

Such a Joke.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity" and let him alone.

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and had a fashion of reading his history lesson rolling his eyes round to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on his slate one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see there was enough of us for our games without him; and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes, but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut in a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know; and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang, and we didn't have a chance to show it to anybody; but Dick said:

"We'll put it on a stick and pass it round at recess. My, but Tom will be mad!"

Ted rolled it up in paper—"so it's fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said—and dropped it into a drawer under his seat where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me.

"Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and, when he got a chance dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared look at each other for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one, Tom rushed up to us with his face like a full sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know that you're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you and I mean to take it home to my sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

There he stood, holding up our big nice orange! Dick made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of the joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then; for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths wide open.

"Why, we didn't"—began Dick. But Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

"We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first rate now; he is tiptop when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandmother how we came to get acquainted, and she laughed and said:

"A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if only we took the trouble to be kind to them."—Ruth Cady, in Exchange.

The Girl who has Friends.

She comes into the room like a sea breeze, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. The "blues" and "doldrums" fly out the window when she comes in. They simply can't stand her sunny presence.

She is ready for everything. She never throws cold water on your plans. She claps her hands and says they are splendid, and suggests a way to make them more splendid, so sweetly and modestly that you think it is your own suggestion.

Wherever she goes she sees the funny side of things. And she has such a funny, whole-hearted way of describing them that it is as good to hear her as to have been there yourself—even better, for she has the humorous eye, which is a great gift.

She doesn't abuse it though. You need not expect to be regaled with bitter sarcasm and spiteful exaggerations. She can be clever and funny without being unkind, untruthful or coarse. And this is also a great gift. She is receptive and responsive. She likes everybody not considering it her duty to suspect every one of evil until they have expressly been proved good. She prefers to consider all the world honest and good until it proves itself otherwise. She doesn't "bust it" though. People who have met her never forget her, and she has room in her heart for everybody.

It does not matter whether she is rich and good looking or poor and plain. Her faculty for friendship makes up for everything else. And there isn't any body we would rather have around.

The Young People

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

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We request all who expect to attend the Provincial B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school Convention on October 25th and 26th, to send their names to the undersigned not later than October 15th. Please say whether you will drive or come by train.

LULU M. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Salisbury, N. B., Sept. 20th, 1904.

Wonders With a Meaning

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN D. D. L. L. D.

"His Work is Perfect."

Take any leaf of a million on a tree. It is made on a perfect pattern. Its thousands of veins and veinules, canals full of streams journeying to and fro, lungs breathing and elaborating blossom, wood, and fruit, are all made on the pattern shown it by God in the Mount, and all drawn and enfolded in the tiny seed.

One of the fine recreations of the microscopist is to study seeds. All the one kind are alike, not discernibly different, but different kinds are most beautifully distinguished. So the countless flowers of a field of buckwheat or other blossoms are all perfectly alike, and the journeying bee finds none without its honey. All are built to a perfect pattern.

The point of a human-made needle is coarse and silvery compared with a bee sting. The finest thing in nature and the light that reveals it are inconceivably perfect. Atoms which no eye ever discerned bear all the marks and show all the behavior of manufactured articles. Diamonds made in the dark, under fearful pressure of superincumbent rocks, are not more true to geometrical tests that are atoms to thought-tests. Perfection is the ideal.

Not only is this so in the least, but in the greatest. The worlds are swung by immeasurable forces. To bind this world to the sun by steel wires would require them to be placed on every square inch of land and sea, from pole to pole, and from side to side. A mouse could not run around among them. This vast centrifugal is as elastic as a rubber thread. The world in this winter today is 3,236,000 miles nearer the sun than in its summer tomorrow. Yet in this varying and swift flight of a thousand miles a minute the world is never an inch out of place nor a second out of time. There is no increment of imperfection that, accumulated for a million years, can bring disaster. The famous clock of Strassburg was set going two hundred and thirty-three years ago by the force of gravitation acting on its weights. During that time it has never gained or lost a second by reason of any variation in the steady downpull of that power. What Moses declared thousands of years ago, science enables us to appreciate: "His work is perfect." Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God, the Almighty! and that my soul knoweth right well.

If perfection is the law and ideal for things of least consequence, what about persons of most consequence, for whom all these perfect things were made? We shrink not from the idea, but from its possibility. Yet it is the distinct edict or promise of the Judge, "Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

In what respect is this perfection predicted? See previous verses. Perfect in love. How can it be? Because the new heart is God's immediate creation. He who perfects atoms and worlds can perfect a heart that he creates. Then to keep it perfect in this respect "the love of God is shed abroad like a river throughout our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us."—Selected.

Can You Hold on?

Did you ever read the story of John Maynard? He was a pilot on the northern American lakes, and one time when he was guiding a great vessel and was coming near to the shore of Ohio it was discovered that the vessel was on fire. The flames were spreading with great violence and the passengers were huddled together mad with despair. John Maynard stood at the wheel, the flames rising about him. The shore was only a few hundred yards away, and if he could stand at his post he might be able to beach the vessel, although a powerful wind was blowing against them. And the captain through his trumpet said: "John Maynard?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you there, Maynard?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on?" "I'll try, sir!" There was perhaps five or ten minutes of silence. The flames were momentarily gaining in violence and power. Once more the captain through his trumpet, said: "John

Maynard?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on?" "I'll try, sir!" and he took his right hand off from the wheel, burned to a crisp, and put his left hand on the wheel to be burned. John Maynard beached the vessel and saved every life on board, but John Maynard's soul went up to God.

It seems to me that some of those who have departed this life are calling down to us that seek to stand by the ship in the midst of influences that threaten to destroy her, and they say, "Can you hold on?" and we respond, "By the grace of God we will hold on, and if the right hand is burned at the wheel it shall be replaced by the left, if need be, to be burned." But one jot or tittle we will not give up of this inspired Bible, the Word of the living God!—A. T. Pierson, D. D.

Duty Before Sorrow.

In a great battle, the commanding officer, leading his men in an assault, came upon the body of his own son, lying on the field. His impulse was to stop and give way to his grief, but he dared not do it. His duty was with his command. The issue of the battle depended upon him. So, falling on the beloved form he pressed, a hot kiss upon the dead lips, and then went on with his men, braver and stronger for his grief. We may never let life's tasks drop out of our hands for sorrow, nor even for an hour. Our work must be finished before the end of the day, and we have not a moment to lose. When we come to render our account, grief will not excuse us for failure in duty, for duties omitted, for life's work unfinished.—J. Miller

Rate of Progress in India.

During the last ten years the Hindu community has decreased one quarter per cent, showing that it is on the down grade. The Mohammedan community, of which so much is heard as to its proselytizing power, has increased 9 per cent, but the native Protestant Christian community of India has increased 50 per cent. When people say: "There are more heathen born every year than there are Christians how can you possibly overtake heathenism at that rate?" we are not altogether anxious to answer such people; we can say that what is impossible with man is possible with God. But we have also this to say: If the tendency shown by the census is continued for fifty years what will be the aspect of India then? J. A. VANES.

Christ's Standard as to Revenge.

The law of Moses recognizes the law of retaliation as the standard for the judges. They are to inflict on offenders the same injury which their wickedness has inflicted upon the defendants. The Jews took advantage of this law to avenge themselves on their foes. Jesus requires of his followers a spirit of non-resistance and of kindness to personal enemies. Better receive two blows than set out to get even with your adversary. Better lose two coats than have a quarrel and a lawsuit about one. We must not misunderstand our Lord and encourage cruelty and vagrancy. Not many of us are in danger of erring on this side.—Ex.

Christ's Standard as to Murder.

The law of Moses says, "Thou shalt not kill;" and the ancients added, "And whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." Jesus completes this law by carrying it into the realm of feeling and speech. Anger is the seed from which murder grows; and insulting epithets cut men to the heart. The Pharisees allowed their disciples to hate and to hurl abusive epithets, if only they refrained from the overt act of murder. Our Lord Jesus demands of his followers that they live peaceably with all men. So important is reconciliation with an offended brother that even a solemn act of worship may be broken off in order to bring about speedy reconciliation. Let parents and older brothers and sisters view with alarm the red face and the clinched fist at the nursery, for it is a prophecy of murder unless corrected by Christian precept and example.—Ex.

Christ's Standard as to the Treatment of Enemies

The Pharisees preached a doctrine of love for friends and of hatred for foes. Our Lord reverses their selfish code and requires us to love our enemies and pray for them that persecute us. A lofty ideal, but not impracticable for some have already attained unto it.

If Jesus had compromised with our human frailty and lowered the morality required of his subjects, we could not accept him as our Lord and our God. "Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." Christians have enlisted in the struggle after perfection of character, and by divine grace they will in the end gain the victory and receive their reward.

—John R. Sampey, in Baptist Union.