do, or too sharp to suffer for his sake and to promote his cause, shall be honored by him; but those who despise his authority, his salvation, his cause, in comparison with the interests, credit, or pleasure of themselves, will be dishonored.—Scott.