

patience, and from one of the most dangerous became one of the most docile of elephants.

When the kitty was hungry and wanted to reach the ground, it would go to the edge of Bolivar's back and mew, and the great trunk would come round at once and lift it down. Sometimes it stayed down and played hide and seek around Bolivar's big feet, but, at the first approach of danger would skurry up his leg to the safe perch above, whence it could peep over at the enemy.

But one day something happened to it, and it lay stretched out on Bolivar's back for several hours and finally died.

As time went on and there was no motion from it, Bolivar began to show signs of great uneasiness. At last he reached round and took the kitten in his trunk and put it down before him, evidently expecting it to eat or at least play around him as it had done so often before.

Presently he took it up and placed it on his back again, then seemed waiting for the play to begin.

For a long time Bolivar kept taking the kitten down and putting it on his back again. It was really pathetic to see the efforts the great beast made to awaken his little dead comrade, and it took all the ingenuity of his keeper to slip the dead kitten away from the elephant, and when he found it gone he was frantic.

They got another kitten, but Bolivar would have none of it, and came near killing it before it could be removed. After this he grew sullen and ugly, and had to have on heavy chains.—Presbyterian.

He Remembered the Apple Barrel.

Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, tells this story of one of our distinguished ones, who was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man." Instead of appearing gratified by the tribute, it seemed to throw him, for a few moments, into a "brown study." Afterwards, they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business."

"But then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me give an account of the book after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man. I think my mother had a great deal to do with it."

"But then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck; and, after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the speckled ones at the bottom and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked what I was doing. I told her; and she said, 'Tom, if you do that, you will be a cheat.' And I did not do it. I think my mother had something to do with my integrity. And, on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."

"Happy," said Dr. Lorimer, "the boy who had such a mother; happy the mother who had a boy so appreciative of his mother's formative influence!"—Index.

Materfamilias (to candidate for the post of cook)—"Your general character is excellent; but, before engaging you, I must find out something more from your last mistress about your cooking of fancy dishes." Candidate—"Oh, you may make your mind easy on that point, mum. The last family I lived with was just gettin' into society through their table."—(Exchange.)

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began, he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?" "You know the rule, Arthur." "Not one word?" "No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper." Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, then he was asked what he wished to say. "Oh, nothing! Only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up!"—(Ex.)

An English tourist visited Arran, and, being a keen disciple of Isaac Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport. Being told that the cleg, or horse-fly, would suit his purpose admirably for a lure, he addressed himself to Christy, the Highland servant, "I say, my girl, can you get me some horse-flies?" Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed, "Why, girl! did you never see a horse-fly?" "Naa, sir," said the girl. "But a wanse saw a coo jump ower a preshipice."—(Exchange.)

The Young People

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Prayer Meeting Topic—September 4.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Lord our strength, Ps. 18: 1, 2, 31, 32; 2 Cor. 3: 5.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, September 5.—Isaiah 28: 14-29. A sure foundation, (vs. 16). Compare Rom. 10: 11.

Tuesday, September 6.—Isaiah 29: 1-12. Drunkenness without wine, (vss. 9, 11). Compare Isa. 51: 17.

Wednesday, September 7.—Isaiah 29: 13-24. Counsels in the dark, (vs. 15). Compare Isa. 30: 1.

Thursday, September 8.—Isaiah 30: 1-17. Of whom to ask counsel, (vs. 2). Compare Jer. 42: 2, 3.

Friday, September 9.—Isaiah 30: 18-33. The blessings of waiting on God, (vs. 18). Compare Ps. 34: 8.

Saturday, September 10.—Isaiah 31. The only sufficient strength, (vs. 1). Compare Ps. 46: 1.

Prayer Meeting Topic—Sunday Sept. 4.

The Lord Our Strength, Psalm 18: 1, 2.

David's military life brought him in contact and into conflict with many strong enemies. He recognized his personal need of a support stronger than himself. He sought and found that support in early youth. He found it in the Friend of his father and his own Friend, and He forsook him not. He, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, was David's friend. He was to him all in all. The trust and experiences of the Psalmist compares measurably with those of every true Christian. O that God may be to each of us what He was to the sweet singer of Israel, the Lord my strength.

I. The Lord is our strong foundation, my rock. Christ the rock of our hope and trust. If we be upon this foundation the gates of hell cannot prevail against us, Matt. 16: 18. Are we on it? Then the Almighty hand of the mighty God of Jacob placed us there. He brought me up also out of the horrible pit of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings, Ps. 40: 2.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word, What more can he say than to you he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

II. The Lord our strong preserver. Having laid for us and placed us upon a firm foundation, He encloses us behind a mighty fortress, my fortress, deliverer, high tower. God is round about us as the mountains are round Jerusalem to protect and preserve us from foes. Our foundation cannot be undermined; it is deeper than the gates of hell. Our fortification cannot be scaled; the salvation that God appoints for walls and bulwarks reaches as high as the righteousness of Jesus Christ can ascend, higher than the gates of heaven. Then with such a supporter and protector we can say, The Lord is my strength, in Him will I trust.

III. The Lord our strong leader and the champion of all our conflicts. When but a shepherd lad David, in the name of the Lord, slew the bear and the lion and delivered his lamb and sheep. It was in the name of the Lord God of Israel he faced and slew "Goliath of Gath" who was setting at defiance the armies of the Lord. It was in the name of the Lord he set up his banners as King over Israel, Psalm 20: 5, and in that name he triumphed gloriously, running through troops and leaping over walls, Psalm 18: 29.

So brethren our every conflict should be entered in the name of the Lord. Thus revealing our confidence in him, and our loyalty to him, and as God's promise is sure, we will be more than conquerors through him who loved us and gave himself for us. S. D. ERVINE.

Springfield, N. B. Aug. 8th.

Lower Canada, Aug. 20th.

Our Young People had the honor of having two delegates at the Buffalo Convention, Miss Jennie McLatchy, our president, and Miss Avova Dickie. Their trip was made very pleasant for them by the kindness of Rev. J. B. Morgan, with whom they visited many places of interest. He consented to come and deliver a lecture on his trip and the Convention, which he did, very acceptably, last Tuesday evening. He certainly got a big spiritual uplift himself and infused into the hearts of his hearers a spirit for service and usefulness, which I trust will not soon die out. ALBERT E. EATON, Cor. Sec'y.

The Hundred and One Things.

It is always a question of importance to the busy man or woman how to be able to do the hundred and one things which must be done daily, and yet retain any sense of unity in their doing. The trivial details which make up the daily round of duty seem to produce no

worthy result, and the energies which might have been applied to the doing of a single grand work appear to be dissipated in the doing of a hundred little tasks which, when done, count but trifles. Yet, after all, the difficulty of many things and yet doing one thing only, is not so great as at first sight it seems. It is simply the difference between a box of beads, unstrung and lying loosely together, and the same beads when set in their proper position on a string. The hundred little duties can all be done in a way which leaves them still a hundred, or they can be so permeated with a single aim that they become parts of a single vocation. No duty, however small, is a trifle; and the smallest duties gain a new importance when they are gathered into the unity of one life-work, by the linking power of a genuine devotedness to Christ. "This one thing I do," wrote an apostle who was a busier man of affairs than most of us; and we, if we would share with him his privileges of doing one thing only, must gain that privilege, not by refusing to do the multitudinous duties of common life, but by making each duty a part of the single life-work of doing the will of the Father in heaven.—Helpful Thoughts.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

O Almighty Lord, God of hosts the Prince of Peace, and the everlasting Counsellor, we humbly beseech thee so to conduct, encourage and defend our armies and fleets with thy mighty arm, and thy wise providence, that what they shall attempt or take in hand may be prosperous and blessed. Direct and lead them all in safety, strengthen their governors and leaders with sound counsel and wise conduct, the officers and soldiers with ready obedience and valiant resolution; bless their conflicts with signal victories; give them blessed opportunities of effecting the purposes of peace and justice, with least bloodshed. Preserve them from contagious diseases, from the violence of sword and sickness, from evil accidents or crafty designs, from treachery or surprise, from carelessness of their duty, and from all irreligion, from confusion or fear, from mutiny and disorder. Give them a happy and honorable return, that we being defended from our enemies, may rejoice in thy mercies, and thy church may give thee thanks in the days of peace, and all thy people may worship thee in a holy religion, giving thee praise and honor and glory for ever in eternal ages, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.—By Jeremy Taylor, 1597.

The Need of the Hour.

REV. SHERIDON JACKSON.

To your closets, O Church of the Living God! The great and overwhelming need of the hour—of our country and church—of our souls, is the fresh and immediate baptism of the Holy Spirit—a baptism which shall set every heart on fire of God to possess this land of Christ. At the close of this century we face a future of great unrest—of reconstruction—of marvelous and rapid changes. And the church must lead and control these changes or be overwhelmed by them.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time—
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

We are living in one of the great crises of the world's history. The age demands consecrated men and women; consecrated time, consecrated energies and consecrated wealth. Shall it have them? "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Commonwealth"

A Stern Teacher.

God keeps school for his children here on earth, and one of his best teachers is named disappointment. He is a rough teacher; severe in tone and harsh in his handling, sometimes, but his tuition is worth all it costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that stern old schoolmaster disappointment.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

He who bravely treads the path of duty will find it strewn with the flowers of joy.

Desires are the pulse of the soul, by which you may judge of the state of its health.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.—Wordsworth.

Christianity proves itself as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence.—Coleridge.