

But he did what looked like a miracle to them that didn't know how 'twas done."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Sam," cried the rest.

"Well, lads, my father was a Scotchman, a man of much more education than I've had the chance for. He was first mate on a sailing vessel, back yonder in the early eighteen hundreds, and bein' a Scotchman was far from popular with them English seamen. But his captain knew the value of him, and often said outright that he could manage the ship better'n himself.

"By'm by the captain took awful sick, and had to be put ashore, and he left my father in his place—a most particular ticklish place, too. The men showed the ugliest kind of humor, and it looked mighty near to a mutiny.

"One day the new captain ordered all sails reefed, and told his men a big squall was comin'. Now, the water was as smooth as a lady's lookin'-glass; there were no clouds, and not wind enough to fill a cap. There were two big vessels in sight with all their canvas spread, and neither of 'em taking in a rag. 'Now, men,' said my father, 'I know you are not satisfied with your new captain, and I'll make a bargain with you; take in the sails, every thread of 'em, accordin' to my orders, and if my storm comes you'll see that I know my business; if it doesn't come you may choose your own man, and I'll take orders under him.'

"This sounded fair, and the men agreed; in a short time the ship stood stark and bare on a smooth sea, with the sun shinin' bright against the white sails of the other vessels. But now a small cloud seemed to come out of nowhere, and in a very few minutes the sky was clean overspread. Then such a tempest burst as no man sees many times in his life; the bare masts bent like reeds along a bank; lightning ran along the deck like fiery spirits at play, and to the amazement of the inexperienced ones the sea was level, spite of the great wind."

"How was that, Uncle Sam?," interrupted Guy.

"Why you see, my son, the wind was so furious that it just carried off the crest of every wave, and tossed it into foam, and the whole air was as thick with it—the foam, I mean—as a London street is of fog on one of them dark days.

"It didn't last long—it couldn't, it was too fierce; but my father's ship came through it safely; and when the mist cleared away, and the 'white squall' was over, lo! the other vessels were gone, and no man ever saw them again!

"Sailors ain't much for oratory. I never heard that they made the new captain any speeches; but they owed their lives to him, every mother's son of 'em, and they acted accordin'; and they never forgot what they called 'the captain's miracle.'"

"But what was it, Uncle Sam?" asked the boys; "you haven't told us."

"Hi!" mocked the old seaman. "I made sure such scholars as ye would know without tellin'. 'Twas a barometer, of course; they were scarce in them days, and hadn't been fixed for voyagin' much, for you know, they are particular things about hangin' plumb. More'n that, it took a long head to reason 'em out, for sometimes, and somewhere, high pressure means fine weather, and then again the other thing; but my father had a genius for that kind of thinkin', and he's great un- seen Captain used it that time to save a shipload of men's lives."

"That's the best story you ever told us, Sam!" cried one of the boys, waving his cap over his head. "It's like the fellow said in the Bible, 'you saved your best wine till the last.'"

The old sailor was pleased, as every story-teller is, with the hearty applause.

"But you musn't go off without the moral to it," he said. "Them fables I used to read about foxes and cranes and things always had a short piece below, labeled, 'Moral,' and the gist of it all was right there."

"All right, Sam, come on with your moral," cried the boys.

"Your speakin' of that miracle at Cana reminded me," said the old man, earnestly; "when you hear some over-wise folks say there ain't any such thing as a miracle you just shake your head and hold hard. If my father, who turned to dust fifty years ago, could work what looked like a miracle to the ignorant, who is to say that the Eternal can't work what looks like miracles to us, ignorant creatures as your wisest must be in his sight?"

"Yes, yes," agreed the boys, heartily. "That's so, Sam."—Elizabeth Preston Allen, in S. S. Advocate.

Lost Hours.

"I say good-night, and go upstairs, And then undress, and say my prayers Beside my bed, and jump in it. And then, the very next minute, The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I suppose I've been to sleep, But seems to me," said little Ted, "It's not worth while to go to bed."

—St. Nicholas.

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.

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Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Jehovah the King over the nation. Psalm 47:1-9.

Tuesday.—The Messiah a rallying point for all nations. Isaiah 11:1-10.

Wednesday.—World-wide invitations of the gospel. Isaiah 55:1-13.

Thursday.—The Lord Jehovah has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Ezekiel 33:10-20.

Friday.—God would have all men to be saved. I Timothy 2:1-7.

Saturday.—God does not wish any to perish. II Peter 3:8-13.

Sunday.—The true God infinitely superior to the gods of Athens. Acts 17:16-34.

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News items and other communications for this page frequently arrive too late for the current issue. Attention is again directed to the notice which stands at the head of this column. The Editor will gladly receive reports of progress from the different Unions of our constituency.

In a private letter to the Editor of this page, the writer of the articles on the Prayer Meeting Topics for present month says: "I wish the person who selects these topics understood a little of the laws of exegesis. We would not then so frequently have text and topic no more closely related than forty-second cousins. We will never train up Bible Christians by such a cutting of the Word." The point is well taken.

Pastor R. Osgood Morse has our thanks and hearty appreciation for Comments on the Prayer Meeting for the month of January. The next man to wield the quill in so good a cause is Rev. C. H. Day, M. A., of Kentville.

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First Church, Halifax.

The members of the Young People's Union of the First Baptist church, Halifax, are rejoicing in the possession of a pastor. Mr. Waring, although with us less than a week has made a very favorable impression on our young people (as well as the older members of the church.) We hope and believe that ere long we will have new born souls to welcome into our ranks.

S. Z. N.

Prayer Meeting Topic, Jan. 25

God wants all men to be saved. Acts 17:24-31.

The topic attached to this selection of Scripture is an admirable illustration of that pernicious system of interpretation or rather, "cutting," of Scripture which detaches a single phrase from its connections and makes it do duty for the whole passage. As lovers of God's Word we cannot protect too strongly against such dealing with Scripture.

The passage assigned teaches (1) Man's natural relations to God. God is the universal giver of life. He has given life to all men. And this Paul tells the men of Athens that their own philosophers already recognize. Their own poets already recognize God as the creator and upholder of life. Generalizing the statement, the form of which Paul adopts from the Greek poet, Aratus, he reminds the Grecians of their knowledge that "We are also his offspring." Thus far Paul reminds his hearers that Grecian poetry and Christian teaching agree. All by nature, then, are the offspring of God and God is thus the Father of all men. From this fact men should know that God cannot be served as an art or device of men. In their ignorance men erected an altar, to the unknown God. But that God is no longer unknown since he is revealed in Jesus Christ.

(2) We find then that repentance is required of all as a condition of salvation. This passage should help us to realize the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It shows us that God cannot save his own offspring apart from their repentance. God so loved all men that he gave His own Son to reveal Himself to men and to make our salvation possible. How tragic the fact that the very offspring of God so sin against God as to require the interposition of Christ, and the shedding of his blood to save them and bring them back to likeness to God. Yet in Jesus Christ we find that revelation of God which shows us that His very nature is such that He cannot save even his own offspring apart from the repentance of their sins. It is that repentance which will open every life exercising it to the infilling of the divine life and so to the salvation of every one who truly repents.

SUGGESTED SONGS.

"Salvation, O the joyful sound," "Come to the Saviour," "I hear thy welcome voice," "There were ninety and nine," "In tenderness he sought me," "Come unto me," "While Jesus whispers to you" Chester, N. S.

RUPERT OSGOOD MORSE.

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Illustrative Gatherings.

SELECTED BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

The little boy who told his mother that if he could say what he pleased to God; he would say, "Love me when I'm naughty," gave voice to that questioning, that craving of the whole human heart to which the gospel is the full complement and the gracious answer.

Men have to run away from the love of God if they are ever to be without it. They must get somewhere—I know not where; some strange cell of their own invention must be found by men who would escape the love of God; for God's hands are stretched out, and they drip with riches of mercy. Showers of blessing are falling upon all of us continually.—H. Webb-Peploe.

O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo, the Hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

—William Walsham How.

God is an accommodation to human weakness. When he would teach truth, he must needs set it in the form of fact; when he would show himself, it must be through the tabernacle of his own flesh; when he would reveal heaven, he must illustrate his meaning by the fragments of light and beauty which are scattered about our inferior world. Everywhere, could we but see it, he has set up a ladder by which we may reach the skies.—Joseph Parker.

God loves to be longed for, he loves to be sought,
For he sought us himself with such longing and love;
He died for desire of us, marvelous thought!
And he yearns for us now to be with him above.

—F. W. Faber.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

The whole of Christian faith and Christian living is summed up in this: "Look ever to Jesus!"—Latimer.

Faith never limps, but steps firmly with both feet.—Beecher.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.—Bishop Hall

Whatso it be, howso it be, amen!
Blessed it is, believing, not to see,
Now God knows all that is, and we shall then,
Whatso it be.

God's will is best for man, whose will is free;
God's will is better for us, yea, than ten
Desires where he holds and weighs the key.

—Christina Rossetti.

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A Gentleman Changed to a Fool.

Not long ago I had a neighbor, a young man,—a bright, genial, musical youth, who was counted a good fellow, sang in the choir, and, when he had his head, was a gentleman. But he liked his glass once in a while. He never dreamed of becoming a drunkard. If you had taken him to one side and said to him, "Young man, you are in danger of becoming a drunkard, or coming to serious hurt through strong drink," he would have been insulted and indignant. But one evening he went to a club dance. He got in with some jolly young friends, and had a few drinks. The wine went to his head, and, under the influence of the drink, he went to a lady whom he had never met, and asked her to dance with him. When she declined, his manner was offensive and insulting. Her husband, angered, struck him a terrible blow. He staggered home to die before the morning. Sober, he was a gentleman; fired with wine, he was trodden under foot for a fool.—S. S. Times.

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I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying toward home, with my little maiden by my side. Said she:

"Father, I am going to count the stars."
"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting: "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

"Ah, dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul: 'Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits.' Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself: 'I had no idea there were so many.'—Mark Guy Pearse.