

afternoon this incorrigible wasp-catcher was found contentedly chewing up another of his winged enemies."

Another man says: "I had heard dogs howl at the piano, but never before singing to it, as my Pomeranian did; and, what was stranger still, he was always perfectly in tune. This is not exaggeration, but a fact; and he would go right up the scale without a false note. Whenever I played the piano he used to sit in the middle of the room, put his little nose in the air and join in with a great deal of expression and feeling. He thoroughly enjoyed his musical performance, and seemed immensely pleased with himself. A Welsh terrier we have in the house now often comes and sits close to my feet when I am playing. His nature is a very sentimental one at all times, and meek; other dogs I have noticed do the same thing, and this without either 'howling' or singing." My Pomeranian was any thing but good-tempered, meek or sentimental. At times he went into the most fearful rages when any one did anything to annoy him. I have never known a dog which took such fiendish hatred to people. With me he was always the sweetest and most affectionate and faithful little companion possible. He was evidently the sort of dog that must attach himself to one person. More extreme opposites could not be found than in him and the Welsh terrier I have mentioned; so it shows that music affects dogs with different characters—fery as well as meek.

A gentleman had left Rover at his sister's while abroad for a few months, and on his return the animal was so excited that he was not surprised to hear him barking in the night. The barking was so persistent that the owner put on his dressing-gown to go downstairs and pat Rover on the head to soothe him. He was no sooner in bed again than the noise recommenced. So he made another journey to point out, with some asperity, that the repetition of the offence would call down serious consequences upon the delinquent. He was just dozing when the barking started more furiously than ever, and continued until he made a third journey—with the walking stick. Soon after the disturbance began once more. Fortunately, the gentleman was too sleepy to get up again, and at last he went off to sleep, vowing to sell the dog next day. When the morning came, however, his sister hoped that he had not been roused by the barking of—her new parrot! It was always imitating the dog at night, she said.—Chicago News.

The Servant Girl Problem.

There was a convention in Minneapolis a while ago to consider what improvements may be had in domestic service, and in the condition of servants themselves. Very little can be done for servant girls while they have less social recognition than factory girls. The better a servant girl is, the more discontented she is with her position, to say nothing about prospects of marriage.

No intelligent human being can be contented with a position in life that stamps him or her with a mark of social inferiority. God has not seen fit to create a distinctly inferior class of human beings—so far as we can see—to dwell contentedly on the social plane of domestic service, as it is at present. There are those who think the colored race, was created to be the slaves of the white race, but events seem to be upsetting that theory, or, at least, putting it to a severe test.

The more self-respect a girl has, the more she is inclined to shun the occupation of domestic service, and choose, rather, employment that is even dangerous to health and morals, if by any means she may escape the brand of social inferiority. One emancipated human being is just like another in this respect.

Civilized humanity everywhere, especially in this country, is contending for equal social rights—which is quite different from compulsory social intercourse. Servant girls in England are more contented, and remain in one position much longer as a general thing than they do here—often for a life-time. But social conditions here will never return to what they were, and to what they now are in other countries. In trying to solve the servant girl problem it is well to recognize the fundamental difficulty.

Complaints are made that servant girls are too independent and exact too high wages. "They have too long had their own way," says one. They are independent, because the occupation is not over-crowded; it is not over-crowded because there are other employments open, in which, even though the exactions are as great and the pay less, the service is not regarded as menial and derogatory to social respectability.

Nothing less than social emancipation can solve the servant-girl problem. A spirit of devout piety and self-denial would help her to be contented and faithful, but the occupation is one of the least favorable to saintliness. On the whole, reformers need to point out some way to reach the root of the matter, and not talk about bringing girls from rural districts and from Europe.—Midland Christian Advocate.

"We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife. "Very well," replied the good woman, cheerfully. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."—Ex.

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—May 7th.

Patient continuance in well doing. Rom. 2:1-11.

In the opening chapters of this great epistle Paul is dealing with the thought of sin and retribution. In chapter 1, after his introduction, he discusses the dark sin of heathendom. In the second chapter he sets forth the sin of Judaism. In the first part of the latter chapter which constitutes our lesson he lays down the principles of the divine judgment. These are four, found in verses 2, 6, 11 and 16. The judgment will be according to "truth," vs. 2; according to "deeds," vs. 6; without "respect of persons," vs. 11; and "according to the gospel," vs. 16.

Patient continuance in well doing is our lesson. This is manifestly the only kind of well doing of any real value. The well doing that is always making new resolutions and always breaking them is of little value. "If ye continue in my word," says Jesus "then are ye my disciples indeed."

Well doing in view of the judgment. This is evidently the thought of the lesson. "We must all appear before the judgment seat." We do well to keep this solemn fact before us. The Bible makes it prominent. Many would like to put it away from them. But it is a tremendous fact. But the judgment will approve the good as well as condemn the evil. If we are mis-judged by men God will vindicate us, if we do not get our reward here we shall by and by, if we continue faithful.

But well doing does not have to wait for its reward till the judgment. It is its own reward. It has the approval of conscience. It strengthens every noble impulse within us. It is climbing upward, ascending "The world's great stair stairs, which slope through darkness up to God."

It must not however be expected that well doing will always shield from cross bearing and suffering here. Righteousness is not enthroned yet in this world. Truth is still often on the scaffold. Perfect well doing led Jesus to the cross. "It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master." The cross of Jesus is still to be borne by those who follow him. But the cross which we are thus compelled to bear is not ours but Christ's. It is to be borne after him, in close touch with him, and he still bears the heavier end.

Patient well doing shall not fail of its due reward. The great Task-Master knows all our struggles, difficulties, crosses and burdens. He will not forget. Nor shall patient continuance fail of recognition even among men. If one generation fails the prophets another will build their monuments. So then let us conclude with Paul's inspiring words, "Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

D. H. SIMPSON.

A Blessing in Disguise.

One of the most suggestive things about the Old Testament is the way its language lends itself to the expression of modern Christian experience and ideas. Even its war history reads almost like parables of present-day life. The famous expression of Samuel, "Ebenexer, Hitherto had the Lord helped us," uttered at the end of a battle, has become a convenient phrase in which Christians have been expressing their glad and grateful faith throughout the flying centuries. It relates to the history of a great victory. But the history was preceded by defeat. Israel's old, persistent, vulture-eye enemy—the Philistine. In spite of having the Ark with them, they were defeated, but theirs was only a superstitious faith in the talismanic power of that chest which held the sacred relics of their country. When real faith dies superstition takes its place. External religiousness will not save us in time of trouble. But the best thing that could have happened to Israel was their defeat and loss of the Ark. There are many evils which are blessings in disguise. Reverses, sorrows and consequent humiliation work out for us a truer life and lead to ultimate success. Often it is the bitterness of a godless life which teaches the fear of God to the wayward. The folly of sowing tares is discovered when harvest day comes, and the soul wants food to satisfy and not the semblance of it. After Israel's defeat they "lamented after Jehovah," a wave of sorrow rolled over them when they discovered that God was no longer with them, and they wept and sobbed like children after a lost father. How often there is sobbing before we discover the lost presence. To a man without spiritual imagination the language used regarding God is full of contradiction. He tells us God never hides his face. He never changes and ever remains the same. O yes, that is quite correct, icily correct, but he does not know anything of those fluctuations and lamentations of the hidden heart which find utterance in tears and sighs because of the lost presence of God.

The defeat of Israel was transient. Victory came at last. The defeats of life are not final, but anticipative and preparatory. Defeats lead to repentance, and all God's victories are conditioned by our repentant spirit. They forsook their strange gods which was the true way of making a highway for the return of the true God unto them. Let us apply this principle to our life and work. Failure and defeat have come to us, and we should be quick in reading the lessons they teach. We shall bless God for them and find they are but disguised good when they cause us to lament after God and to put away those things which retarded victory.—The Commonwealth.

Afraid of a Shadow.

The young clergyman's text was the twenty-third Psalm, of which he gave a running commentary. When he came to the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he abruptly paused and said: "I am a Scotchman; let me tell you a little incident which occurred not long ago in the Scottish parish where I was laboring." He leaned from the pulpit, and with the sweetness of Scottish accents began in a low, tender voice:

"I was sitting in my study, one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who attended their flocks upon the slopes of our Highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time I recrossed the wide heath to his comfortable little home. When I entered the low room I found the shepherd, propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end. 'Jean,' he said, 'give the minister a stool, and leave me for a bit; for I wad see the minister alone.' As soon as the door had closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into and said, in a voice shaken with emotion: 'Minister, I am dying, and—and—I'm afraid.'"

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me. 'I ken them a', he said, mournfully; 'I ken them a', but somehow they dinna gie me comfort.'"

"Do you not believe them?"

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied, earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed, and turned to the Psalm which I have read to-day."

"You remember the twenty-third Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it?" he said vehemently. "I kened it afore ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

"He turned upon me with a half-reproachful and even stern look."

"Did I na' tell ye I kened it every word afore ye were born?"

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'"

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did the shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" he said, quickly. "Na, na! Dave Donaldson has Covenanter's bluid in his veins; neither shadow or substance could weel frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make you believe you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na, I cudna be sic a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now!"

He looked at me with incredulous eyes. "Yes," I continued, the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind; but it's only a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few moments maintained an unbroken silence; then, letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself:

"Aweel, aweel! I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow! Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural brightness, he exclaimed, lifting his eyes reverently to heaven, 'Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is also a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair.'"

—Margaret J. Preston.

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