

and cow, and the farmer was delighted that they had still saved the wish.

Years passed by and the worthy couple continued to be very prosperous. They worked hard and were very saving, and although the wife often thought and sometimes spoke of the ring, suggesting occasionally something for which they might wish, the husband was never convinced that the best time for using it had yet come.

"We are," he said, "still young and strong. We have no need of anything which we cannot work for and procure for ourselves. We do not know what may be our need in the years to come, when we grow older and are less strong. There is but one wish, and we needs must consider well and carefully before we make that one, lest we should have reason to regret our choice."

The years passed on and found the farmer and his wife rich in this world's goods. When they realized their abundance, the wife wanted her husband to wish for rank, power or position. But he was entirely content with their own position, with what they had, and could still earn and procure for themselves. He craved neither power nor rank. Although rich and prosperous, he still pursued his industrious habits, and worked daily in the fields with his men, setting them an example of industry and content. After the day's work was done he enjoyed sitting on his porch, and as he rested, exchanging friendly greetings with all the passers-by.

The years passed on, and beneath their accumulated weight the farmer and his wife became bowed and gray, and old and feeble. The ring, still unused, still remained in its wonted place upon the farmer's finger. "Plenty of time," he would say to his wife, "plenty of time yet, and the best thoughts always come last."

One night—on the self-same night—both the old people passed gently and quietly into the sleep which knows no earthly waking. Their children and grandchildren gathered about them in loving grief and regret. One of them noticed the ring upon the old man's hand, and would have gently removed it, had not the eldest son interposed.

"Nay," said he, "our father seemed always to prize the ring greatly. There always seemed to be some mystery connected with it. Our mother, too, often gazed upon it with great apparent interest. Perhaps it may have had some tender associations for them. We will let it be buried with them."

So the ring, which had never been wished upon, and which, indeed, was not the real wish-ring, was left upon the hand which had worn it so long, and which it had strengthened and encouraged, through hope and faith and faithful work, to an industrious, peaceful, useful and contented life.—N. Y. Observer.

Told in the Dark.

Leo was in bed. He had said, "Now I lay me" then he had asked his mother to turn down the light.

Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.

Mother knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way—

"Tell mother all about it."

Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:

"Pr'aps you'll think 'twasn't so—an' I don't know as I'd believe it myself, only I saw them with my own eyes—I did, mother! an' you'll say yes, won't you mother? I couldn't help it, really I couldn't—and she's down in the kitchen!"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown hair. She spoke gently.

"What was the strange sight, and who is she?"

"Well it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did, too, mother—an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through, or back either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a regular fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington."

"Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine wood—this is true, mother, 'tis I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—and lots of other kitten's faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like! I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid, too—an' I just started an' run."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?" asked mother.

"I didn't run home—I run, back the road where we snowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an' brought her home, an' an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully. "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know only three, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown face and kissed it.

"We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked:

"But the faces, mother, the kitten's faces in the dark—how come they there? Such a many kit's faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied—

"Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"—Little Men and Women.

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—December 25

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Conquest meeting: Leaders and Triumphs in China. 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.

Alternate Topic.—Good Tidings of Great Joy, Luke 2: 8-14.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, December 26.—Jeremiah 26. Jeremiah's preacher from a wrathful king, (vs. 24). Compare 1 Thess. 5: 9.

Tuesday, December 27.—Jeremiah 22: 13-23. Jeremiah a dispenser of evil, (vs. 17). Compare John 3: 20.

Wednesday, December 28.—Jeremiah 25: 1-12. A messenger of wrath against the nations, (vs. 9). Compare Isa. 10: 6.

Thursday, December 29.—Jeremiah 46: 1-12. Beyond preservation of cure, (vs. 11). Compare Ezek. 30: 21.

Friday, December 30.—Jeremiah 46: 13-28. God's servants to fear nothing, (vs. 27). Compare Isa. 43: 5.

Saturday, December 31.—Jeremiah 47. The Lord's charge must be carried out, (vs. 7). Compare Mic. 6: 9.

Prayer Meeting Topic—December 25th.

Good Tidings of Great Joy, Luke 2: 8-14.

It is doubtful whether the birth of any other ever gave birth to so much music, as did the birth of the Son of God. Choirs visible and choirs invisible gathered around that cradle. Heaven and earth, the lips of men and the tongues of angels made music for the occasion. Hymns of highest praise anticipated His coming, echoed around His cradle, as they rolled along on the clear, crisp air of that winter's night, and flooded the temple with music, inspired by His presence and uttered in His honor.

Like the old artists we conceive Jesus wearing a heavy heart and a serious look, and there is basis for the thought in Testament New and Old. But the late Brownlow North said truly, that, though on one side of His nature Jesus was the Man of sorrows, on another He was the happiest of all the children of men. In no heart did joy ever meet with such a welcome, or an atmosphere so sympathetic as in the heart of the Son of Man. His nature was full of music and poetry, of irrepressible buoyancy and gladness of spirit. In His heart joy was in her native home, and sang her own sweet song over and over, the whole day long, as we sometimes sing about our work when delivered from a heavy burden.

The mission of Jesus too, was to give the world joy. He desired to make life better, brighter, happier, because holier for all. Recall the programme of Jesus as outlined by Himself in the church of His native Nazareth, and observe that there is not a fragment of wrong, nor a human woe, nor a burning interest, which Jesus does not purpose to alleviate and soften, and for which His gospel does not carry a healing balm or a message of comfort.

And take Christianity wherever it has travelled, and has it not been a messenger of joy and gladness, and has not the fitting symbol of its advent always been the radiant glory of the morning sun, as it breaks over earth with its light and its gladness. With the tender and sympathetic love of her Master, the faith of Jesus moves among men, and whether it speaks to the conscience of the sinner, or to the heart of the sad, or to the sorrow of the suffering, it knows no purpose other than to lighten the burdens and to brighten the joys of life. As the founder of hospitals, as the builder of asylums, as the sustainer of schools for the blind and the deaf, as the guardian of homes for the aged, Christianity stands for a brighter world. The holy faith of Jesus of Nazareth is the only faith that goes forth with a song of praise on its lips and a note of joy in its programme.

W. N. HUTCHINS.

Canning.

Maritime Executive Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Maritime Baptist Young People's Union, at the MESSENGER AND VISITOR rooms, St. John, N. B., at 7 p. m., on Dec. 27th. A full attendance is desired.

Cavendish, P. E. I.

Our B. Y. P. U. is not very often found reporting through your columns, so just now we send a few lines to assure you we are living and enjoying our work. We have a "Devotional Service" every Wednesday evening, with an appointed leader. Our pastor is teacher of the S. L. Study. As a class we are much interested in the lessons, and hope through their teachings, to obtain clearer views of God and His character and purposes. The first Wednesday evening of every month is given for the Conquest meeting. The committee for this meeting see to it that there is variety and change in each month's programme, so we do not grow weary, but look forward with pleasure for our Missionary Conquest night.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Middleton, N. S.

We the young people of this town, with the aid of our pastor, Rev. C. W. Corey, decided to organize a Baptist Junior Union. On November 4th we met and elected Fred M. Burdett President, and C. P. Charlton, Secretary. The various committees were elected by the president and leader. We started with only eighteen members, but now have a membership of thirty-one, with the prospect of an increase in the near future. We have started to study the Junior Union lessons, and think they will prove profitable to us. We are sending for the Junior Union papers, with the intention of having one in each family, to aid us in our study of the lessons. We open our meeting with singing, followed by the Lord's prayer and Scripture reading. The meeting is then open either for a programme prepared by the members, or an address by the pastor. We then have the roll call and minutes read. We close with the Mizpah benediction. Hoping to see reports from other Junior Unions I remain,

Yours truly,

SECRETARY.

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