

expect to do anything well, we must get ready for it in time, even though it does seem to us very easy."

"You needn't worry, mamma," Gilbert said in his most grown-up manner, "I'll learn it in time."

But, somehow, the days slipped away faster than Gilbert realized, and when on Wednesday of the next week, his teacher asked him to stay after school to practice the dialogue, he was not at all sure that he knew his part.

"I'm disappointed, Gilbert, Miss Marston said, closing the book at last. "I was sure you would know your part, and here I've had to prompt you at almost every line. We will practice it again to-morrow, but I'm afraid it is too late to learn it thoroughly. You remember, I told you that we could not have more than two rehearsals, and you promised that you would learn it at home."

Then Gilbert really began to study his part, but, as the teacher had said, it was too late to learn it thoroughly, and the shortness of the time made him nervous, and so when he stood in his place Friday afternoon, the words would jumble themselves in his mind and on his tongue, till Fred Lathrop, who had the other part in the dialogue, stumbled in his lines and almost failed.

It was several weeks after this day, which Gilbert never liked to remember, that his father sat one evening looking over a bright-colored seed catalogue, from which he was making a list of the plants he wanted for the garden. Little Rob, when he saw what was going on, began to laugh gleefully.

"Just think, Gilbert, he said with a funny little chuckle, "papa's getting ready for his garden now when there's some snow on the ground. Isn't that funny?"

Gilbert looked up from the example he was working, to say wisely: "That's what people ought to do Rob. If you're going to do anything well, you must begin in time."

Just then Gilbert happened to catch a twinkle in his mother's eyes, and he stopped suddenly in his little sermon, and grew very red. Then he went on bravely, with a half smile on his flushed face: That's the truth I've told you Rob, and I ought to know because I've tried the other way.—Young People's Weekly.

### The Babies Mrs. Biddy Found.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew quite thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every day she went out to the woodshed and pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy fluff up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humor.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking as proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed: "Hands off! hands off!" Just then a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, and there in the nest lay four little blind kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming at the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned inside out, scolded and clucked by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of her babies, came running into the shed. At sight of the cat, the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting and striking with her paws, and the hen flying at her with her sharp beak. How it ever would have ended no one can tell, if Mrs. Hart had not caught Mrs. Biddy by the tail and put her out, and shut the door, leaving Mrs. Puss in peace with her family.

Next morning Mrs. Hart was up by daylight and out in the woodshed. There she found Mrs. Biddy and Mrs. Puss with the babies all sleeping peacefully in the nest. The babies were cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's house, so she soon carried her kittens into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she felt sure Mrs. Biddy would never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely after that. She clucked and clucked most lovingly all day as if trying to coax the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some day to love and care for.—Exchange.

Patience, among the virtues, is like the pearl among the gems, and by its quiet radiance it heightens every human race.—Robert Allyn, LL. D.

## The Young People

EDITOR,

J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.

Youthful consecration.—Ecclesiastes 12:1.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, January 14. Psalms 87, 88. "All my foundations are in thee," (87:7). Compare John 4:13, 14. Tuesday, January 15.—Psalms 89:1-18. The foundations of God's throne, (v. 14). Compare De. 11:4. Wednesday, January 16.—Psalms 89:19-37. The endurance of God's throne, (v. 36). Compare 2 Sam. 7:16. Thursday, January 17.—Psalms 89:38-52. "How short my time is," (v. 47). Compare Job 14:1, 2. Friday, January 18.—Psalms 90. "So teach us to number our days," (v. 12). Compare Ps. 39:4, 5. Saturday, January 19. Psalm 91. Confidence in God's tender care of us. Compare Isa. 43:1, 2.

Our correspondent from Halifax has struck the right note in alluding to the crisis which seems to be upon our organization. Perhaps there has been a tendency in the past to trust to the organization for enthusiasm, and it may be that that has been worked for all that it is worth. We have passed by the roseate stage and have come upon the time when the enthusiasm must be supplied from our own life. Are we to be equal to the demand? The crisis is not so much that of the Union as it is that of our young people. It is not a matter of supreme importance that the B. Y. P. U. as an organization should flourish, but it is of supreme importance that our young Christians should maintain their spiritual life in full vigor. Upon them, through Christ, the church of the future depends for workers.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—January 13.

"Youthful Consecration."—Ecc. 12:1.

It might be well to make this a meeting with the Juniors, for it presses home the suggestion of giving a life for God. In any event I would suggest the addition of Matt. 6:33 as a part of the Scripture to be used in the topic; in a very singular way do they complement each other. The motive with the writer of Ecclesiastes is the danger of a loss of appetite for good things as the years grow apace; the motive of Jesus is the danger of absorption by other things which are not so important, until the real things are crowded out of life. These two motives or reasons for youthful consecration to God do not contradict each other; each of them is the half of the sphere of truth. Keeping these two things in mind will help to make the meeting one of power. It would be most fitting to arrange for the testimonies of a few old people—from two classes; those who have lived long in God's service, and those who came to him late in life. It might be difficult to get the latter, but in any event the testimonies of the former are obtainable; let them speak at a time especially arranged for them, in the way of witnessing to the truth of the Scripture.

It is noteworthy that the great men of the Bible began serving God in the beginning of their lives. Joseph, David, Josiah, Daniel, are the names that rise in memory at the very suggestion of the thought. Have some person present these characters, stating the facts of their lives, in about three minutes each. The Bible rarely records the calling of old men into the service of God; I mean calling them to special work for God. I would not destroy the apparent inspiration which the beholders of the Passion Play seem to have received; yet nothing seems so ridiculous to me as the representations of the apostles of Jesus; most of them are old men; the last "Peter" was a man over sixty years of age! I cannot conceive of Jesus calling an old man into the apostolic group; they were young men, like himself, and in all probability younger than himself. Paul is a young man when he is called. Not that old men cannot be saved—that is not the point; it is the glory of the gospel that it can save the vilest, oldest, sinner; but the gospel can not give back to a man the wasted years of this life! It gives him a "new lease" on what is left, but only on what is left. Perhaps we do not make enough of the mighty truth.

### A SAVED LIFE VS. A SAVED SOUL.

There is an important distinction in the title of this paragraph. We hear much talk of coming in at the eleventh hour:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return;"

that is true—blessedly true; but when the vilest sinner returns at the end of his life and is saved, he has yet lost something that he can never regain throughout all eternity. We may speculate about the differences in heaven, but there are certain differences we need not speculate over; they are self-evident truths. The Book

says: "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." What if they have no works to follow them? What if all they have gathered is only vanity? What if they are saved so as by fire? The young man says in the hymn, "Must I go, and empty handed?" He has already reached the end of things, and has wasted his years; he says he is saved, but he goes empty-handed! "Nothing but leaves," sighs the other; all I've gathered is vanity; but the life that is given to God at the beginning, is a life saved; the cry for help at the last may be heard, the soul may be saved, but the life is lost; and nothing can turn the dial back and give you yesterday.

I confess to you that there is nothing that so "gets hold of me" as this suggestion. One begins to see what Jesus meant when he said, "I must work the works of him that sent me; the night cometh when no man can work." Whatever privileges we shall have in heaven, one great thing it can never do for us—at least the Bible gives no encouragement in that direction; it cannot restore the human life in the earth, with its earth privileges of character development and salvation!

You hope to begin work some day—when? You hope to give yourself to God some day—when? Remember him now! This day is yours, buy it up, redeem it, make it a day you will not be sorry for or ashamed of in that day!—W. H. Geisweit in Baptist Union.

### North Baptist Church, Halifax, N. S.

At our annual business meeting on December 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Harry Smith; Vice-President, Clinton Proctor; Secretary, May M. Kierstead; Cor. Secretary, Alice M. Haverstock; Treasurer, Harry Bently; Superintendent of Junior Union, George A. McDonald. There seems to be a general admittance that our Young People's Societies are passing through a crisis in their history, and many are the conjectures as to how it is to be met, and what will be the outcome. We, as a Society, in common with many others, know we must meet this crisis, but, with divine help, we meet it but to conquer. Already there is a growing conviction that we have not been faithful to the great charge committed to us, that our responsibility is therefore commensurately greater, and that we must rise to the occasion and prove ourselves workers, of whom the Master need not be ashamed. We now have a Christian Culture Class under the leadership of our pastor, and later when our new committees get to work, I hope to be able to report other phases of work.

A. M. HAVERSTOCK.

Dec. 28th.

### The Fool's Choice.

A man who was absorbed in the pursuit of worldly good once came to Jesus and said, "Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me." He was so full of the love of money that he could bring to the Divine Teacher no nobler request than that. When he might have had eternal life and divine truth from him, he was only able to ask the Lord to aid him in money-getting. And there is many a man who, if he were to pray at all, could think of nothing higher to ask the Lord than that he would make them rich. No wonder Jesus said to him, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you," utterly refusing to arbitrate in any such manner. And then he went on to give the parable of the rich fool who was condemned because he was so satisfied with his worldly goods that he forgot all about God and eternity and his own soul. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God." It is very difficult to get rich toward God and rich in this world's goods at the same time. The former means rich in faith and love and hope, and certainly one cannot be rich in these graces when he is absorbed in the pursuit of worldly gain. Jesus does not say that the two kinds of riches are absolutely exclusive of each other; but in many cases they are. And when they are, he says that a man is a fool who chooses the earthly riches in preference to the heavenly.—Waffle; Christianity and Property.

We are the stewards of the Lord Jesus. This is his own comparison (Matt. 25:14). And it would be a happy thing if we could all come to look upon our several opportunities and faculties of doing good—power of speech, or thought, or writing, or the acquisition of money—in the same way as a faithful bailiff or steward looks on his master's goods.—Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A.

"Give," said Christ, the Imperative. But who shall give? "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be ready to distribute." "Let him labor, working with his hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth." So it appears that men who have only their hands, as well as the rich, are under bonds to be givers. The law covering the two extremes of society, covers all between.—E. F. Burr, D. D., in Baptist Union.

Hath any wounded thee? Soft language dresses it; forgiveness cures it; and oblivion takes away the scar.—Francis Quarles.