

October 5, 1898.

MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

(631) 7

"Hello, bunny!—How did you come here?"

Dick came running up, with Towser at his heels.

Towser stood by the trap, and barked and barked, as proud as if he had "treed" the squirrel himself.

"Let's have some fun," suggested Dick.

"Let's turn him loose in the middle of the field, where he can't get to a tree, and set Towser after him. He can't miss catching him."

"No; I wouldn't do that," said Will. "It isn't any use."

"You are too tender-hearted," retorted Dick.

"I believe in fair play," said Will. "It is no use to set Towser on him when he can't get away. You can kill him and have him for dinner, but you must do it fair."

Dick put his hand cautiously under the trap, so as not to let the prisoner escape. To his surprise, the little captive put his mouth into his hand, as if to eat out of it.

"Whoever saw the like?"

He took the squirrel out of the trap, holding it loosely, as it was not trying to get away. Then, slipping from his hand, it perched on his shoulder, and sat there quite contented. Dick was nonplussed. How was he to kill such a confiding little creature? Yet, after taunting Will with being tenderhearted, he was ashamed to say that he couldn't kill the squirrel.

"He is so tame he will make a good pet for Amy," he said. "I'll carry him home to her."

That got him out of the difficulty. "Oh, you dear, stupid Dick!" she said. "It's my own little Sprite!"

Amy reached out her arms, and Sprite ran to her, putting his mouth into her hands and asking for his breakfast, for he was hungry after his long imprisonment, and quite unconscious of the narrow escape he had made.

Dick never told Amy his amiable intentions toward Sprite, but he said to himself: "I wouldn't have killed little Amy's pet squirrel for a hundred dollars, and I wouldn't have set Towser on him for a thousand."

—Lutheran Observer.

A Touching Incident.

A little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing the beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou didst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with an interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," he said, "in sister's pocket when she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sunday-school probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.—World-wide Missions.

Growing.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place,
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

—Selected.

At a time when many stories are afloat about Mr. Gladstone, I may be pardoned for recalling a little incident that happened many years ago. I cannot recall the exact date, but it must have occurred after some signal triumph in the House, and his name was, as often happened in the course of his long life, on very tongue. I was driving one autumn evening in a conveyance which in those days used to run from Lamlash to King's Cross (Island of Arran) when for any reason the late boat did not go round to Whiting bay. Sitting opposite to me were two men who appeared to belong to the Paisley weaver class, and true to the traditions of that class they were busily discussing politics. Presently one of them said, with much emphasis, "There hasna been a lawgiver equal to Mr. Gladstone since the days o' Moses." "Moses!" retorted the other, "Moses got the law given tae him frae the Lord, but Mr. Gladstone makes laws oot o' his ain heed."—Sel.

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—October 9.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—An over-ruling Providence, Genesis 45: 3-8; Isaiah 45: 1-6.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 10.—Isaiah 50. Duty of speaking a seasonable word to others, (vs. 4). Compare Ex. 4: 11. Tuesday, October 11.—Isaiah 51: 1-11. Fear not the reproach of men, (vs. 7). Compare Matt. 10: 28.

Wednesday, October 12.—Isaiah 51: 12-23. "Covered in the shadow of mine hand," (vs. 16). Compare Isa. 49: 2.

Thursday, October 13.—Isaiah 52: 1-12. God before and behind you, (vs. 12). Compare Ps. 125: 2.

Friday, October 14.—Isaiah 52: 14; 53: 12. Our vicarious Saviour. Compare Rom. 4: 24, 25.

Saturday, October 15.—Isaiah 54. Righteousness is of the Lord only, (vs. 17). Compare 1 Cor. 1: 30.

Prayer Meeting Topic—October 9.

An Over-ruling Providence, Genesis 45: 3-8; Isaiah 45: 1-6.

The early Greeks, who are representative men of ancient days, believed that the fates ruled the destinies of men and that against these decrees it was most useless for any to contend. If a man was a villain, it was of necessity, and so no word of censure should be uttered against him.

The apostles taught that a man was responsible for his conduct and that it was no excuse for evil doing because it was over-ruled for good. Of the instigators and perpetrators of that plot against Christ they said, "Ye have taken and with wicked hands have slain and killed. They were not excused because of the fact that all was over-ruled for the world's good. Joseph's brothers did wrongly in selling him, but God over-ruled their wrong doing for Joseph's and the world's good. God did not compel Joseph's sale or Christ's betrayal. He over-ruled these.

God directs the lives of those that love Him.

1. He over-rules their occupations, giving and bringing each to that bit of work that was allotted by divine foresight years before.

2. He over-rules financial losses, thus bringing in thoughts of heavenly treasures that winds and rains cannot destroy.

3. He over-rules sickness, bringing the sufferer nearer to Himself and enabling him to feel that the presence of the Master is better than health.

Yes God rules in the wide universe, and in the humble heart that in Him confides. Let Him rule, my friend, in your heart.

Sacred Literature Course.

We have been further disappointed, in not securing articles upon the topics of the Sacred Literature Course. But we hope soon to start these, though there will have to be the omission of a few subjects at the outset. Already two very excellent articles, from the able pen of Dr. Dorgan, have appeared in the Baptist Union, upon "Religious Beliefs and how we come by them," and, "The Bible as a Revelation and an Authority." As an earnest of the rich fare to be served up to the Baptist Young People of this continent, during the present season they are pregnant with promise. Our hope and prayer is that our Maritime Young People, may take hold of this work with an energy worthy of themselves, and pursue it with such enthusiasm and perseverance, as shall bring to them rich reward. Let our leaders listen themselves; let the old classes be re-organized; let new ones be formed, and let us determine to win back the International banner, which for four successive years waved in the provinces by the sea.

Without Axe or Hammer.

"This world is the quarry," says Rev. J. R. Miller. "We are toiling away in the darkness. We cannot see what god is ever to come out of our lonely, painful, obscure toil. Yet some day our quarry work will be manifested in the glory of heaven. We are preparing materials now and here for the temple of the great King, which in heaven is slowly rising through the ages. No noise of hammer or axe is heard in all that wondrous building, because the stones are all shaped and polished and made entirely ready in this world.

"We are the stones, and the world is God's quarry." The stones for the temple were cut out of the great rock in the dark underground cavern. They were rough and shapeless. Then they were dressed into form, and this

required a great deal of cutting, hammering and chiselling. Without this stern, sore work on the stones, not one of them could ever have filled a place in the temple. At last, when they were ready, they were lifted out of the dark quarry and carried up to the mountain-top where the temple was rising, and were laid in their places.

"We are stones in the quarry as yet. When we accepted Christ we were cut from the great mass of rock. But we were yet rough and unshapely, not fit for heaven. Before we can be ready for one place in the heavenly temple, we must be hewn and shaped. The hammer must do its work, breaking off the roughness. The chisel must be used, carving and polishing our lives into beauty. This work is done in the many processes of life. Every sinful thing, every fault in our character, is a rough place in the stone, which must be chiselled off. All the crooked lines must be straightened. Our lives must be cut and hewn until they conform to the perfect standard of divine truth."

"Quarry work is not always pleasant. If stones had hearts and sensibilities they would sometimes cry out in sore pain, as they feel the hammer strokes, and the deep cutting of the chisel. Yet the workman must not heed their cries and withdraw his hand, else they would at last be thrown aside as worthless blocks, never to be built into the place of honor."

"We are not stones; we have hearts and sensibilities, and we do cry out oftentimes as the hammer smites away the roughness of our character. But we must yield to the sore work and let it go on, or we shall never have our place as living stones in Christ's beautiful temple. We must not wince under the sharp chiselling of sorrow."

"When God afflicts thee, think he hews a rugged stone
Which must be shaped; or else aside as
useless thrown."

Junior Baptist Union.

The initial number of this little gem of journalism has just come to hand. We hasten to congratulate the B. Y. P. U. A. We also congratulate the Junior leaders and workers, but most of all do we congratulate the Juniors themselves upon the possession of a paper "all their own." Have you seen a sample copy of it? If not, drop a card by next mail to the B. Y. P. U. A., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago. With the aid of this valuable little monthly, at the trivial cost of 15c per year, in clubs of 20 and upwards, there is no good reason why every church should not have a successful Junior Union. If your church has not one already, ask yourself on your knees, "Why not?"

Shakespeare and the Bible.

Read the following curious parallels between Shakespeare and the Bible. They will be found interesting: Bible—"But though I be rude in speech," 2 Cor. xi. 6. Othello—"Rude am I in speech."

Bible—"Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart," 1 Samuel ii. 35. Macbeth—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death." Psalms. Macbeth—"Lighted fools the way to dusty death."

Bible—"Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." Solomon's Song i. 6.

Merchant of Venice—"Mistake me not for my complexion; the shadowy livery of the burning sun."

Bible—"I smote him; I caught him by the beard, and smote him, and slew him." 1 Samuel xvii. 35.

Othello—"I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him."

Bible—"Opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." Job iii. 2, 6.

Macbeth—"May this accursed hour stand; aye, accursed in the calendar."

Bible—"What is man that thou art mindful of him? For thou has made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." Psalms viii. 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."—Alliance News.

Be determined to succeed. If you have great difficulties, cut your way with the diamond of faith.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The best evidence of piety is submission to the will of God. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," says Christ.

Instead of girding ourselves, then let us stretch forth our hands and allow the blessed Spirit to gird us and bear us even whither we would not, if only we shall thereby find those who need us most.—A. J. Gordon.