

"What things?" I asked, willing enough to draw out my friend, whose homely, practical illustrations had been of service to me before.

"Oh, hurts and things. I don't suppose you get many of them, miss, but any one who works as I do gets many little cuts. People don't mean to be unkind. But there are mean things—sharp words and cross looks—like cinders, flying about, 'in the air,' people say, and now and then I catch them, through my eyes and ears, into my heart."

"And then what do you do?"

"Rub my eyes with my elbows," you know. Keep my hands away from the hurt. It is easier to get angry when people find fault or snub you just because you do their washing and they think they can, or because they don't know any better. If I'd let you rub that cinder in, Miss Hester, you might be blind still. So mother taught me to be patient, to shut my eyes, stand still, keep my hands down, let the tears come, and then—why, then it's all over, you know."

Wise little friend! Would I had your patience and grace, to shut my eyes—in prayer it might well be!—stand still and let the tears come, rather than to press the cinder of unkindness, ignorance or thoughtlessness into my soul by angry protest, impatient resentment and retort. These make what would be a passing pain a positive harm.

Friend, rub your eyes with your elbows.—Michigan Advocate.

### A Fable.

Once upon a time there was a man who sat in his room at his boarding-house, waiting for the glad sound of the dinner bell. He was well-nigh famished, and when the joyous clang of the bell smote upon his ear he arose in haste, and with jocund glee hied him to the dining room. When he entered the door his eager eye fell upon the table, and he smiled happily as he noted in rapid succession the roast turkey, roast lamb, fried chicken, hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, stewed corn, cauliflower, mixed pickles, scalloped oysters, parsnips, baked sweet potatoes, brown gravy, celery, chow-chow, mince pie, tapioca pudding and angel cake. But a terrible frown quickly succeeded the smile, and with a snort of rage he tore himself away from the chair where he was in the act of seating himself, and turning to the astonished landlady, he howled: "Why this insult? Why do you presume to have cauned apricots on your table when I do not like cauned apricots? By me halidome, 'tis monstrous. I will not sit at your table!" In vain did the landlady endeavor to soothe him, and assure him that there was no rule compelling him to eat what he did not like, and that if he didn't like apricots he could leave them alone and eat what he did like. In vain did she point out to him the fact that she provided a large variety of edibles, that all her guests might find something to their liking, and that no one person was expected to like everything. The hungry boarder only raved the more, and stalked majestically from the room, preferring to go hungry than to eat at a table whereon was placed an article of food that he did not like.

And there was another man who was a subscriber to a religious newspaper. He needed the matter therein contained, and he knew he needed it, and he greeted it with joy when it reached him each week. He read eagerly the editorials and news notes, the church reports, the items of interest, and the correspondence, and the advertisements, and the poems, and the stories. But one day he chanced to find a little thing that he did not like. He did not have to like it. He did not even have to read it. But he was exceedingly angry, and sat down and wrote the editor a letter, and spoke his mind—what there was of it—with great freedom and fluency.—Christian Evangelist.

### An Agnostic.

In one of our New England fishing villages a big boy who knew all about fishing, but had never learned the alphabet, was sent to school to learn it.

"That's 'A,'" said the teacher.

"How 'd'yer know?" said the boy.

"Because my teacher told me."

"How 'd' she know?" said the boy.

"Because her teacher told her."

"How 'd'yer know but they lied?" said the boy.

This will do to go with the story of the lady who asked her servant girl if she wanted to go to church Sunday morning: "No ma'am," said the girl, "I'm an egg-nastic."—Dumb Animals.

You are a Christian. But are you enjoying your religion? Is religion a deep, personal experience, an overflowing fountain of joy, or is it simply a surface matter? You have got religion. That's good. But has religion got you?—Baptist and Reflector.

Hodge—"I've got a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

Podge (suspiciously)—"I never see you wear any but the one you have on now."

Hodge (cheerfully)—"That's the suit."

## The Young People

J. W. BROWN.

EDITORIAL.—All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Spending time and taking pains for Christ. Matt. 25:1-13.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, Dec. 3.—Psalm 55. Enemies of the faithful are God's enemies. Compare Ps. 109:30, 31.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Psalm 56. Blessed knowledge (vs. 9.) Compare 1 John 3:24.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.—Psalm 57. The fixedness of my heart. (vs. 7.) Compare Ps. 112:5-7.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Psalm 58. All will be righted some day. (vs. 11.) Compare Gen. 18:25.

Friday, Dec. 7.—Psalm 59. Who is our perpetual enemy? Compare 1 Peter 5:8, 9.

Saturday, Dec. 8.—Psalm 60. Our help against the adversary. (vs. 11, 12.) Compare Ps. 146:3-5.

We will all enjoy the talks on the prayer meeting topics this month by Bro. Saunders, of Elgin, N. B.

We have in preparation a scheme for a full and general discussion, by some of the leading brethren in our denomination, of the whole question of our Young Peoples' Union. We have reached the time when such a discussion seems to be called for that it may fit appropriately into our history. It will mark a stage in our evolution—preparing the way for a larger and fuller life. We hope to be able to publish the programme for this discussion in a week or two.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—December 2.

Spending time and taking pains for Christ. Matt. 25:1-13.

In this connection there are several parables teaching one great lesson given in these words of the master: "Be ye ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." The wisdom of spending time for Christ is seen in the joy his friendship and presence bring. "I have not called you servants but friends." No one can spend an hour or day with a noble, pure life, without being better and truer ever after. No one can spend time for the Master without coming into closer relations with him. But if we serve him that we may enjoy a luxury alone there will be sad failure. He who made his life motto largely, "I am among you as he that serveth," gives his sweetest peace only to those who devote time and talents to doing good with the same unselfish zeal. Opportunity does not wait for laggard footsteps.

The other truth and duty is just as important. There is no work so intricate, demanding so much of the soul and life, as doing the will of God. The wilful, the erring, the profligate cannot be reached by a careless, neglectful service. Whatever duty is to be performed, take pains to prepare heart, mind and hand to do it. He only is tactful and faithful who studies to do thoroughly the appointed task. If we carry the cup of cold water with a careless hand half may be spilled on the way. The sweet flowers intended for the sick room may reach it a day late, and half their message may be lost. Should time be wasted, talents mispent, it would be sad to recall the Master's words, "The door was shut," at least the door of our one great opportunity.

Elgin.

H. H. SAUNDERS.

### B. Y. P. U., Paradise, N. S.

Our Union has received a fresh impetus from the special meetings which have lately been held in the church by our pastor and Evangelist McLean. Old members have been revived, and new ones are joining us. Many of the young people who attend our meetings are not Christians, and our special work for the present is to try and win them for Christ. Bro. Ritchey Elliot, who has been our earnest and faithful president during the summer, has gone to work for the Master elsewhere. The Union has elected Bro. Millage Potter to take his place.

Nov. 19th.

### The Human Derelict.

The saddest thing about the human derelict is that it usually leaves the home port with high hopes and expectations. It is built to buffet the waves of adversity and temptation. It is provided by God with all necessary appliances for a successful voyage. Its masts commonly are stout, and its sails are strong. Its chart is correct and its compass true. There is no need of shipwreck or disaster, but the tempest of temptation arises. The storm and stress of untoward circumstances beat upon

the human bark. Reason, prudence and finally hope itself, desert the craft. The divine Pilot is never appealed to for guidance, and the human steersman becomes disheartened and discouraged, until the poor old wreck is deserted by its own captain, and goes drifting and reeling, this way and that, under the influence of passion and strong drink and sin, until its last hour has come and the world is forever relieved of the blight and danger of its uncontrolled existence. Oh, the horror of such a fate, the woe of the human derelict! But this fate need overtake no young man or woman. No storm of life is so fierce that it need wreck the human barque. There is no temptation that cannot be overcome. There is no little craft that ever sailed from the harbor of home that could not have the great Captain of all life for its pilot, the Saviour of the world for its helmsman, and the heaven of bliss for its port. Thank God for this. Thank God, too, that there is no derelict on life's sea so old and weather-beaten and battered and blown to pieces but, if it offers a sincere prayer for help, and makes an earnest determination to steer heavenward, can have the Saviour for its pilot, and can sail, if not over untroubled seas, at least over every wave of temptation, until the harbor of eternal rest is reached, and the anchor is dropped forever in the haven and heaven of peace.—Dr. F. E. Clark, in 'C. E. World.'

### The Stream that Never Dries Up.

I was once stopping at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all the water from a well.

"Is this well ever dry?" inquired I of a young girl who came to draw water.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go for water then?"

"To the spring a little way out of town."

"And if that spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the spring higher up, the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down the high hill—not with torrent-leap and roar, but soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side; it was within reach of every child's pitcher; it was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink; the sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thrifty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way to that stream that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within the reach of all men by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.—Ex.

### Gathered Thoughts for Daily Use.

An English preacher has recently used the following illustration: "Once there was a brier growing in a ditch and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug around it and lifted it out the brier said to itself, 'What is he doing that for? Dost he not know that I am only an old worthless brier?' Then the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amidst the flowers, while the brier said, 'What a mistake he has made planting an old brier like myself among such rose trees as these!' But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, and made a slit in the brier, and, as we say in England, 'budded' it with a rose, and by-and-by when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier. Then the gardener said, 'Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but that which I put into you.' This is just what God is doing all the time with poor human lives. They seem to be of no use, with no hope that they ever will be of use. Then Christ takes them in hand, pours his love upon them up out of the dust, puts something of his own life into them, and by and by they begin to be like him, little branches of his own beautiful life.—Gospel News.

"I will place no value upon anything I have or may possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything that I have will advance the interest of that kingdom it shall be given or kept, as by giving or keeping it shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes, both for time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this." So said David Livingston on one of his birthdays. What a change a similar spirit of consecration would speedily make in the progress of the kingdom.

We should never leave our prayer closets in the morning without having consecrated our thoughts deeply and intensely upon the fact of the very, actual presence of God there with us, encompassing us, and filling the room as life ally as it fills heaven itself. It may not lead to any distinct results at first, but as we make repeated efforts to realize the presence of God it will become increasingly real to us. And, as the habit grows upon us, when alone in a room, or when treading the sward of some natural woodland temple, or when pacing the stony street—in the silence of the night or amid the teeming crowds of daytime—we shall often find ourselves whispering the words, 'Thou art near; thou art here, O Lord.'—Rev. H. B. Meyer.