

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He'll make me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

As they sang, I gripped out my pistols and began to sort and prime them, hardly knowing what I did. For I was resolved to make a break for it, and, at least, to blow a hole in James Johnston of Westerha' that would mar him for life, before I suffered any more of it. But as they sang, I saw trooper after trooper turn away his head, for being Scot's bairns, they had all learned that Psalm. The ranks shook. Man after man fell out, and I saw the tears hopping down their cheeks. But it was Douglas of Morton, that stark persecutor, who first broke down.

"Curse it, Westerha'," he cried, "I canna thole this langer. I'll war na mair wee bairns for a' the earldom i' the North."

And at last even Westerha' turned his bridle rein and rode away from off the bonny holms of Shield Hill, for the victory was o' the bairns. I wonder what his thoughts were, for he, too, had learned that Psalm at the knees of his mother. And as the troopers rode loosely up hill and down brae, broken and ashamed, the sound of these bairns' singing followed after them, and souging across the fells came the words:

"Yea, though I walk in Death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

Then Westerha' swore a great oath, and put spurs in his horse to get clear of the sweet singing.—S. R. Crockett, in Men of the Moss-Hags.

Pass It On.

Once when I was a school-boy, going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand.

"I should like to shake hands with you," he said. I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly, "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying, a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me, the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, today," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

"I will, sir, I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say, "It is all right, sir, I will pass it on."—Home and School Visitor.

Throw off the harness of your daily lives, get from beneath the hammer that beats the life from out your souls. Go to the smiles of our great Mother Earth, and from them look for the smile of our great Father—God—and the dull thud of your sluggish pulse will bound with new life . . . and you will see, not flower and sky, not beauty and summer, but the great Immanent Spirit of them all—him in whom you, as they, live, move and have your being.—J. W. F. Waré.

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 2.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Witnesses, Isaiah 43:10-13; Acts 1:8.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 3.—Isaiah 45:8-25. God not sought in vain, (vs. 19). Compare Luke 11:9.
Tuesday, October 4.—Isaiah 46. Everything occurs according to a purpose, (vs. 11). Compare Num. 23:19.
Wednesday, October 5.—Isaiah 47. The wicked cannot escape, (vs. 11). Compare Ps. 52.
Thursday, October 6.—Isaiah 48. Purpose of an over-ruling Providence, (vss. 10, 11). Compare Ps. 106:8.
Friday, October 7.—Isaiah 49:1-12. Promises for the future. Compare Acts 26:15-18.
Saturday, October 8.—Isaiah 49:13-26. We are never forgotten, (vs. 15). Compare Rom. 11:29.

Prayer Meeting Topic, October 2.

Witnesses, Isaiah 43:10-13; Acts 1:8.

The thought of our theme calls for three things:

1. Truth. Evidence presupposes the existence of fact and truth. We possess truth—the truth of God—indestructible and indisputable, because "before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me."

2. Testifier. Truth must be put in evidence by a witness. To be competent for his duty this witness must be possessed of (a) definite, personal knowledge. God has made ample provision for our qualification upon this point in that he has "declared" his truth, "saved" us and "shewed" himself, "that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am he." (b) Ability to testify. This all have in greater or lesser degrees—in word and work. (c) The power of the Holy Ghost. Observe that the disciples were to become witnesses after the receipt of the power of the Holy Ghost. Have you got that power, brother? If not suppose you "tarry in Jerusalem," praying till you get it.

3. Testimony. Evidence to be of the highest value must be (a) Clear. The demand of the time is for an intelligent and intelligible statement of the truth. A garbled gospel has no place in the Divine economy. (b) Concise. An eager and impatient age must be reached by pointed messages. (c) Consistent. Self-contradictory evidence is always worthless. Let life and lip agree.

J. B. M.

Sacred Literature Course.

The Doctrines of our Faith.

We are making arrangements for a series of articles upon the thirty topics in this year's Sacred Literature Course, from the pens of half a dozen of the brightest thinkers and best scholars in our denomination in these provinces. The aim will not be to furnish matter which will in any wise be a substitute for the excellent Course just beginning in the Baptist Union, under the able conduct of Prof. E. C. Dorgan, D. D., but to supply such simple and brief expositions of the subject as shall be supplemental to the longer and heavier articles in the Union, and prove a helpful stimulus to both those who do and do not have access to the latter. It was our expectation to present the first of these this week, but unfortunately the matter is not in hand. We trust, however, to be able to give short articles upon the first two lessons next week.

Dr. Chivers at Charlottetown.

The Baptist church at Charlottetown, was honored by a visit on Tuesday, August 16th, from E. E. Chivers, D. D., secretary of the International B. Y. P. U. A., and editor of the Baptist Union.

The meeting opened at 8 p. m. with a fair audience and four clergymen present beside Dr. Chivers. As the pastor concluded his remarks, after having introduced the speaker, seven little girls arose in succession and attached to a wire suspended in front of the pulpit, floral letters forming the word "Welcome." Dr. Chivers thanked the children for their "Welcome," and related two most interesting stories. He then spoke to the audience on the principles of B. Y. P. U., and pointed out the great need of an intelligent acquaintance with the word of God. The choir rendered very good music. After the first meeting was over, Dr. Chivers spoke to the young people in the Sunday School. At the closing each one present was presented with a copy of the Union. BRENTON SUTTS, Sec'y of Junior Union. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 1st.

Letter from Rev. W. V. Higgins.

The Editor is just in receipt of the following letter from Bro. Higgins, with liberty to make whatever use of it he might deem best. Feeling that it will be of interest and profit to many of our young people, we give it place in these columns.

TOURING IN INDIA.

This is always an interesting part of a missionary's work. During the year each of us plans to spend about three or four months "out on the field." Two weeks ago Mr. Hardy and I came here by train—about seventeen miles north of Tekkali. It will be a matter of interest to many to know where we live when on our tour. The government has built "travellers' bungalows" along the highways at a distance of ten miles from each other. These buildings are practically empty when the traveller reaches them, and while he uses them, he must supply the furniture. Hence he takes with him folding cots, folding tables, folding chairs, cooking utensils, provision box, lamp and lantern boxes, dishes, etc. The charge for the bungalow is about thirty cents per day, for each occupant. As we wanted to stay here several weeks and the house rental would cost considerable, we got per-

mission to occupy another building free. It was built for a hospital, but did not suit, and has been allowed to fall into disrepair. It looks more like a stable than a dwelling house. The floors are mud and the doors are either splint mats or minus. The white ants have burrowed in the walls unhindered. The grass roof remaining so long without rethatching, has some holes in it through which the rain and sun occasionally penetrate. Our cooking is done in a small room off one of the two main rooms, and as we have no cooking stove or chimney, the smoke often comes into the room where we are sitting. In the same building with us there are ten natives, six of whom belong to our party. This will indicate some of the inconveniences that attend this touring work. Some may wonder we can be happy amid such uninviting surroundings, but we are nevertheless. We always enjoy touring among the villages. The villages lie thick about us, and the country is now looking beautiful. I have a colporteur and an evangelist with me. My place of work in the morning is reached generally upon the bicycle. The satchel contains a Bible, hymn book, some tracts, set of forceps, some medicine, etc. I take villages along the highway, while the native helpers frequently go to villages that lie off the road. These are sometimes reached by mere footpaths, made upon the ridges that separate the sections of the rice fields. We have all kinds of hearers. Some are haughty and are quite disposed to look with contempt upon us and our message. Some are curious. They are looking straight at you, but are not paying much if any attention to your message. They are chiefly concerned about your person and peculiar dress. Some are provokingly indifferent. I would say that the most trying thing we have to meet with is that stolid indifference, that is born of gross ignorance and terrible degradation. One needs much grace to continue day after day, preaching to those who receive your message as an idle tale. But there are always some who listen well and get some clear idea of the truth. Preaching the truth to people who have been heathen for generations, is very different from preaching it to those who are familiar with the ideas and modes of expression found in the Bible. The people often profess to have completely given up idolatry, and say they are worshipping the one God. So far as this profession is true we rejoice and preach to them about Him whom they "ignorantly worship." Since the famine has subsided and the rains have again made the land smile, the people have in many cases reverted to their idols, which they forsook when starvation stared them in the face. But there is wide-spread evidence of the fact that multitudes have lost faith in their idols. The Lord has a people in these villages, "a remnant according to the election of grace." We pray that these may hear the voice of the Son of man, and come forth from their condition of spiritual death, to serve Him who has bought them with His blood. We have before us continually the vision of dry bones. Oh! for the "breath of God," that these may live. Some few souls seem to be seeking the kingdom. We look for the showers. Our great need is prayer. Paul in writing to the Thessalonians said: "Brethren pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." This is our request of those who read this letter. W. V. HIGGINS.

Kasibugga, Aug. 16th.

Talents.

"I remember," said Grannie, "when I was a little girl of seven years old, my father kept a butler—a very solemn, but very kind old man.

"Every night when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining-room to go upstairs to bed by myself—for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick to light me up the five long flights of stairs which I had to climb to the little attic room where I slept. I always said 'Good-night, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, 'Good-night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants!'

"What he meant was this. My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother, nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer-house in the very small back garden, which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the Talents."

"Nannie," he said, "I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will 'Take account of your servants.'"

"There are many 'talents' God has given other children and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl; no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you. But there are many other 'talents' you have which some other children have not.

"See here," he said, taking my little hands in his. "here are ten little fingers, and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat, brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or 'talents,' given to you by God to use, while many little children are lame, or dumb, or deaf, or blind, and you are his little servant, and I want you every night to 'take account of your servants' and find out if they have been pleasing God or only pleasing yourself all through the day."

"For all of those servants of yours are 'talents' or gifts from God, and he is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day he will make you give an account of their doings."

"And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and set me down, and away I ran to my kind old friend Thomas, to tell him in my own way all about what Uncle William had said.

"And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say: 'Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.'"—Great Thoughts.