

The Carpenter's Son.

"Is not this the carpenter?" Mark 6:3. "Is not this the carpenter?" As though no words of wisdom or works of power could come from a carpenter! If Jesus had been a rabbi in a scholar's robe, it would have been another thing. Yes, and what another thing for us, and for all the world's workers! Celsus sneered at the carpenter, and said that word proved that Jesus was an impostor. How could God so demean himself? But the world has left Celsus behind, along with the critics of Nazareth, and blesses God for the gentleness and comfort, the sympathy and hope, which were given to us by the hands of the Carpenter.

It suits our best sense that the one who spoke of "putting the hand to the plow," and "taking the yoke upon us," should have made plows and yokes himself, and men do not think his words less heavenly for not smelling of books and lamps. Let us not make the mistake of those Nazarenes. That Jesus was a carpenter was to them poor credentials of divinity, but it has been divine credentials to the poor ever since. Let us not be deceived by social ratings and badges of the schools. Hundreds of doors are not to be unlocked by Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Carey was a cobbler, but he had a map of the world on his shop wall, and outdid Alexander the Great in dreaming and doing. Many a weaver and tinker and stonecutter and hand worker has had open windows and a sky, and a mind with wings. What thoughts were in the mind of Jesus at his work-bench! One of them was that the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of God—at any cost! Let us go into the Carpenter's shop and learn some lessons.

I. The dignity of toil.—The Architect of the universe, by whom all things were created, when for love's sake he became a man, made plows and yokes. The loftiest soul did lowliest work. Hard hands belonged to the gentlest heart. The Son of God would not have an exceptional lot, but a common one. He must know how most men feel, and so he became a wage-earner and a day laborer. Now let all men know that work, the duty of Eden, the condition of health, the law of progress, the salt of manhood, the safeguard of virtue, bears forever the manual of God. Now let all men feel the disgrace of idleness and hail the infinite dignity of the words that came from the heart of the Creator and the lips of the Carpenter: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

II. Divine sympathy in toil.—What this means to us, is beyond words. "What does the unseen framer of the world know or care about my daily tasks?" Dare you look the Carpenter of Nazareth in the face and say that again? The words, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," brings to us immediately the assurance of the divine sympathy. Of course, the Omniscient knows everything, but now we know that he knows with a new certainty and nearness. See the lack-luster eye of the worker who knows not the love of God as Christ revealed it. Now see him after he has known Christ. He is resting at noon in his shop, reading the words, Mark 6:3: "Is not this the carpenter?"

"Yes, yes, a Carpenter; same trade as mine.

It warms my heart as I read that line. I can stand the hard work, I can stand the poor pay, For I'll see that Carpenter at no distant day."

How like the Lord are the words of the "Logia," lately found in Egypt: "Lift the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I!" Lift up your head, lift up your heart, toiler of the common day; your Savior has drunk the cup you are drinking. He knows how it tastes. Let the thought of his loving sympathy stir your heart to new hope and love and loyalty.—Malbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Billy Bray's Humility.

One of the striking characteristics of Billy Bray was his humility. On one occasion he was heard to say: "Soon after I was converted the devil said to me, 'Billy Bray, you'll be a great man,' but I sunk into nothing and in that way slipped through the devil's hands."

"Took to Drinking."

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Albert Dale Gantz, of New York City, we are favored with the following story, taken by him from the Pittsburg "Sun," of June 20th. We are glad that our secular papers are giving increasing space to temperance matters.

"He's beginning to go down hill, for he's drinking. Unless he turns over a new leaf and keeps it turned I'll have to look for another man and I shall regret doing that, for he's a valuable man in his place."

This remark was made not long since by a leading business man, regarding a man who had been in his employ a number of years and had more than made good. Then, rather suddenly, he began to drink to the extent that the indulgence interfered with his business. The ultimate result is as sure as anything in this world could possibly be. He will sink lower and lower, until at last his position will be gone and the chance of his ever occupying another as good will be decidedly slim. Probably, in the end, he will be found without any position, while his wife and daughter will be obliged to earn the living for the family. Probably, too, that end will last for a long time, more the pity, for, through some strange dispensation of fate, worthless people often live long, a drag on all connected with them, when worthy people are taken off in their prime.

I asked this man's employer how it happened he had taken to drinking heavily. "Oh," said he, "the old story. First, I suppose he took it for a bracer when he was tired, then because he liked it, lastly because he was weaker than his desire."

"But his family!" I exclaimed. "What about them? Doesn't he stop to think something about what this will mean to his wife and children?"

"I suppose he does in a weak sort of a way, but he thinks more of himself than he does of them. That's the way it is with all heavy drinkers, although they can talk love to beat the band when they are sober."

Yes, that employer spoke truly. The man who drinks and thus steals from his family the support that should go to them is a selfish creature. This particular case I have just referred to is full of pathos. Twelve years ago that man led to the altar a charming girl full of enthusiasm and love. Four children have been born to them, and now, when the wife needs the strong support of her husband every day of her life, he goes home to her night after night with his brain muddled, his hand unsteady and leaving behind him a record at the office which means dismissal as sure as that the gas bill must be paid.

But suppose he went home sober and found her in that condition? What then? Surely she has as much right to prove the traitor and the coward as has he, and just as much excuse, for her days are as full of wearing care as his. Is it his especial privilege to drag his family into the gutter? No, and many times no. He has no more right to "take to drinking," and deprive his family of his comfort and support than has she to leave her husband and little ones alone to fare for themselves, while she sits draining "the overflowing bowl."

If a man is so weak that he cannot resist ruining his career because he likes the effects of drink, then let him discover this before he marries. If he waits until after marriage to indulge his appetite then he is a coward and a robber. For when a man marries he takes upon himself an obligation to the whole of society. He founds a home and rears a family. If after doing this he makes himself valueless in the business world and a drag on his family because he hasn't strength of character enough to control his appetite for drink—well, who is there would call him a man?—National Advocate.

Draws Line on Drinking.

Drinking while on or off duty by the employes of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, a subsidiary organization of the United States Steel Corporation will result in the immediate dismissal of the offenders, according to rules posted throughout the Connellsville coke region. The general order was signed by W. H. Clingerman, general

superintendent, and was confirmed last night by D. H. Coble, secretary of the company.

The order, which is the most sweeping of its kind in the history of the industrial world, will affect more than 20,000 employes. More than twenty nationalities are represented on the company's pay roll, many of whom have radical tendencies to drink at least the lighter beverages. To promote sobriety is the motive for making the penalty for drinking so severe. In an interview last night, Secretary Coble said:

While the letter of the order does not actually forbid drinking at any time, the company will not tolerate employes reporting for work incapacitated for their labors by drinking the night before. The fact that he is off duty when drinking will not save him. The company will not employ any one who is known to be a drinker.

It is said that in connection with the moral reason for the drastic order in the movement for sobriety can be seen the first reform in mining regions which will result in reducing to a minimum mining accidents which were so prevalent during the past year, and which the companies are led to believe are many times due to either drunkenness or incapacity for work induced by drinking.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Bedtime on a Santa Fe Train.

On a Santa Fe train coming out of Kansas City one night was a mother and her brood of five—four girls and one boy. They were on their way to the "new country" where the husband and father had a claim. The oldest girl appeared fifteen, and from that age down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about four.

Their dress showed that they had not been reared in luxury, but they were modern children and clean. The mother was thin, her face haggard with the long trip and the care of her flock.

It was bedtime when the train left Kansas City, and the younger ones were yawning and scarcely able to keep awake, in fact the pet of the family had closed his eyes, while the next eldest tugged at him while she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful. He mustn't go to sleep yet.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain—it was bedtime and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation—yes, even timidly—the mother and children knelt together at the long seat, the baby bowing his head with the rest and rubbing with his chubby hands his eyes that would hardly open while the evening prayers were said.

Just for a moment, and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night, and soon all but the mother fell asleep, while the moistened eyes and quivering lips of the other passengers, the traveling men with their grips, the politician with his schemes, the business man with his worries, paid a silent but mighty tribute to the greatest civilizing agent of all ages, the Christian religion.

God save the mother and her brood, bring them to their home in safety, and to their last home in peace.—(Selected.)

A Spirit Level to Live By.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit level to see if the board he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful, papa?" he asked. "It is pretty good, I guess. It looks so."

"Guessing will not do in carpenter work," said the father, "sighting" along the edge of the board and shaving it the least bit in the world. "You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living."

"Guess there aren't any spirit-levels for living by!" laughed the little boy, watching him.

"Yes, there are," said the father, earnestly. "You will find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Mark them true, straight, and no guess-work in them.—Selected.

Experience Of Tithers.

I am a farmer's wife. My husband, when young, could not see his way clear to tithe, as we were heavily in debt and had to provide for a growing family. Before marriage I had given to God of my earnings. As a wife I was a working partner. I asked my husband if he would allow me to dress, furnish our home and table simply, and let me tithe butter, eggs, fowl, garden and fruits (a farm woman's perquisites.) He readily consented.—Missions.

When we were married we began to tithe our income. At first the amount appeared very large when there seemed to be a hundred things for which we needed the money. But every year the tithe has increased and the pleasure of spending the Lord's tenth is one of our happiest experiences. The knowledge that He is interested in the success of our work—is a partner in it—has drawn us into deeper communion with Him, and we gladly lay aside His share of the profits for His special work.—Ostawa.

Tithing has brought a great many blessings to our home. Being in business it was difficult to know just how much we used for ourselves each year and tithed that amount. The greatest blessing was the effect of this on our children. We started them quite early in life with a weekly allowance for the purpose of teaching them to tithe it, and now each one of the six, from the two eldest boys, who are married to the youngest, who is eleven years old, considers tithing his and her first duty and privilege.—A mother.

Some say when the income is small a person cannot afford to tithe. I have not found it so. I began tithing forty-two years ago, when the tithe was only a little over \$3.00 and have observed it continuously all those years. Convinced of my duty and privilege by the study of the Word which spoke so clearly of this very important Christian duty that to walk in the Spirit I was fully persuaded that my means as well as my soul and body, must be consecrated to His service, and if all Christians would comply with the plain teaching of the Word the Lord's treasury would be full to overflowing, and we would not hear the cry, My leanness! One with the Triune God, our Partner, Saviour, Brother, King. What a joy to be a "hilarious giver!"—Palmerston.—Wesleyan Methodist.

The Traveler's Appetite.

They were two travelers spending their Sunday in a hotel many hundred miles from home. Entire strangers to the city, they sought one of its popular churches to find a semi-patriotic service going on with a sermon designed for the members of a secret fraternity who were there in regalia. In the evening the travelers sought another church of a different denomination whose fame had penetrated to their native city. A visiting minister preached what one of them afterwards termed a scientific sermon, but lacking distinctly the gospel note. Somehow, when they returned to the hotel, they felt as if the public service of the day had brought them little spiritual food. "You know a man's a bit homesick on Sunday," said one of them the next day in recounting his experience, "and he yearns for a sermon that gets home to his heart with the comfort and hope of religion." It is a rather unusual congregation these summer days that does not include some people who are on the wing. In preparing the weekly homiletic output it is well to have such persons in mind. There is nothing that a Christian traveler is more grateful for, when spending Sunday in a strange place, than a sermon directed to his every day needs and fragrant with the very essence of the gospel.—The Congregationalist.

Altruism means other-ism: Do unto others as you would that men should do unto you.—Babcock.

True Foundation.

How firm is the foundation,
On which God's people rest;
Rock of eternal Ages—
The only true and blest.

Our feet can never flounder,
While on this Rock we stand,
And truly do our duty—
In Heaven we'll surely land.

Give courage Lord give courage,
O leave us not alone—
But help us in time of sorrow,
And fit us for thine own.

Other foundations can't be laid,
Than that already given;
Then let us do God's holy will,
And have a home in Heaven.

S. L. C.
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Catering to the Wrong People.

The word cater in the sense in which we use it means to provide for the gratification of any need or taste. Preaching the gospel is providing for the gratification of a need and a taste, it is providing for a need which exists in all lives, and a taste which exists in all lives made savingly acquainted with Jesus Christ; but when preaching is made to cater to the taste of unsaved persons, whether in or out of the Church, who have no relish at all for the gospel a serious mistake is made and almost always a grievous sin committed. Catering to the people of God is all right, but providing a diet for people who love sin and hate righteousness is not preaching the gospel as it ought to be preached. It is not necessary that we should be hateful and ill-bred toward sinners in order to faithfully preach the gospel of Jesus, but he who seeks to please sinners and tickle their fancy and attract their applause has certainly lost sight of the divine thought as to preaching.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Taught To Lie.

A boy of twelve years of age, who seemed disposed to emulate the character of George Washington in one respect at least, was brought up before the police magistrate at Jefferson Market Court recently. His mother had placed him as a servant with a lady at Long Branch, and he ran away. On being arranged, the justice asked:

"Did not the lady treat you well?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied.

"Did she give you a good home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not stop with her?"

"Because she made me tell lies!"

"Tell lies!" said the surprised justice. "How did she make you tell lies?"

"When people called to see her she made me say to them that she was not at home, when she was at home," replied the little fellow.

The boy was sent to the juvenile asylum, but nothing was done to the lady who had taught him to tell the fashionable lie.—N. Y. Observer.

Tarnished Silver.

She was a very inexperienced young housekeeper. "Why, I didn't know that good silver like that would tarnish, lying wrapped up in a drawer!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," said the other friend. "The best of silver will tarnish if you don't use it."

And the best gifts tarnish if they lie unused. They not only tarnish, but they even cease to be. The gift of kindly speech, the gift of seeing the good in others and speaking no ill of them, the knack of discovering the bright side of awkward or adverse circumstances, the gift of cheering the disappointed and the wounded in heart, are not those gifts that we lay away sometimes like our best silver till they tarnish for want of use!—Sel.

The Scott Act.

The Scott Act has been amended by the addition of a clause making it against the law for a dealer in a place like St. John where the Act is not in force to send liquor into a Scott Act county such as Carleton. This will no doubt prove rather interesting as there undoubtedly is a very large quantity of liquor sent into Scott Act communities from places where license prevails. The prohibitory features should now be much more in evidence. This amendment will be received with great enthusiasm by the temperance bodies, who for so long have been agitating for it.—Carleton Sentinel.