

big, strong and healthy looking man entered. His appearance indicated that he had many years of life before him. He was well dressed, keenly intelligent and of pleasant countenance.

"Doctor, my eyes have been troubling me, and I would like you to make an examination of them and treat them."

After a few preliminary questions the doctor told him to strip himself to the waist. He took off his clothes and stood there, a magnificent specimen of manhood. The doctor examined him paying particular attention to his back for a reason of which I knew nothing. Having finished, he said:

"Put on your clothes; I can do nothing for you. Your sight may last six months, but no longer. Treatment will do no good. Blindness is sure to come."

"What's the matter, doctor?" he asked quietly with a faint tremor in his voice.

The doctor told him in technical language and then explained that the trouble came from the wasting of a nerve leading from the spine.

"What's your bill, doctor?" asked the man when he got his clothes on.

"Five dollars," replied the doctor.

He paid it and left the office without another word. In the fullness of life he walked out into the blessed light of day, doomed to darkness until death within six months. It was an incident to the doctor; to me it was a tragedy.

Drawing on the Bank.

A little girl who had a rich papa, had also an iron savings bank, out of which, it is to be feared, she drew more than she deposited. Anyway, here is the way she became insolvent at her bank:

He was a bouncing big Turkey; and they hung him by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside the butcher's shop. A little girl was standing there and watching it. You could see that she was a hungry little girl; and worse than that, she was cold, too, for her shawl had to do for hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand, and gave the great turkey a push; and he swung back and forth almost making the great iron hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"

The poor little girl turned round; and there was another little girl looking at the turkey, too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edge; and she had a real muff, white with little black spots all over it.

"Good morning, miss," said the butcher man. You see he knew the little girl with the muff perfectly well.

"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor little girl, timidly. "He's the biggest I ever saw in my life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pooh!" said the little girl with the muff. "He isn't any bigger than the one my papa brought home for Thanksgiving tomorrow."

"Could I have a leg, if I came for it tomorrow?" asked the poor little girl, softly.

"What, haven't you a whole turkey?"

"Never had one in my life," said the poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one," said the little girl with the muff. "Mr. Martin, I've got some money in my savings bank at home, and my papa said I could do just as I wanted to with it; and I'm going to buy the turkey for this little girl."

The poor little girl's eyes grew so very large you wouldn't have known them. "I shall love you always, so very, very much; and I'll go home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

I haven't room to tell you all about it; but the poor little girl got her turkey, and papa his bill.

"What's this," said he, "another turkey, eighteen pounds, three dollars and sixty cents?"

"That's all right," said the little girl who had the muff. "I bought him, and gave him to a poor little girl who never ate one; and the money is in my iron bank."

The bank was opened, and there were just four big pennies in it!—Sel.

A Tramp's Eloquent Lecture.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed:

"Stop; make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine-cup, and Chopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the orriming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar, and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every impulse is dead. And all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Young People

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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—March 26.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Conquest Meeting: Leaders and Triumphs in the Southern States.

Altergate Topic.—True penitence, 2 Cor. 7: 1-11.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, March 27.—Ezekiel 19. The day of desolation, (vs. 14). Compare Hosea 13: 15.

Tuesday, March 28.—Ezekiel 20: 1-26. A ray of mercy and of hope (vs. 17). Compare Psalm 78: 38.

Wednesday, 29.—Ezekiel 20: 27-49. The hope set before Israel (vs. 42). Compare Ezekiel 34: 13.

Thursday, March 30.—Ezekiel 21: 1-17. Hope vanished for ancient Israel. Compare Isaiah 55: 11.

Friday March 31.—Ezekiel 21: 18-32. The divine law of exaltation, (vs. 26). Compare Luke 1: 52.

Prayer Meeting Topic—March 26.

True repentance, 2 Cor. 7: 1-11.

1. True penitence is wrought by godly sorrow. "Ye sorrowed unto repentance for ye were made sorry after a godly manner . . . for godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." Sorrow on account of sin does not constitute penitence, it simply leads to it, nor does it even lead to it unless it be sorrow of the right sort. Sorrow for sin may arise, not because of the sinful nature and condition which made the sin possible, nor because of the violence done to the graciously disposed Father, but rather because of the consequences of the sin upon one's self. Such is not godly sorrow.

2. True penitence issues in a godly manner of life. None other is genuine. The true penitent brings forth the fruits of righteousness: his repentance loses itself in Christian service. Just as the seed projects itself into the plant and loses its life in the life of the plant, just as the water of the brook ceases not to flow when it reaches the river, but projects itself into the river and loses itself in the volume of the waters, so genuine repentance issues in the holy life. Says the Psalmist, "Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." Show me the man who professes to abhor that which is evil and does not cleave to that which is good and I will show you one who is not what he professes to be. The Psalmist says, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." Show me one who is not learning to do well and I will show you one who has not ceased to do evil, whatever may be his profession of penitence. Genuine penitence issues always in a holy life. B. N. NOBLE.

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Acknowledgements.

The following amounts have been received into the Maritime Treasury, since last report: Halifax, Tabernacle, \$3; Burlington, N. S., \$1.14; Tryon, P. E. I., \$2; Halifax First, \$3; Yarmouth, Zion, \$1.25. Total, \$10.39. Thus far sixteen societies have been heard from, nine of these are in the Central Association. Fellow-Unioners cannot we do better during the remaining five months of the convention year? All moneys received will be acknowledged in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

GEO. A. LAWSON, Sec'y-Treas.

29 1/2 Allen St., Halifax, N. S.

Heroism in Private Life.

Heroism in warfare has been the current subject of discussion during the past few months. It is right and fitting that the noble deeds of our brave soldiers and sailors should not pass unnoticed. The heroism of private life, however, is more apt to be overlooked.

Yet faithfulness to duty is equally meritorious, whether it be found upon the field of battle, or far away in some lonely, rock-bound island, where there is none but God to see and hear.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of this heroism in private life than the following incident supplies: In 1869 there was a fever in the house of the keeper of the Ellis Bay lighthouse, and at the same time the machinery broke down. This light revolves and flashes every minute and a half. If it should stop revolving and flash no more, passing vessels would mistake it for some other light, and would be misled by it, and possibly wrecked. The heroic lighthouse keeper determined, when the machinery broke down, to work the light and keep it revolving by hand.

For twelve long hours every night he sat there in the turret, with his watch beside him, and turned the light

at the right moment. Vessels away out at sea saw the flashes at the proper intervals, and went safely on their course. It was nearly a year before the Government vessel came to the dreary spot with new supplies. During all that time there was sickness in the keeper's family. His children lay ill unto death, and all day long he watched and nursed them; then, as night fell on the rock-bound coast, he hastened to the place in the turret, to turn the light by hand.—Selected.

War on Christian Principles.

A missionary from Madagascar once gave the following account of an effort made by the Kora Government to conduct a war on Christian principles. Certain Sakalava tribes were very troublesome to their Kora neighbors. The Kora Government were as forbearing as possible, but at last it seemed as if active measures must be taken. It was the first time they had gone to war since the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the country, and the Prime Minister reminded the people that it must be carried on in a Christian manner. Accordingly, besides the usual military drill, native pastors were hard at work among the soldiers, instructing them that there must be no needless bloodshed, no carrying off slaves, no stealing or other immorality; and that there should be no temptation to rob innocent Sakalava villagers; the people of Antananarivo raised subscriptions for them—that what they wanted in the enemy's country they might honestly pay for. Meanwhile, prayer-meetings were held daily for the right conduct and speedy termination of the war.

So well were their instructions carried out that when the Kora soldiers arrived in the territory of the rebel Sakalava, some of the villagers exclaimed, "What strange enemies these are to treat us so kindly, and not take so much as an egg without paying for it! Would they not be the better rulers?"

At last the two armies met. "Before we fight," said the nephew of the Prime Minister, who was the commander-in-chief, "let us try what negotiations will do." So he arranged a meeting between himself and the rebel chief, and explained to him his reasons for wishing to avoid bloodshed.

"You are afraid to fight," sneered the chief. "What will you sell me yonder bullock for?" answered the commander.

The price was named. The commander paid the sum, and prepared to aim at the bullock.

"You won't kill it all that way off," the chief sneered again.

The shot was fired, and the bullock fell dead. "Many of my men are quite as good marksmen as I am," said the commander. "What do you say to your chance in a combat?"

"That we are all dead men," replied the chief, and the words were echoed by his followers. Negotiations followed, which ended in the chief saying:

"We accept your conditions, and thank you for the way you have treated us. Cannot some of your men stay and teach us the religion that makes enemies into friends?"

And so ended that most Christian war. Since then the Malagasy have had the chance to learn from other Christian nations war on different tactics.—Messenger of Peace.

Rags and Roses.

A ragged dressed man passed me on the streets just now, but his rags were not the particular feature of his appearance that attracted my attention. Singularly enough, the man was wreathed with roses and wore a belt of roses, as well as a huge boutonniere and roses in his hat. The roses aroused curiosity as one looked at him. It was a singular and an unhappy combination—rags and roses. The explanation was not far to seek. The man distributed cards as he walked, announcing the business place of a florist, who had hired him as a perambulating show window. The inconsistency of the arrangement was conspicuous. The ragged garments should have been repaired, or the roses dispensed with. The lack of harmony was painful. But the man of the rags and roses is not the only inconsistent person that one meets in a day's journey. There are men and women who make rosy professions of Christianity, but whose characters are as ragged as the garments of the peripatetic rose garden. I have read somewhere a suggestion that good trees and corrupt fruit are not in harmony, and that we should "either make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt, for the tree is known by his fruit." The rags speak with greater force than do the roses. The rags belie the roses. Therefore, till the rags are mended or disposed of, the roses should not be much in evidence.—Marshall, in New York Observer.