

no 'thanky' job. I'll pay you ten dollars a month for your Saturday afternoons."

Mabel's face flushed with a glow of surprise and pleasure as she quickly replied: "Oh, Col. Winter, I didn't mean that. I'm only too glad to do it for you. Do you think I want you to pay me for a little thing like that after all your kindness to us ever since I could remember?"

"Take pay? Of course you'll take pay or you won't do the work. You don't think I'd let you work for me for nothing, you dear little soldier? Not much I wouldn't. I'll see you after lunch and you need not hurry yourself to death, either."

Mabel sped home with happy flying feet. This then she would accept as her "token," and the path of duty lay clear before her. No misgivings oppressed her. The Lord should have his own. With a trustful joyous heart she inclosed five dollars in an envelope and sent it with this note to the president of the Girls Guild for Church Work:

"My Dear Miss Evans: I inclose my subscription to the Baby Cottage of your Orphanage. I wish you could know what pleasure it brings me to send it."

And ever after, through storm and strife, Mabel remembered to render unto the Lord his own.—Children's Visitor.

Spiders and Their Snares.

Whenever we think of spiders we think of webs, large wheel-like stretches or bulky masses or dainty gossamers spread on the grass or in fence corners. If the spider did not build its snare, how would it get its dinner? Spiders, like boys and girls, are generally anxious about dinner. Spiders are always on the lookout for a hearty meal, and as this means something to eat almost or quite as big as themselves, with somewhat epicurean tastes into the bargain, they must be ever seeking food. The snare-weavers follow best the good, poetic precept, "Learn to labor and to wait"; but the little fellows that build no snares, that do not depend on waiting must if the temperature permits, be ever on the hunt. Let us see how they follow a revised precept—learn to labor and to "hustle."

On the sunny side of this tree trunk, on the old barn door, among the pine needles, in the crannies of the stone wall, under the projecting end of the wooden steps, amid the evergreen honeysuckle on the south porch, in almost any half-sheltered, half sunny spot, we shall have no trouble finding the little black jumping spider Attus, that scientists have recently renamed Phidippus Tripunctatus, though three spots to which the specific name refers are generally increased to five or more. This is the little tiger of the spider fraternity. So common and so active and so hungry is it that its list of victims grows very long indeed, even in its short lifetime and generally they are of a kind that make the little tiger a great and worthy friend of man. Flies, bugs, very young crickets and grasshoppers, plant lice, tree hoppers, midges, gnats, small moths and caterpillars—these and many others are its victims by the score and by the hundred.

It, too spins a web (what spider does not in some way?), a delicate, pure white, cottony bag, to shelter itself and eggs through the winter; and later when the eggs hatch, its young, the little spiders, swarm all over the mother, and all through the thick web, reminding one of the old woman who lived in a shoe. Our little Attus will not venture far from home. Find one that seems a wanderer and hunt closely, and ten to one you will find the web near by, somewhere in a cranny or crack, under bark, under stones, in heads of wild carrot, in curled leaves, in the disused lock or latch of an old door, or, like our little resident of the honey suckle, between two leaves which the web strands have drawn partly together. Get a straw and poke it into one end of the web. Out pops the small proprietor from a slit in the other end, and, always turning face toward the enemy, prepared to beat a further retreat, or stand and fight.—From "Nature and Science in December St. Nicholas."

Rising Politician, whose friends have given him a brass band serenade—My fellow-citizens, this spontaneous tribute touches me deeply! I am at a loss to find words to express my thanks. You have laid me under obligations I shall never, never be able to repay.

Leader of Brass Band, in alarm—But dis-vas-to-see-a cash transaction, mein friend!

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.

Officers.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

The copy for the B. Y. P. U. was not on hand on Friday at noon hour, it should be here Thursday to enable the printer to do his part of the work. The call has come from him for more copy, we have made the selection and though it is not what we want, it is the best that can be done under the circumstances. The B. Y. P. U.'s in view of the excellent service rendered by the editor will accept this explanation and look for better things in the year upon which we shall enter so soon. Es.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Toronto, January 1, 1905. Our Goals for 1905. Phil 3:12-16.

We are not living in this world merely for our pleasure but for a purpose of God. We cannot rightfully spend our time in idleness but should aim to reach an object. To have a goal and try to reach it gives additional interest, purpose, hope and effort to life. The greater the goal the more do we feel the stimulus of attainment.

In athletic contests of speed there are "hundred yard dashes" and "Marathon" races. So in life there are objects that are gained by quick efforts. Many people want quick and early success. The Christian life is a long distance effort and requires patient continuance. Its goal is Eternal Life. This requires a life long effort.

In pressing forward to reach this great goal we pass the lesser goals at which some are aiming. We pass houses, lands, riches and honor. We attain them as Christ promised in the words, "All these things shall be added unto you." We do not stop at them, but press on to the final goal.

Some are afraid to declare their purpose to aim at this goal and dare not set out for it, in fear that they shall not hold out. It is, indeed, a race that taxes us to the utmost of our ability, but we have divine help promised to sustain us. He who has called us and set the goal before us will not allow us to fall by the way or fail of the goal for want of sufficient strength. "They that wait upon the Lord . . . shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint." Let us so run as to obtain the great object of life.

In a recent sermon in Richmond, Va., Dr. J. B. Hawthorne speaks some direct and true words "Concerning Liquor Dealers." He says:

"The liquor dealers of Virginia recently gave a banquet in this city at which they congratulated themselves upon the amount of liquor they had sold during the year just passed, and the big sums of money they had made. Is that treasure laid up in heaven? Is money made by a business which is responsible for three-fourths of the degradation, lawlessness and crime of the world treasure laid up in the store-houses of the celestial city? No. If there be a righteous God on the throne of the universe; if the government of that God makes everlasting distinctions between good and evil, right and wrong; if this book we call the Bible is God's immutable standard of moral rectitude, the money accumulated by this gigantic combination of drunkard-makers is not heavenly treasure, but fuel laid up for Gehenna fires.

"The humanity-loving and God-fearing men and women who are lifting their hearts in earnest prayer for deliverance from the woes inflicted by the liquor traffic, and whose hostility to it is uncompromising, relentless and eternal—these heroes and knights of the holy chivalry—are making their deposits of treasure in the bank of heaven.

BISHOP POTTER DETHRONED.

"The liquor-seller and his supporters assume that his business has a moral basis as sound and solid as that of the grocer or the coal-dealer, or the druggists merchant. Acting upon this assumption, Bishop Potter, of New York, and some of his elect followers have invested their money in a subway bar-room. At its dedication they sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and exhorted every thirsty sucker to come in and drink Peter's Cocktails to the glory of God. Bishop Potter is dethroned. His influence for good is forever lost. Henceforth no sound-minded man will respect his judgment and follow his counsel.

"If I should stand in this pulpit and declare that under God's moral government a bar-room has as much right to exist as a flour mill, or a cotton factory, even the friends and patrons of the bar-room would pronounce me either an ecclesiastical knave or a plain idiot. Political office-holders and office-seekers, who count the favor and support of the great army of rum-sellers may commit them-

selves to this shamefully absurd doctrine and escape ridicule and denunciation, but the Christian minister, whose function is to preach the kingdom of God and his righteousness cannot do it without incurring public scorn and contempt.

"It has been said by an apologist on the liquor traffic that the saloon keeper is in no degree responsible for the vices and crimes of his patrons. That proposition could scarcely survive the logic of a lunatic. If I should advocate it from this pulpit you would either invite me to step down and out or petition some court to investigate my mental condition.

"Let us suppose that on Broad Street in this city, there is a kennel of mad-dogs, kept by a man who makes his living by selling tickets of admission to see the reading and poisoning works of his vicious animals. Let us suppose that a number of men, women and children are bitten by these dogs and that they die of hydrophobia. Is there a political office-seeker in this city who would stand before a public assemblage of his fellow-citizens and declare that the keeper of that kennel is in no degree responsible for the injuries which his mad-dogs inflict upon those who come to see him? How much better is a bar-room than a kennel of mad-dogs?

"Is not a Broad street whiskey shop just as perilous to the lives of the people as a pen of curs crazed with hydrophobia? Is not a mad-dog confined to the kennel less dangerous than the crazy drunkard with a loaded pistol in his pocket going through the streets of the city? Are the people who favor the establishment of a mad-dog show more sensible, humane and patriotic than those who vote for and publicly defend the crime-breeding dens of the barkeeper?"—Sel.

UNCLE LIJ'S OPINIONS.

UNCLE LIJ ON THE AESTHETICS OF TOBACCO.

The store fire was out. The store door was open wide. Three buzzing bluebottle flies had entered, one before Uncle Lijah and two behind him. The grocer noted them, but made no remark. They were harbingers of summer, and predicted spots to come on certain goods that were carried over from year to year.

After the flies came a small, slouchy old man, whose mouth shut up so tightly that it billowed his lips in wrinkles and left the impression that he never spoke.

He laid a nickle on the counter.

"Well, summer's comin' sure!" said the grocer as he swept the nickle into the till and laid a square of black tobacco where the coin had been.

The silent old man reached into his hip pocket, drew out a knife, cut off a corner of the plug, got his lips far enough apart to push it in, put knife and tobacco into the hip pocket, and shuffled out of the store. "Reuben," said Uncle Lijah, looking up from the Chicago paper, "I would like to ask you what was the ruffiance of that remark."

"Why, don't you know 'bout ole Coon Mooney's terbacker habit? I thought everybody knowed about that. All summer Coon chews one five-cent plug a day, reg'lar, comes in here just when the sun's on a certain crack in the floor, pays his nickle, an' gits his cud. I reckon he's the heaviest an' juiciest terbacker chawer in Carroll Coraars. But 'long 'bout November, when the first snow falls, Coon quits, an' he don't begin ag'in till it's a settled thing summer's 'rbout here an' we ain't goin' to hev no more snow. He's sech a queer ole feller he never says nuthin', an' I didn't notice this here trick fer five or six years. After that I watched him fer two or three years, just to make sure; then I says to him one day, 'Coon,' says I, 'what is the reason you chaw terbacker all summer like a cow mowin' away hay, an' then become a total abstainer through the winter months?' His answer was ruther unexpected. Reub, says he, spittin' in the coal-scuttle, it bein' his first quid that spring, 'Reub, I don't chaw in the winter 'cause I ain't got the heart ter spit terbacker juice on God's clean snow!'

"On God's clean snow," cogitated Uncle Lijah. "Wall, now, that ain't so bad fer Coon, when you consider that his advantages fer cultivatin' aesthetics an' the instincts of a gentleman has been ruther slim. 'On God's clean snow' I wish the 'leven million terbacker chawers in the United States an' Canada would fix up how much of God's clean snow, an' God's green grass, an' God's purty flowers, an' God's sweet earth they be pater an' defile an' vishyate, an' what rivers of nasty, or healthy filth they cause to flow in the course of a life time down man's sidewalks, car floors, an' public halls! 'Twouldn't 'sprise me much ef jist figgerin' it up on a sheet o' foolscap would lead some of 'em to jire Coon Mooney in his humber, but decent efforts to keep the world clean—summer 'swell us winter.

That's so," said Reub, puffing at a cigar, while the summer breeze from the door carried the smoke in a blue cloud to Uncle Lijah's face. "Chawin' terbacker is a dirty habit. That's what I always held. But smokin' ain't so bad."

"No," responded Uncle Lijah somewhat sarcastically as he changed his position to get out of the draught; "when you smoke the stuff, all you vishyate is God-an' your neighbor's pure air, your own mouth, breath, an' blood; an' strew cigar ashes on yer vest an' on the carpet in yer home."

James Sharke from Zion's Grove was expected in that morning with a load of hogs, and at this juncture Reuben rose and went out to the curb to see if he was coming, while Uncle Lijah continued to peruse the Chicago paper.