

Strange to say he never saw Mr. Schutt, all matters being arranged by correspondence, but that Pittsburg patron of the fine arts bought five or six of his pictures.

Crawford's cashier told me two or three years ago that once when he went up to the house of his employer on business he noticed three of Waldo's pictures on the wall, and they were the only decent pictures the old man had.

I wish I knew what had become of Egan, the shipping clerk. I think if I were to tell him how Crawford, dying, had left all his money to a rich nephew, with the injunction that he do as he pleased with it, and that the nephew had divided it among various deserving charities, his eyes would have twinkled as of old, and he would have said something about the invisible Pittsburg partner.

Surly, humorous, irascible, kind hearted old Peter Crawford.—Saturday Evening Post.

\* \* \*

### When a Reindeer's Angry.

We were forced to wait three days after it had stopped snowing for a crust to form so that we could travel again. It was with many misgivings that we began the last half of the journey, since the snow was now very deep and the danger of our sinking into drifts was great. To add to our general feeling of fear, the reindeer behaved very badly, and were exceedingly unruly. The wind had moderated somewhat, but it was still intensely cold.

We had traveled half the day without any serious mishap, and were beginning to forget our fears at starting out, when we sped merrily down a mountain side, singing and hallowing at the top of our voices, and ran into a gulch and stuck there. The songs stopped in our throats, and we sprang to our feet to sink waist deep in the drifts that had entrapped us.

Every movement of our bodies sank us deeper in the snow drifts, and the infuriated reindeer, finding themselves caught in the banked-up snow almost to their haunches, turned upon us and would have pawed us to death but for the forethought of Oosilik, who, seeing our danger, sprang forward, and, holisting, the overturned pulks in his strong arms, brought them down over our heads and shoulders and plinned us out of sight in the snow.

We heard the hoofs of Uncle Ben beating on the pulk's side as he pawed up the snow in his efforts to get at us, and if we had not held to the straps and had not kept the pulk over us he would have tossed it into the air with one sweep of his horns, and would still have had his bout with us, in which case we should have been helpless and completely at his mercy.

For the first time we had occasion to see how fierce an angry reindeer can be. When he was convinced that he could not reach us, Uncle Ben turned upon Oosilik, and we heard the Eskimo shouting and clucking the deer as he ran in and out of the the pulks in a swift circuit, pursued by the bellowing reindeer.

We spent an exciting half-hour under the pulps, with the hoofs of the deer rattling like hail on the frozen boards, and then the unusual commotion ceased all at once, for the reindeer had found a lichen bed. In a jiffy they were pawing up the snow in their hurry to get at the succulent moss, and we were forgotten.

Amalik and Oosilik lifted the pulps from our heads, and dug us out of the snow and set us on our feet. By the time the reindeer had eaten themselves into a passable humor Amalik and Oosilik led them back to the pulps.

We had four hours of travelling before we came in sight of the corral that had sent us the reindeer from Eaton Station. As soon as the deer scented the well-known corral they quickened their strides so that we reached the station before it was quite dark, and crawled from the sleds with a deep feeling of relief, glad beyond measure to be at home after the perils of our protracted journey.—St. Nicholas.

\* \* \*

A pompous, well-dressed gentleman, whose specialty was mortgages, rose to address a meeting of the unemployed.

"The chief cause of distress in this country," he began, "is a lack of frugality and thrift. You talk of the wolf at the door, he never comes to my door."

"I suppose he is afraid of getting skinned," shouted an irreverent person in the audience.

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.

\* \* \*

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Prescott St. Halifax.

\* \* \*

### Prayer Meeting Topic, March 12th, 1905.

Christ, the Great Physician. Luke 4:16-19; 5:27-32. 1 Peter 2:24.

Sin is a disease. The physical and moral evil in the world are the direct or indirect consequences of sin. Sin warps the conscience and man is diseased for life.

In order to be cured of this disease of sin man requires a physician who understands the nature of the case he is treating. Hence Christ the Great Physician.

I. He cures individual cases. Men are not healed in groups where individuality would be lost, but one by one as they come to Christ. Notice. The man at the Pool of Bethesda, (John 5:1-9) Simon's wife's mother, (Mark 1:30, 31) Study other individual cases.

II. He makes complete cures. He takes out the germs of disease and imparts a new nature. 1. A new heart is given (Ezek. 36:26) 2. A clean heart is given (Ps. 51:10; Acts. 15:9).

Familiar illustrations can be found in the everyday life about us of those who were ruined physically and morally by sin who have been rescued by this great physician. Christ takes men and makes them stand when they have no strength or courage of their own in which to stand. His is a complete cure.

III. The patient must recognize a need of him. He can heal under all circumstances but for the patient's own sake he allows him to express his need (Luke 18:41) Sinners are not saved until they know that without Christ they are lost. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

IV. He cures, not for money, but for love—because he loves mankind and that mankind may turn to him as a true and loving friend.

Medical missionaries are most successful in the foreign fields because they help the body and then say a word for the salvation of the soul. This is the method of love which the great physician used. W. A. WHITE.

\* \* \*

Bro. W. Crowell, very kindly consented to supply copy for the Prayer Topics when it was not possible to obtain the consent of the score of "busy men" who were approached. For this extended service, he has earned the gratitude of the constituency.

Bro. W. Andrew White, B. A. our Missionary to the African churches will supply the Topics for the current month. Will the friends of the Maritime B. Y. P. U. please note that, our Sec.-Treasurer's address is Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Preston St. Halifax, N. S. Notwithstanding the many duties, devolving upon this brother—he has graciously yielded to the wishes of many, and will retain the Sec.-Treasurership for the current year.

The West End Baptist church Halifax, is the home of a vigorous B. Y. P. U. They have by vote decided to raise a substantial offering for "Missionary Freeman's salary fund."

Young People, if you would stand, like Daniel—you must have Daniel's God. You admire the rare bravery with which he again and again faced death.

You praise the purity that leaves upon his record no stain, you worship that success that followed him from first to last, which outlived the obstructions of two Kingdoms. Whence came that bravery? Oh, from a heart so full of the fear of God that the fear of man had no place in it—whence gained he that purity? From holy contact with that holy God, what the source of his success? God was with him and made his way to prosper.

"Never yet saw earth a man with more of heaven's glory on his brow." In prayer he finds his safety and strength, and thus exhibits for our encouragement that it is possible to combine the greatest harmony of character by dedication to duty and to God.

No Babylonian exile, young man, will be yours—to test bravery and patience—you will climb no dizzy heights of power to prove steadiness of head and heart.

Yours it will not be to stand before absolute kings and make proof of your truth by revealing their sin and their future.

No lions den of persecution gapes for you, pray you ever constantly.

And yet you are tested today, and the question whether throned in worldly success you shall yet have pronounced upon you the Divine sentence "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin" or hear in lowliness, the Divine commendation "O

man greatly beloved" is now being decided." And on what grounds decided?

The issue is staked on your being fixed in principle—in corrupt in integrity, and ardent in piety. Be set! whole! pious!

"To Daniel it was given to stand strong while kings were removed and thrones tottered.

To him it was granted so see in apocalyptic vision all the history of coming Kingdom till the Messiah did rule.

To you, if like him strong in the Lord, it will be granted to abide "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds"—and receiving now a kingdom that cannot be moved, you will have heirship and kingship in a new heavens and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

If the mind of the editor, you will do well young people to study the life and imitate the example of Daniel.

\* \* \*

### THE COVENANT MEETING.

BY ALBINA MARILLA FITTS.

They rose in the "covenant meeting,"  
And told of their hopes and fears;  
Of the friends they longed to meet again  
Beyond this vale of tears.  
And they spoke of "godly parents,"  
Of a "saintly mother's prayer,"  
And hoped in the covenant blessings  
Their souls would have a share.

But one who sat in the shadow,  
"Neath a heritage of shame,  
Caught a glimpse of sweeter truth that day,  
As writ by a pen of flame.  
And arose in the covenant meeting  
And said: "I praise his name,  
That he came, not to call the righteous,  
But sinners to reclaim;

"That he gave his life a ransom,  
For sinners vile as me;  
To break the chains of sense and sin,  
And set the captive free.  
And I, by trusting his gracious word,  
And walking the path he trod,  
May find a grace the world cannot give  
And become a 'son of God.'"

"Tis good to have godly parents,  
And a 'covenant of grace';  
But I, who have neither, still can be  
The head of a godly race.  
And so, 'I renounce the devil  
And all his works' to-day.  
And the leader said, with a husky voice:  
"My brethren, let us pray."

\* \* \*

### LITTLE THINGS.

Only a little shriveled seed—  
It might be a flower or grass or weed;  
Only a box of earth on the edge  
Of a narrow, dusty widow ledge;  
Only a few scant summer showers;  
Only a few clear, shining hours;  
That was all. Yet God could make  
Out of these, for a sick child's sake  
A blossom—wonder as fair and sweet  
As ever broke at an angel's feet.  
Only a life of barren pain  
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;  
Warmed sometimes by a wondering gleam  
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.  
A life as common and brown and bare  
As the box of earth in the window there;  
Yet it bore at least the precious bloom  
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—  
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold  
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry VanDyke.

\* \* \*

### ANCIENT WORKS OF ART.

In the course of a recent lecture at the Camera Club, London, Professor Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist showed by means of photographs of various articles which he had unearthed that nine thousand years ago the Egyptian craftsmen had a fair knowledge of materials and the method of working them. They had also ideas of artistic adornment, as many pieces of pottery show. But there was one article of later date, 5000 B. C., which was of intense interest, for it is the oldest piece of worked ivory known. It is the carved effigy of one of the earliest kings, and was found some thirty feet below the present surface of the ground. So soft was it with age and the moist character of the ground in which it was discovered, that the dirt had to be most carefully removed from it by the aid of a camel-hair brush, after which, by chemical means, it was hardened so as to have a fresh lease of existence. The image is one of artistic qualities, and the face is full of character, indicating the countenance of a keen-witted, wily man, very different from the calm, regular features of the effigies which adorn the monuments of later date. Dr. Petrie is not only a painstaking explorer, but a father to the devoted band of natives working under him. They regard him as a great medicine-man, and go to him for treatment of all their ailments.—Presbyterian.