

way, and Billy heard from him later to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him as he is still out of employment.—Youth's Companion.

The Presents.

Theodore was going to town to the dentist's, and Dorothy cried at the breakfast table because she could not go. But Aunt Alice whispered, for a secret, that she was going into town herself the next morning, and would take her. And Theodore told her that he would bring her something that afternoon. So Dorothy stopped crying.

As soon as Theodore had started, Dorothy began to wonder what he would bring home to her.

There were twenty-three beautiful new haystacks in the back lot. Dorothy went out to try them, but she did not enjoy tumbling on haystacks without Theodore.

When she had tried five, she went into the house and asked mother if it was not almost four o'clock.

"No dear, it won't be four o'clock till after luncheon," mother said.

Then mother, won't you please have luncheon pretty soon?" Dorothy urged.

Mother kissed her and told that they would have it just as soon as it was ready, and that she might go in the kitchen and help Augusta shell peas. So Dorothy went into the kitchen, and sat on the doorstep and shelled one hundred peas.

After a while they had luncheon, and after that mother said that, if she would take a little nap, when she woke, it would be nearer the time for Theodore to come.

Dorothy lay down, and shut her eyes very hard for a long time, and by and by she went to sleep. When she woke, mother was just coming into the room with some clean dresses that Augusta had been ironing.

She let Dorothy choose which she would wear that afternoon, and Dorothy chose a muslin with a vine of small blue flowers, because she knew her brother liked it.

As soon as she was dressed, she went out to the gate to watch for Theodore. In just a little while she saw him coming up the hill with father, and ran to meet them.

She took hold of father's other hand, and all the time was wondering how what Theodore had brought her, but of course she could not ask.

When they reached the piazza, Theodore told her to shut her eyes, and when Dorothy looked, she was holding in her hands—well I know you will be as surprised as Dorothy was—a baseball bat!

Dorothy's eyes opened wide.

"Is it for me, Theodore?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said Theodore, nodding to make her sure, and it's fine one! Just let me show you." He took the bat and swung it over his shoulder, whirling round on one foot. Then he handed it back to Dorothy.

"Thank you, Theodore," Dorothy said slowly; and then she ran and climbed up in her mother's lap for awhile.

The next day it was Dorothy's turn to go to town. Theodore went out and tumbled on the haystacks, but he did not enjoy it very much alone, either. It was so much more fun with Dorothy.

Dorothy came home at noon, and, when she came, she handed Theodore a box wrapped in light brown paper.

"I've brought you something, Theodore."

Theodore undid it. You may guess three times what it was.

A doll's tea set—cups and saucers and plates, and the dearest little cream pitcher and sugar bowl and teapot, with pink roses on every one!

"Isn't it beautiful, Theodore?" Dorothy asked, looking up into his face for approval.

Theodore hesitated. "Quite," he said, slowly, then added, "Thank you, Dorothy!" and put the box on the step.

Dorothy sat down and arranged the dishes on the piazza floor, while Theodore stood on the walk, swinging Dorothy's bat. Dorothy told that he might take it.

They were both quiet for a few minutes. Then Theodore said, "What let's play?"

"And Dorothy said, 'What let's?'"

Then Theodore said, "Let's play for a little while that I bought you those dishes yesterday and you bought me this bat to-day."

Dorothy nodded. "Yes," she agreed. She went to him, and threw her arms impulsively about his neck.

"O Theodore, you are lovely to bring me these dishes!" she said. "Thank you!"

Theodore laid his arm on her shoulder.

"I am glad you liked them," he said. "But this bat's fine. I'm much obliged, Dorothy!"

"Is it a real good one, Theodore?" Dorothy asked anxiously.

"Fine," he repeated, "and just what I wanted!"

Dorothy looked at the dishes, and then at the bat, and after a few minutes she said, "Let's play this all the time, Theodore. And Theodore said: 'All right. We will.'"

—Youth's Companion.

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The Young People

EDITOR A. T. DYKEMAN.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication.

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Daily Bible Readings

Monday—Why art Thou Cast Down? Psalm 41: 1-11.
Tuesday—Always Rejoicing. Philip. 4: 1-8.
Wednesday—Be not Anxious. Matt. 6: 25-31.
Thursday—Hope in the Midst of Trials. Rom. 8: 18-39.
Friday—God Will Help. Isaiah 41: 10-14.
Saturday—Confess and Forsake Sin. Psalm 51: 1-19.
Sunday—Do not Fret. Psalm 37: 1-11.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.—Dec. 13.

The Anti-Worry Meeting. Jo. 14: 1-31.

"Be not anxious" said the Master on the mount when the tide of prosperity was rising to its flood. "Let not your heart be troubled" said he on leaving the upper room to enter the garden. He well knew that the most sanguine disciples as they should face the circumstances of the next few days would have cause for discouragement and anxiety, but receiving the peace which possesses his own soul he assures them that they may face the most trying circumstances with confidence and hope. Three causes Jesus, who knew what was in man, saw for worry,—outward circumstances, inward conditions and future contingencies. The cure which he prescribes is, therefore, a three fold one.

1. Belief in God.

The form of the Greek verb rendered "ye believe" in God admits of being translated in the Imperative, "believe ye in God." Why give away to disturbing thoughts as to surrounding circumstances if you believe in God? He has not vacated the throne. Luther seated with some friends at table, when the covers were removed dipped his fingers in water and wrote the word "vivit"; he lives. And when all was dark in later years he was often obliged to fall back on that word. He is our Father and provides for us a lot which is the best that he can give. Belief in our Father God must lead to the realization that with all our hindrances and adverse circumstances we have the best that he can give and that he knows better than we do what is for our welfare. It is his to bring us safely through; it is ours to follow where he leads. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God." It is well sometimes to reduce our elaborate creeds to one article, "I believe in God."

2. Belief in Christ.

"Believe also in me." If outward circumstances furnish cause for anxious thought, inward conditions give more. The world within is more difficult of mastery than the world without. It was the men to whom these words were first addressed who had an hour or two previously looked into their own hearts and saw each the awful possibility of his betraying the Master. Evil is rooted within and he who knows himself best knows how utterly impossible it is for him to conquer it. The great problem which every man must face is how to atone for and conquer his sin; and no one can face that question without anxiety of soul. Again Jesus says: "Let not your heart be troubled . . . believe in me. The question has been settled by me. I am the way to the Father whose character demands righteousness of life; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." In him mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Believing him there can be no worry, for "there is no condemnation." But what of unsubdued passions? We see not yet all sins put under our feet, but we see Jesus; and seeing him as the Saviour from sin all worry is put to flight.

"Nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as he."

3. Belief in the Father's House.

Another cause for anxious thought is the fear of death and of the unknown future. It is no wonder that a noted enemy of the cross a few years ago at the grave of his brother, breaking out into uncontrollable grief, said: "Life is a dark and barren vale between the cold, ice-clad peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We lift our wailing voices in the silence of the night, and hear no answer but the bitter echo of our cry." But Christ assures us we need entertain no fears for the future. He has gone away not to serve his own purpose in the upper room of the Father's house but to prepare abodes for us. By his own going—his death and resurrection—he has transformed the darkness of the grave into the bright gateway of the Father's home, where all his children are yet to be.

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

J. H. McDONALD.

Illustrative Gatherings.

(Selected by the Editor.)

THEME—Don't worry.

Cast all your care on God: that anchor holds.

—Tennyson.

To the Christian,

The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow.

If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars
Thy will be done.

—Whittier.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them
They mak enow themselves to vex them.

—Burns.

Many of our troubles are God dragging us; and they would end if we would stand upon our feet and go whither he would have us.

—Beecher.

When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes.

—The Hebrew.

The devil can desire no greater advantage against thee, than to overlade thee with worldly care, that he may say as Pharaoh of Israel "He is entangled, he is entangled." If this thief of care robs thee of thy time get out of his hands lest he rob thee of thy soul.

—Gurnall.

Society Notes.

TEMPLE CHURCH, YARMOUTH, N. S.

The Young People's Society of this church held a very successful social in the vestry, on Friday evening, Nov. 20th. As it had been widely advertised the room was completely filled. Promptly at 8 o'clock, the president of the Society, Miss Laura Kinney, called the audience to order, and in a few well chosen words, extended a hearty welcome. The program which followed, consisting of music and readings, was finely rendered; several numbers being heartily enjoyed. A pleasant feature of the evening's entertainment was the presentation by the Society to the church of a handsome upright piano, which the young people have recently installed. The presentation speech was made by Miss Kinney, Pastor H. C. Newcombe responding in behalf of the church. The instrument was purchased from the Ivers & Pond, Piano Co. Boston, Mass.

At the close of the program those who had so kindly entertained us, were invited to the parlor of the church, where refreshments were served by a number of the young ladies, thus adding to the evening's enjoyment.

The different departments of our work are well sustained. Under the leadership of Miss Kinney, the president, the work is not losing ground, but is being pushed forward and improvements in some lines have been made during her brief term of office. Pastor Newcombe is an untiring worker in the young people's department, always ready with head and hand to render all possible assistance.

While deeply grateful for blessings of the past, we are hoping that the coming year will be the Banner year with us, and that at its close we may, in looking back, see that some progress has been made both from a spiritual and material points of view.

Yarmouth, Nov. 26, 1903.

The Hour before Church.

I have in my eye at present the hour before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious, about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it, as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from "plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel." Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer's heart! If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity, what can ministers do? They can do nothing but heat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—Rev. W. Arnot.